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Sloane, James Renwick Wilson, 1823-188

LIFE AND WORK

OF

J. R. W. SLOANE, D.D.

PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY
IN THE REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN SEMINARY AT ALLEGHENY CITY, PENN.
1868–1886
AND PASTOR OF THE THIRD REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
NEW YORK, 1856–1868

EDITED BY HIS SON

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1888

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TO

MRS. FRANCES SWANWICK SLOANE,

THE FAITHFUL AND LOVING WIFE OF HIM WHOSE LABORS AS A CHRISTIAN MINISTER, A COVENANTER, AN ABOLITIONIST, A REFORMER, AND A TEACHER, ARE DESCRIBED IN ITS PAGES,

This Book

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

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PREFACE.

This book has been compiled and published primarily for the ecclesiastical connection with which Dr. Sloane was identified, and to which his whole life was devoted. It was by the advice of his friends in the Covenanter church that the work was undertaken, and it is hoped that the result will meet with their approval. The materials were fragmentary and slight, and much that was expected will not be found; but the editor was anxious to use only what was of undoubted authenticity. He hopes that due allowance will be made for his apparent shortcomings.

But it is his hope that the book will find a wider circulation than among the members of the Reformed Presbyterian denomination. For such the introduction has been prepared as essential to the comprehension of the man whose work and character are delineated in these pages. He approached the great questions of his day from a stand-point strange to many, and which is only comprehensible in the light of his ancestry and his beliefs. With the hope that the general reader and the future historian will

find something which is of value toward the comprehension of the great social and political questions of the period covered by this life, the book is put forth, not merely as a memorial, but as a slight contribution to the biographical history of the times.

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BIOGRAPHICAL.

LIFE AND WORK OF J. R. W. SLOANE, D.D.

I.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE COVENANTERS.

In no country of Europe were the logical conclusions of the principles which underlay the Reformation more sharply drawn than in Scotland. Ecclesiastical reform in England was inseparably bound up with political and dynastic considerations, and may be said to have developed from above downward as regarded social rank. In Scotland the process was exactly the reverse. It is true that the first covenanting body was composed of Protestant nobles, — the lords of the congregation, — and that the reform of the native church, in opposition to the alien church of Rome, was at first largely supported by the aristocracy; but the people, the common people, moreover, were in the event far more a sustaining power than a violent and selfish nobility. The keen reasoning of Calvin was thoroughly suited to the native capacity of the Anglo-Saxon Scotch. His teachings spread with astounding rapidity among a people accustomed through the comparative slackness of its feudal ties to think for itself. Thought, moreover, was among them sure to lead to action; and conduct was regulated by principle.

Southern Scotland, therefore, was reformed even more thoroughly than Geneva itself. Democratic principles in regard to Church and State were everywhere firmly established. With dignity and reserve their application was limited to the fair mean between extremes; and the Scotch, while firmly maintaining the principle and practice of local self-government, were yet, both in political and ecclesiastical matters, conservative where the realm was concerned. Throughout the greater part of Scottish Reformation history, the people were Royalist in politics, and devoted to that representative system in church government which discarded the pure democracy of independency, and with certain limitations was well-nigh aristocratic in its methods. The pastor or bishop was set apart to minister in things divine, and was always *ex-officio* a member of church courts; while the people, recognizing the clergy as a privileged class, were content to be represented by an elective eldership.

The correspondence between the organization of society and that of the church was very close. The dignity and privilege of the proprietors were willingly recognized by those who farmed their lands; but the children of both were taught in the same parish school, shared the same benches on the Lord's Day, and were in riper years bound together in the close ties of a common education and training, and a common creed. This social homogeneity knitted the entire community firmly together.

These conditions were more perfectly fulfilled as the various districts were farther from the capital city. The ferment and uncertainty produced in Edinburgh by

the introduction from various causes of alien elements into Scotch life, affected the far western shires comparatively little. The character of their inhabitants, therefore, was the result of an undisturbed development. They were patriotic beyond others; for the border forays and the persistent antagonism of their English neighbors could only serve to emphasize their nationality, and cultivate a spirit of loyalty. They were essentially religious and devout, both in mind and emotion. Their instructors were their pastors, and with all secular knowledge was bound up religious precept. They never doubted that the fear of the Lord was the beginning of wisdom. The exigencies of their lives required an untiring industry and extreme frugality; while the physical relief of their native land, in mountain, moor, and valley, separated various communities widely from each other, and threw the members of each upon one another in mutual reliance. With a stern exterior and rugged countenance was united, therefore, a kind and willing heart. Their occupations were largely those of the farmer and the shepherd, and in the isolation of those pursuits was developed a reflective mind. The subjects of meditation were themes of the utmost importance, being in general the great doctrines of the Christian religion, upon which turned the future destiny of individuals and of nations, and their present welfare in a distracted and unhappy world.

So it was that this people was a remarkable one. They were simple, hardy, and fearless. Their intelligence was marked, and their reasoning powers acute. Their thrift and capacity were renowned. They were to be relied on in religion and politics; for they held

their convictions with a persistence that seemed to many like stubbornness, and judged the conduct of themselves and others with an unflinching severity which often brought on them the charge of bigotry. Their physical vigor was in symmetry with their intellectual power: emotion and passion were subordinated to principle. They sought from this world nothing but the necessities of a simple, almost rude, existence, and, while contemning material pleasure, found the highest good in spiritual joys, and in a contemplation of the other world which often rose to ecstasy. Their book was the Bible. It was not only their companion and guide, their rule of faith and conduct, but it was their friend and solace. Its precepts were ever in their hearts and on their lips; its language furnished them with a vehicle of familiar intercourse; its narratives were the delight of their childhood; its poetry was the joy of their youth. Their manhood found occupation in examining its history, and developing the story of grace or the plan of salvation; and in the glowing imagery of its prophecy, the rapt visions of its revelations, old age could disregard weakness, pain, or want, and find the peace and repose which were beyond mere understanding.

Hence it was, that, throughout the vicissitudes of two centuries, the faith and practice of the Reformed Church of Scotland were kept more pure and perfect in the south-west than elsewhere. They were guarded, in fact, with a jealousy which subjected the supporters of so pure a Presbyterianism to unmerited obloquy. All Scotland, to be sure, was sufficiently jealous of attempted encroachment. Whenever political temporizers like James I., or religious fanatics like Charles I., sought to

use the Church for base aims, they were reminded, as Andrew Melville said to the former, that there were "two kings and two kingdoms in Scotland, — King James the head of the Commonwealth, and Christ Jesus the head of the Church whose subject he was;" or else they were met, as was Charles, by some great rising, like that of St. Giles under Alexander Henderson and Johnston of Warriston. Under the stress of persecution, or the temptation of so-called indulgence, many fell away. But their constant mindfulness of the practice of entering into covenant with God on every occasion of special trial, produced in large numbers a memorable fortitude in withstanding both the assaults of violence and the charms of a repose that could only be purchased through unfaithfulness.

During the years of the Restoration, the Church of Scotland was subjected to such barbarity as might well-nigh quench it. But there was always a minority, so small, indeed, at times as to be scarcely a remnant, that found their highest earthly reward in bearing a testimony against defection and heresy, and in the practice of their simple and impressive worship, in field-conventicles if need be, among the wild recesses of the hills if driven thither, and, in extremes, hidden even in caves and lairs, like hunted animals. They were known successively, as their numbers grew fewer and fewer, by the names of Covenanters, Protesters, Conventiclers, Hamiltonians, Hill-folk, and lastly Cameronians, or Society-people. The meaning of each of these names is sufficiently clear, except, perhaps, that of the last, which was taken from their habit when deprived of their clergy by persecution, or, as sometimes happened, abandoned

by them in straits, of assembling in societies to pray and worship, and keep each other steadfast. History and literature have never celebrated the embodiment of nobler qualities than were to be found among the Covenanters, — devotion, courage, fortitude, and piety. But their story has too often been written by their enemies. They have been ungenerously judged from the stand-point of another age; their weaknesses have been magnified; their aims have been perversely misrepresented; and by the great Scottish wizard an image of bigotry, cruelty, and contentious frowardness has been fixed over their name in the consciousness of the great reading-public, which is a sheer invention with no corresponding reality or slightest basis in fact. Their faults, for of course they had them, were the faults of their age, of their barbarous treatment, and of the stress of various circumstances: their splendid virtues were their own.

The Presbyterian Church in Ireland was closely related to that of Scotland; though many of the English emigrants who went out under James I. to the plantation of Ulster, joined with their Scotch co-religionists who settled there at the same time in its establishment. When, however, its ministers were silenced by Wentworth, they returned to Scotland, and were present at the memorable signing of the National Covenant in 1638. Ireland was also included in the Solemn League and Covenant; and when, on the Restoration, attempts were made to put down Presbyterianism there as elsewhere, only one-tenth of the Ulster ministers conformed. As a result, conventicles were held everywhere; and they were conducted in great measure by young Covenanting ministers from Scotland. These were soon,

however, compelled to flee to Scotland; and their followers, left without guidance, perpetuated their corporate existence by the formation of those societies for prayer and fellowship to which they always resorted in troubled times. In the course of sixty-seven years they had the services of but two ordained ministers, and it was not until 1763 that the first Reformed Presbytery was constituted. They now have about forty congregations and six thousand communicants. The schisms which characterize the history of the Irish Church from 1671 to 1840 were due to various causes, all of them, however, springing in one way or another from the opposing tendencies of those who held to ecclesiastical restraint and discipline, and of those who abhorred them, and appealed to the right of private judgment. After the skirmish at Bothwell Brigg, they fell into royal disfavor because of their Scotch origin and connection; but from the time of William, by far the largest number of ministers and churches were reconciled to the government, although they were never placed on an equal legal footing with the Episcopalians.

The organization of the Scottish Kirk under William was so conducted as to avoid all mention of the Covenants. The Presbyterianism of 1690 was not that of 1638. The great mass of the people had been cowed into timidity, or were become careless of early belief and custom. Accordingly, the remnant of sincere Covenanters were refused admission to the first General Assembly of the Scotch Church, although their ministers were received by that body. They had friends and sympathizers in Ireland with whom intercourse was close and frequent; and by mutual consent in both coun-

tries, they held themselves entirely aloof from any of the various Presbyterian bodies, remaining true to their principles, conducting their societies or weekly prayer-meetings, and awaiting what Providence had in store for them. The real temper of the Scotch national church was shown by the deposition of John McMillan in 1707, from his parish of Balmaghie, for advocating the principles of covenanting Presbyterianism. In 1743 was finally formed, by him and Thomas Nairn, a Seceder clergyman, a presbytery of Reformed Presbyterians, or Covenanters; and thenceforth they have had a continuous ecclesiastical history in Scotland, Ireland, and afterward, with one interruption, in America.

Throughout their history they had had cause, both to suspect and fear the English Government. It had exterminated their forefathers, and broken its promises under the Stuarts; and when, on the accession of the Guelphs, more moderate and statesmanlike views prevailed, they were yet doomed to see the historic continuity of their Church broken, its standards weakened, and its most cherished practice thrown aside. Wherever, therefore, throughout all the last century, there was a Covenanter in the British Isles, the British Government had a subject inclined to suspicion, with little or no patriotism, and determined by no act to identify himself as a citizen with its constitution or its interests, so far as to preclude him from bearing witness against error, or protesting against persecution or tyranny. There never was a body of men who had suffered more for conscience' sake: their love for freedom, therefore, was nothing less than a passion, — they had been deserted by the aristocracy; their feelings and polity became in

the highest degree democratic, — they had fought and suffered for the principles of a historical church; they grew to be tenacious of form and ritual, especially in the communion service, and stringent in upholding doctrine, from the greatest principle to the minutest detail; subjected to obloquy at every step, their powers of endurance became phenomenal, and their naturally keen intellects were sharpened by dispute into an extraordinary acumen. In observing the outrageous insufficiency of the governments which had been set over them, they discovered the true significance of the kingly office of their Saviour, dwelling upon his person and office with passionate devotion; and, accustomed to self-sacrifice, they found their mission in renouncing formal allegiance to all civil government not founded upon the headship of Christ, and bearing witness through good and bad report for human freedom and divine government.

In 1863 the majority of the Reformed Presbyterians held that their position of dissent from the political institutions of Scotland was no longer tenable. A division took place, and the minority stood firm by the old position. The others were incorporated after 1876 in the Free Church. In common with the Reformed Presbyterian Synod in Ireland, the former "claim to occupy the same ground as did the church of the Second Reformation, adhere to the Covenants, hold the divine right of Presbytery, use the Psalms of inspiration exclusively as matter of praise, and, as a corollary from the doctrine of Christ's universal Headship, refuse all such recognition of the political institutions of the country as would commit their church to the royal ecclesiastical supremacy, and compromise its testimony to the crown-

rights of Christ." They have seven ministers and twelve congregations.[1]

These are the facts which make perfectly clear and consistent the course of the Reformed Presbyterians in America, and explain not only their practice and doctrine, but also their peculiar attitude of kind but firm opposition to the various bodies of Presbyterians which are apparently so closely allied to them in both. These latter are well and favorably known to history under the various names of Associate Presbyterians, Seceders, Associate Reformed Presbyterians, Burghers and Anti-Burghers, and, since the union of nearly all of them in America, under that of United Presbyterians. They all had their origin after the year 1690 in the combination of the men representing the true germ of ancient Presbyterianism in the Scottish Kirk against the latitudinarianism of that body in one direction or another, but especially against the burden of patronage. They came out of it with hearts loyal to their country and government, but finding it impossible to live in harmony with the so-called "moderates." The religious temper of the times was unfortunately intolerant, men were desperately in earnest; and the same causes which led the Reformed Church of all Europe to accent minor differences to the point of denominational separation and sectarian enmity, had similar disastrous results within the pale of Presbyterianism. To all these, therefore, were opposed the Covenanters; as against the establishment, they looked upon themselves as representing the historic continuity of Presbyterianism; as against all seceding sects, they felt there could be no middle course

[1] Proceedings of the First General Presbyterian Council, p. 352.

that was tenable, and regarded with pity any attempt to be reconciled with bitter and misguided foes, and charged them with maintaining the doctrine of passive obedience.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries a number of families in communion with the Reformed Presbyterians of Scotland and Ulster had emigrated to the American Colonies, and settled in small and scattered communities throughout the Carolinas and Pennsylvania. The Presbyterian churches around them were branches of the Scotch and Irish churches with which they had had no fellowship at home, because in some degree they all owned allegiance to the constitution of Great Britain, which, in the minds of Covenanters, was an immoral establishment. In the distant settlements of America some forgot the dissensions of Europe, and, longing for church ordinances, united their ecclesiastical fortunes with the nearest organization. But there were still many who felt their duty to be equally binding under any skies, and, true to instinct and principle, held aloof from their neighbors, and once again found the means to perpetuate their testimony and their organic existence in those praying bands or societies which had long given a name to their ancestors in Scotland. In 1743 they joined at Middle Octorara in Pennsylvania in the solemn act of renewing before God the covenant-vows of the Scottish Church in the glorious days of the second reformation, as they called the days of Knox and Melville. For eight years longer they lived without any pastor. Their mother church in Scotland then supplied one who labored alone, but diligently and fearlessly, for twenty years. Mr. Cuthbertson's position

in the colonies was not far removed from the danger and reproach of the days of martyrdom in Scotland. The Southern colonies were beset with agents, who sought to secure them for the Established Church of England; and the tyranny of the crown governors is matter of history. At last, in 1774, two clergymen were sent out by the Reformed Presbytery of Ireland; and they, with their predecessor, organized the Covenanter Church in America.

As the days of 1776 drew near, the Covenanters were active, zealous, and hopeful. They paid and fought and died for American liberty. In all their adopted country, there could be no others more deeply animated by the justice of the American cause, nor more determined in resistance to British oppression. In the enthusiasm for a common cause and the love of ecclesiastical and civil liberty, the clergymen and a few of their followers gave up their distinct organization, and joined with the ministry of the Associate Church under the name of Associate Reformed. When, however, the din of battle died away, and peace returned, it was found by some of the people, that, while the terms of that union asserted their cherished principles, it was the Reformed Presbyterians who had joined the Seceders, and that the movement was, therefore, in their opinion, a rupture of the historic continuity of the church, and a schism. A number therefore refused to join in the union of 1780. Those who did not join were in a minority, and without a ministry. It was nearly four years before their calls to Europe were answered by the arrival of a missionary from the Reformed Presbytery of Scotland.

Meantime the Constitution of the United States was under consideration. There were many devout men in the Convention which framed it. But prevailing misconceptions as to the nature of government and the state, a consideration of the condition of the church throughout Europe in relation to established governments combined with the pronounced irreligion of many of the leading minds in the convention, led to the exclusion from that remarkable instrument of every acknowledgment of Christianity, or even of the authority of God. It was found, therefore, and, on its promulgation, was openly pronounced to be, in so far an immoral instrument. This led to a closer consolidation of the Reformed Presbyterians in America.

Others imbued with the same principles followed, both from Scotland and Ireland; and in the spring of 1798, a presbytery was constituted once again. Its members were scattered from Vermont to South Carolina. The insurrectionary movement in Ireland, known as that of the United Irishmen, swept many Irish Covenanters from their foundations. They were determined enemies of a monarchy which claimed to be the head of the Church, and opposed to the Anglican establishment, or any form of priestly domination. They hoped, therefore, for a change, and, while abhorring the principles and purposes of the Roman Catholics, were yet expectant of good from the movement. In that attitude of mind, and sympathizing, as many of them did, with the incipient revolution, they were misunderstood, and often in a time of martial law marked for punishment. Large numbers fled, and settled in various parts of the United States. The Reformed

Presbyterian Church in America became a substantial, visible organization, closely affiliated, as was natural, with its fellow-churches in Scotland and Ireland. It has had a prosperous and continuous history as an American church to our day. The question as to the relation between Church and State has always been a living one; and its discussion resulted, in 1833, in the formation of an independent synod, by those who held it proper for Covenanters to discharge the duties and enjoy the privileges of citizenship. With these latter our introductory narrative has nothing further to do.

The principles and conduct of the Reformed Presbyterians have been logically consistent. They strenuously uphold the necessity for the union of the visible Church. But the fact of its division into sects is unalterable until, in the progress of history, that splendid union shall be consummated amid conditions not yet reached. It seems to them, therefore, more profitable for the Church and the world, that, until that day, they should continue a separate organization for the stronger emphasis of the great principles which they represent.

They hold firm to the supremacy of the Church courts in all that affects the spiritual life. They believe in strong ecclesiastical organization, in the special function of the ministry, in a historical ordination, and in the Presbyterian form of church government as the most thoroughly realizing the Scriptural practice and idea. In doctrine they are Calvinistic, and construe literally the Calvinistic creeds and standards: believing in a historic scriptural church, they exclude, except in emergencies, from their church privileges and ordinances, those who do not publicly profess their creed, and

habitually conform to their order. In the conduct of church services they exclude all written liturgies, but hold firm to the traditionary practices of their ancestors. They use, as a close transcript of the original, the amended metrical version of the Psalms, based upon that of Rouse, and commonly used by the Scottish churches; avoiding all other hymnology as unscriptural, and not of divine ordering. Their praise is purely congregational, and is led by a precentor or a choir unaided by any musical instrument. In prayer the use of scriptural language for the expression of worship and desire is well-nigh universal; the selection and ordering of the petitions, ascriptions of praise, and acknowledgments of mercy, being, of course, left to the free choice of each individual. In the celebration of the sacraments they have rigid forms, hallowed by use, and suited to their edification. In simple dignity they literally sit at the table of the Lord, and partake of the elements as they pass from hand to hand, while the pastor admonishes them of the solemnity and awful significance of the sacrificial act. Such a conformity to the history and tradition of the ordinance is characteristic of their intellectual attitude in every thing pertaining to religion. At due intervals they renew with God their covenant to abide by their principles, and serve him in godly fear.

But the isolated position of the Reformed Presbyterian Church is only to be understood by their attitude with reference to human liberty, and to the nature and functions of civil government. Its members have always refused to become politically identified with the United-States Government, because its Constitution sanctioned

negro-slavery, and derived the powers of government from the will of the people, and not from God, according to the authority and teaching of Scripture. They believe that the State, like the Church, is an ordinance of God. The nation is a conscious, moral, responsible organism. It must be organized according to the principles of morality, or else it is not *in its fulness* legitimate; although every true government, including that of the United States, is only clothed with authority as an ordinance of God. From any such civil establishment it is right to dissent and to hold aloof. They hold it, however, necessary to live peaceably with all men, to advance the good of society, to assist in the execution of justice, to pay their taxes, and "to submit to every burden which God in his providence calls upon them to bear." But they do not vote in any elections except those which submit Constitutional amendments, accept no situations under government, and do not serve on juries.

II.

ANCESTRY AND PARENTAGE.

It is believed by his descendants, although there is no documentary evidence, or even certain knowledge, that their first known ancestor was Albert Sloane of Ayrshire, Scotland. When the family history gains a firm basis in its accurate knowledge of one of his sons, it seems likely from all the circumstances, that Albert, whose name at least is certain, was either a large farmer or one of the lower gentry, a class which contributed largely to the numbers of Covenanter martyrs and heroes whose names adorn the annals of south-western Scotland. In either case he was a man of means, and his family was in affluent circumstances; for both his sons, William and Lambert, inherited a comfortable fortune, enough at least to enable them to make occasional journeys for pleasure, and to indulge themselves in the somewhat costly luxury of books and other like refinements: and the elder married a wife of gentle birth.

Lambert's home, according to family tradition, was always in Scotland, although he spent a portion of his time in later days with his brother William: and it is not certain whether Albert, or his older son, William, was the first to settle in Ireland; it was probably the latter, who, about the middle of the eighteenth century,

established the family in the neighborhood of Larne, the port of Belfast, where there was a small community of Covenanters. William Sloane was a man of marked intelligence, and of a piety so devoted, and an adherence to his principles so rigid, that he was often spoken of as the Last of the Covenanters. His home was a stone house, still standing, on a hillside above the town, overlooking the loch and the coast of the North Channel to the north, and across St. Patrick's Channel eastward away to the Mull of Galloway. His frame was as stalwart as his mind was clear, and his force at eighty years was unabated. The maiden-name of his wife was Jane Robinson. She was of the well-known Scotch family of that name. Her grandchildren remembered her son's repeated tributes to her memory as a devoted wife and a good mother, and his accounts of her brave fight against adversity when misfortunes overtook the family, and of her success in retrieving their fortunes when an opportune legacy fell in. She, too, reached a ripe old age, which was spent in comfortable circumstances at her husband's side. Her brother John was one of the early pioneers in Pennsylvania. He was an ardent patriot, and fought through the War of Independence in a cavalry regiment from that State. He moved west of the mountains after the Revolution. The name is still a most honorable one in Western Pennsylvania, but it is not certain whether or not he was the founder of the family.

The liberty-loving spirit of the Covenanters always threw their sympathies into the scale on the side of America; but, in the case of the Sloane family, this connection with John Robinson intensified and strengthened

their feelings to a high degree. It is well remembered in the family that Paul Jones fought the "Drake" in Larne Harbor on a sabbath afternoon. The two ships were in sight of Larne the greater part of the day, and manœuvred for the weather-gage. About the time of the engagement, Mrs. Sloane and a friend were returning from afternoon service, probably a society meeting, when they heard the broadsides in rapid succession. The people in and about Larne had been roused to intense interest, and knew from the colors which was the British and which the American vessel. As they looked across the glittering waves to where the westering sun threw his slanting rays athwart the white sails of the contesting vessels, — for the action was comparatively long, — the suspense was to many agonizing, and they fell on their knees in prayer. On their way home Mrs. Sloane and her companion met with a Seceder. "Ah!" said the latter, "I have been praying all day for the 'Drake.'" — "And I," said the Covenanter, "have been praying all day for Paul Jones."

There were six children born to William Sloane in Larne, — John Robinson, Jane, Margaret, Albert, Griselda, and William. John was a bold, daring, fearless, and dashing boy. He fought in the English navy as an officer on the ship of Sir William Sidney Smith, and was often picked out by that officer — himself so noted for his daring — as his best leader for some especially hazardous venture. At the close of the war he took command of a merchant-ship trading to the West Indies, and was taken down with the yellow-fever. When but partially recovered, he ascended the rigging to give personal attention to some repairs, became giddy, fell to

the deck, and was killed. Alfred, the second son, while a mere child, was drowned: he was reaching over the brink of a well for daisies that grew between the stones, and fell in. The two eldest daughters married: the third died a spinster. The second, Mrs. Gilbert, had offspring; but there are no surviving descendants in this generation.

The youngest son, William, born in 1786, was a shy, timid, nervous, shrinking boy, the very antipodes of his brother, to whom, in early years, he clung as the vine to the oak. He was thoughtful, studious, a diligent reader, and passionately fond of learning; he received a thorough classical and mathematical education; he was at first book-keeper for a large salt-manufacturing establishment, but it failed about the close of the Napoleonic wars, and he then devoted himself to teaching; he soon became principal of the academy in the neighboring town of Carmany, where he lived for some years in the family of Mr. McNiece; he was, of course, the teacher and friend of Mr. McNiece's children: and with one of the daughters, Mary, his fate was destined to be linked; he married her in 1816, and almost immediately sailed for Quebec.

I am fortunately able to give my father's estimate of his father and mother in his own words. Of the latter he wrote, "She was good-looking, by some called handsome; had auburn hair that never turned gray, blue eyes, and a fair complexion; she was well-educated, and expressed herself with ease; she was very energetic, full of resources and forethought. The thirty-first chapter of Proverbs, the poetry excepted, is to her strictly applicable, — read it literally. I do not speak of per-

fection; but all who knew her loved her, and accorded to her the possession of rare virtues. What I owe to her, in common with all her children, I am not able with dim eyes and faltering hand to trace here.

"My father was about five feet ten inches in height, of a spare habit, with stooped, though not round, shoulders: his head was large and massive, measured more in circumference by one or two inches than what are commonly called the largest heads; being, I remember, exactly the size of Henry Clay's. It was a striking peculiarity that it lay almost entirely forward of his ears. His brow was high and broad, — not unusually broad, but hung in a heavy mass over his deep-set eyes, which were large, steel-gray, expressive, with a peculiar upward turn or roll. I once heard such eyes described as ocean-like. His nose was large, not hooked, with a fair jaw and chin. He had a peculiar walk, — feet planted firmly, each directly in front of itself, as if measuring his steps, body bent in the middle, and heavy head inclined forward, — a walk unlike that of any other man I ever saw, and memorable to those acquainted with him. He could be known by it as far as seen.

"He was a man of high attainments in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, especially in the latter. His Hebrew Bible was literally worn out, — the only one I have ever seen in that condition. He was well read in the older English classics, both in prose and poetry, and possessed a memory of marvellous tenacity. His temperament inclined to melancholy, but was relieved by a vein of humor. He relished a good joke, and used to regret, late in life, that he had lost the art of telling one. I

owe to him any inclination toward learning and literature I may have.

"As a preacher he was original and profound. Without any rhetorical art or elocutionary training, he was sometimes truly eloquent. There was, at times, a clearness in his conception, a pathos in his tones, and a poetic cast to his language, that was exceedingly impressive. Professor J. M. Wilson, after hearing him on a certain occasion, said he was a very great preacher. Rev. James Wallace gave this testimony: 'I never heard a man by whom I felt myself so completely fed, as by your father, when at his best.' I cannot say, however, that he was ever a popular preacher with the masses, but he was with the most intelligent. His speaking was talking, for the most part without gesture. My own impression is, that he was unequal, influenced by his moods; and that his own feelings at the time, the subject and the occasion, had even more than usual influence upon him.

"He was noted — here I can scarcely speak in exaggerated terms — for his knowledge of the Scriptures. This was due to three causes: first, a marvellous memory; second, using the Bible as the only reading-book in the schools for many years; third, a persistent and close study of it, both in the original and the translations. He was often spoken of as a walking concordance."

Nothing could be more characteristic of the subject of this memoir than these little sketches thrown off in the intimacy of familiar intercourse by letter. The order in which the traits of his loved parents occurred to him forms a climax, and is most significant; their physical appearance as he recalled them to the eye of his

memory, their intellectual power, their character, their spiritual quality and gifts.

Immediately after his arrival in Quebec, William Sloane repaired at once to Coldenham in Orange County, N.Y., and commenced the study of theology under the Rev. James Renwick Willson, D.D. Of him Dr. Forsyth of Newburg, for many years chaplain at the Military Academy at West Point, who had seen many men and many lands, declared that he was the greatest pulpit-orator he had ever heard. "Take him for all in all," my father often concluded some interesting narrative about him, "he was, in all my observation of men, the greatest man I have ever seen." The young stranger, unknown to Dr. Willson, arrived with his wife late on Saturday evening, and the next morning took his seat in the gallery of the church. His assent to the doctrine of the preacher was so hearty, and his delight in his sermon so great, that he kept unconsciously nodding assent. The gesture was misinterpreted by the clergyman, who at last, after a particularly clear statement, brought down his hand in a thunderous gesture, and exclaimed, "And this is the truth, the dissenting stranger in the gallery to the contrary notwithstanding!" It is needless to say that the subsequent acquaintance was agreeable to both, and ripened into intimate friendship. In about a year the license to preach was issued by the New-York Presbytery; and the candidate was, according to custom, sent to try his powers in the vacant pulpits of his church. In a short time three calls were simultaneously being made out for him, one from Topsham in Vermont, one from White Lake in New York, and one from Galway in the same State. Following

the advice of Dr. Willson, he accepted the first one to reach him, — that from Topsham, Orange County, Vt.; and thither his wife's family soon followed from Ireland.

He was pastor during his life of three congregations, — that of Topsham from 1819 to 1829; second, that of Greenfield and Londonderry, O., from 1830 to 1838; third, that of Elkhorn, Washington County, Ill., from 1840 to about 1860. He died at his home, Warriston Farm, near the latter place, in 1863, at the age of seventy-seven, one year after the death of his wife. He had been for some time feeble, but had no disease. He had been reading the newspapers, in which he was always interested, and chatting until his common hour of retirement. The next morning he did not appear as usual at breakfast; and when, after a little delay, his oldest son and his daughter-in-law, who made their home with him after his wife's death, went to his room, they found him lying in a perfectly natural position, the body still warm, but life extinct. His countenance was tranquil, and gave no evidence of distress or suffering of any kind. His friends and neighbors crowded to honor his memory. All esteemed him as an honest, upright, kindly man; and the pious knew him as one who had, Enoch-like, walked with God.

There were born to William and Mary Sloane nine children, — John, Mary, James Renwick Willson, Eliza, Robert, Wylie, Susannah, Margaret, and Henderson. The eldest still survives, and has children and grandchildren. The rest are gone. Mary married Mr. McClurken, and had two sons; but the family is extinct. The others, all except the third, died unmarried; Henderson, the youngest, of an illness contracted while serv-

ing in the army during the civil war. Mary was the close companion and intimate friend of her next younger brother. She was much more to him than an ordinary sister; the attachment between them was deep and strong; and it was to her, next to his mother, that in early youth he was indebted more than any other for counsel and encouragement. She inherited her father's memory, and was a wide and discriminating reader. Eliza was remembered by her brother as a modest, shrinking girl of great beauty, who, in a country region like that of Southern Illinois in those days, was a rose in the wilderness. Susannah was laughingly called the "Pro-re-nata." Her father was absent in Philadelphia at the time of her birth, attending the meeting of the synod at which the unfortunate disruption of the Reformed Presbyterian Church took place. The "old-side" were called by that name because they vindicated the action of a certain Pro-re-nata meeting of their synod. Robert was a successful business-man of St. Louis during his short life of thirty years. Wylie died in infancy. Margaret was the wit and mimic of the household. Henderson was a cool and courageous soldier, fighting bravely in the few actions in which he took part, and was much esteemed for his steadfastness by his company. Of the life-long relations of brotherly respect and affection between John and his younger brother, it is needless to speak. The former has been fearless in the defence of his principles, an able advocate of his convictions, courageous and self-sacrificing in his life. He spends an honored old age on the family homestead of Warriston.

These family-records are, of course, most interesting to those whom they concern. Nevertheless, while it is

possible to over-estimate the influence of heredity on character, it is certain that a knowledge of the facts thus briefly given was a powerful educating instrument in the life we are to follow for a short time. The family was one of Covenanters and patriots. Their home was marked in a high degree by genial and unrestricted intercourse, by refinement of manners, and, above all, by piety. The head of the household was a man of strong character and convictions, equipped with an education far superior to that of the times and circumstances in which he lived, with an active interest in polite learning, intensely occupied with politics and affairs of state in America and Europe, passionately devoted to the cause of religious and political liberty, and, above all, profoundly convinced of the truths of Christianity by intellectual conviction and spiritual experience.

Such a family would have been a marked one at any time and in any community; but, owing to the peculiar circumstances in which they were placed as pioneers, their situation was even more striking. According to the law of Vermont, a section of wild land was given to the first-settled minister in each township. This was assigned to Mr. Sloane on his settlement in Topsham, and from the proceeds of its sale he purchased a comfortable and well-tilled farm with good buildings. Later in Ohio, and still later and to a higher degree in Illinois, similar experiences show the isolated position of the family with regard to the intercourse of equals in education and taste. In Vermont the nearest family of intimate friends was that of the Rev. James Milligan of Ryegate in Caledonia, the neighboring county. So close were the bonds of that connection, that it lasted

throughout life, was cemented by intermarriage, and continued in the closest intimacy of sympathy and fellowship in labor to the end of the second generation. They visited each other often; and the intercourse between minds so opposite in quality to each other, but yet so united in the bonds of common interests and equal attainments, was refreshing to both. In the family worship of those visits, the two clergymen translated the Scriptures, reading each a verse in turn, from the original tongues, from the Hebrew at night, and from the Greek in the morning. These facts are given simply to show how trying the position of such pioneer families was. While lifting the community about them, they had to beware of falling below their wonted level in conduct and ideas. Their relations to government were scarcely comprehensible to their neighbors at times, and in periods of excitement often subjected them to misconception and to obloquy.

The plain living and high thinking of the Sloane family were, in many respects, the most important part of my father's education. They developed in him qualities of independence in thinking and acting, a noble disregard for mere public tattle, and strong intellectual courage. They tended also to unfold the ideal side of his mind, and to fix in him the purpose of living for principle, even when allured, as he often was, by the most tempting offers to step aside from that course. The necessity for understanding and explaining the peculiar attitude of his family and people in earliest youth implanted in him the historical consciousness which marks the true value of continuity, of faith and perseverance, and enables high-minded men to live for

the things of the spirit rather than for those of the body. The isolation of those Covenanter communities in which his youth was spent, had, moreover, another most valuable effect, — the cultivation of a spirit of moderation and proportion in conviction, and of charity toward all men. This was throughout his life a characteristic trait, due, of course, in great measure, to his humane and catholic sympathies, but, in part, to the cause just mentioned.

Through the example and influence of his father, he kept in his reading the company of all that was best and purest in the human life of the ages. His chosen associates in hours of study and leisure, through childhood and youth, were poets, sages, and philosophers. To his latest hour the favorite quotations of his father were on his lips, and he ever found his purest delight in the expression of some favorite idea by the apt and adequate language of those who had made it their own by giving it the fittest garb. Add to this the abundant and wholesome outdoor life on the green hills of Vermont, the fertile slopes of Central Ohio, and the limitless, ocean-like prairies of Illinois, and there will be found the key to his intimate and affectionate intercourse with nature throughout his life, to the mutual interchange of relations between mind and nature in the language of his sermons, speeches, and conversation, to the rich imagery which he drew from the beautiful world, to his familiarity with all things animate and inanimate, and the keen delight he found in the fireside travels in his library, almost as much as in the reality of home and foreign journeyings. The modest flower, the song of the birds, the fulness of common nature, the grandeur

of the Alps, the sublimity of the ocean, — all had their appropriate value in his scheme of life, their wealth of literary illustration in his mind, their due proportion in their relation to man, and their value in leading him to confess and adore his and their Creator. And of all this the germs are directly traceable, primarily, of course, to native gifts; but in large part, though secondarily, to early training, and the environment of his life before leaving his father's house for college, and the forming of his own career.

III.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL. — CHILDHOOD.

I was born in the village and town of Topsham, Orange County, Vt., on the twenty-ninth day of May, 1823. The place is romantic, being situated on the bank of one of those large, clear streams for which New England is so famous, a branch of Wait's River, and surrounded by great hills. From almost any one of these a large portion of the White-Mountain range was visible, and especially in a clear atmosphere Moose-Hillock (Moosilauke) appeared to be but a few miles distant. As the family left Vermont in November, 1829, my life in that region was that of a child. I remember my grandmother McNiece distinctly, and especially the incidents of her funeral, in June, 1827. I cannot fix any dates previous to this with an absolute certainty. My father removed when I was a mere infant to a farm about one mile distant. From a field above the house the New-Hampshire mountains were in full view; and I remember being impressed with their appearance, — white and glistening with snow, while all was still green about us.

I began attendance at the village school at a very early period, not later, at all events, than my fifth summer, and recall many incidents connected with our

journeys to and fro in company with my sister Mary and the children of neighbors. Many of these reminiscences are pleasant; while some of them only illustrate the wise man's saying, that folly is bound up in the heart of a child. The teacher was Persis Wilson, a bright, rosy-cheeked, high-strung Yankee girl. Dear soul! she was living until within a few years, as I then heard, in Massachusetts, married and comfortable. As a specimen of certain notions of education, I was compelled to study a small edition of Murray's Grammar. I had not the slightest idea of what it meant, and my detestation of the little tormentor was in proportion to my ignorance. I was incited by some of the children to hide it away under the schoolhouse. What that performance resulted in, I have no remembrance. Reading was, I think, the only attainment of this stage.

The remembrances of this child-life are pleasant. I recall the Thanksgivings, and especially that luxury no longer attainable, the "spare-rib" roasted before a blazing wood-fire; the fields in their season red with strawberries; and, most interesting of all, the streams abounding in trout, and the brook-fishing. I only remember capturing two of the beauties alone and independently. I would like to paint the scene, — an evening in the early part of summer; the brook brawling over rocks between two great hills, and forming a pool where it turned the end of an old dam, once used, I suppose, for washing sheep. The hook and line were *my own* and *new*, bought in the village that day. Hastily putting on a bait, I made a cast; one of the spotted beauties caught; immediately, with a palpitating heart, I whipped him from the brook, and was soon

ready for another throw. And lo! immediately another was landed. A great clap of thunder celebrated my triumph, and heavy drops warned me that I must make haste to cover: so, satisfied that I could now do it, I made for home.

Our house was on the side of a long hill. The winter scenes are vividly impressed, Whittier's "Snow-bound" being an exact description in the most minute details of those scenes of my childhood. Among the sheep in the barn was a brown-faced lamb, a pet, that we used to feed with crusts of bread. We called him "Possbud," of the "*unde derivatur*" of which name I confess myself profoundly ignorant; but it was a rare pleasure to see him stamp his foot when we held back the crust for a little to tease him. My travels in those days extended as far as to grandfather's on the one hand, and the Four Corners on the other, a range of a little more than three miles. On the road to grandfather's, two dangers had to be encountered, — the one real, Dickerman's dog, which once threw sister Mary down, and inflicted a slight wound on her arm; the other imaginary, Cilley's geese! Such was this early child-life, like all such, a mingled scene in which the lights as seen from this distance greatly preponderate, if light can preponderate.

My father did not like Vermont: the climate was too cold; the Yankee character was not altogether to his taste; the salary was small, and in one instance, at least, I remember a portion was literally paid in "beans after harvest." I recall a goodly pile of that excellent esculent lying in the garret. Yankee beans had not yet reached the dignity of a legal tender. In 1829, about

the month of April, he sold out his farm and hereditaments, and started for the Far West. Before long he sent word for the family to follow him to Allegheny City. Owing to the failure of the man who bought the farm to meet his engagements, it was November before we were ready for the journey. I recall my elation at the idea of seeing the great world, and how all at once Vermont dwindled in my estimation to a point. When the time of parting came, and I bade good-by to aunts and uncles and my grandfather, all of whom I loved very much, and when I witnessed their grief and my mother's, the outlook changed, and took on a more sober hue. I do not remember that I again felt any special elation about the matter.

Our route was by wagon and carriage to Burlington. Uncle Robert, mother's second brother, drove her and the smaller children in a Dearborn, while John and I rode in the wagon which carried the large boxes; Mr. Taplin, a near neighbor and good, clever man, being teamster. The weather was mild for the season, and two days brought us to Burlington. There I was greatly impressed with Lake Champlain, to my eye a vast body of water, and somewhat forbidding in its aspect from black November clouds which hung low upon it. I remember feeling considerable alarm as the little steamer that was to carry us to Whitehall came puffing up to the wharf in the darkness; but, holding my mother by the hand, I stepped heroically aboard. A certain important travelling-sack, made of tanned leather, and covered with green baize, was missing. In a few moments uncle, who was a remarkably spry man, opened the cabin-door, flung it in, and with a hearty

good-by vanished into the darkness. Then poor mother gathered us round her knees, and for a little tears fell thick and fast; and this, so far as I remember, was the end of sorrows for the journey.

The next morning we landed at Whitehall, and from that place to Albany we journeyed by canal. There we remained several days among friends. That was my first experience of great cities: all was strange and new and impressive. The immense piles of apples, nuts, and candies in the shop-windows, of course, took my fancy; and I suspect that my innocent greenness afforded some amusement to the children of the house. Our host was a Mr. Strain, the friend of my father. While there we were joined by uncle John McNiece, mother's eldest brother, who was to go with us the rest of the journey. He was a good man, quiet, sensible, blunt, and honest. I never felt that his relatives appreciated him at his full worth. Our route from Albany was, of course, by the Erie Canal. The packets that went at "full trot," and made "great time," were all taken off for the season: ours was a line-boat, neat and comfortable, most of the way crowded. When we grew tired of the boat, brother John and I played horse on the tow-path: the passengers frequently went ashore and took the gleanings of the orchards, *nemine contradicente.* The boat-hands were really clever fellows; and there was one in particular, whose name of John is still remembered, who would jump up on a bridge as we were about to pass under, pick me up, and then jump down on the other side to the boat again, with me in his arms, as it passed on. That boatman, rough enough no doubt, left upon my mind such an impression

of goodness, or rather good-heartedness, as I have received from but few persons during my earthly sojourn. I remember the names of Schenectady, Utica, Syracuse, and Lockport; the latter mainly on account of its interminable locks, as they seemed to me. Some eight days were spent between Albany and Buffalo. At Buffalo we embarked on the lake for Erie. A dark cloud hung over the lake when we went aboard the steamer, a small affair. Soon a gale arose, and we were all presently in the throes of sea-sickness. The storm increased; "the sea wrought, and was tempestuous;" the little steamer was compelled to put into Dunkirk, and thus two days were lost. Erie was reached at length. It was then a mean-looking place.

Here we were to take wagon for Pittsburg. The first arrangement was repeated, — wagon and carriage. The driver of the wagon was a cross old Irishman. The day was rainy, the road muddy, and at night we had made fifteen miles! This would never do. A council was held. It was determined to take stage to Pittsburg, and send the goods by some sort of a portage to a point on the Allegheny River, thence by the river to the city. Next morning all was arranged, and a fine Troy coach drove up to the hotel. I think the name of the place was Waterford. There was room for all. "Smack went the whip, round went the wheels, were never folks so glad," and ho! for father and Pittsburg. We rode day and night, much of the way through unbroken forests. The fare at the stage-houses was good, venison of the most delicious kind in abundance, hunger doubtless the best sauce. On the night, I believe, of the third day, I was awakened out of a sound sleep by

uncle, whose knee was often both bed and pillow. The horses' hoofs sound strangely. We are crossing the old Allegheny bridge. In a few moments father is with us. What more? Who can tell? Not a child of seven years, who had been riding three days, and as many nights, through Pennsylvania forests more than fifty years ago.

Next morning we lay long in bed, and rejoiced to hear that we had not to ride to-day, nor again. We found our home on North Avenue near Federal Street, in a neat little story-and-a-half frame-house, in what long went by the name of Mowry's Row. Pittsburg at that time had sixteen thousand inhabitants. Allegheny consisted of the Common, now the Park, and a scattered house here and there. Father itinerated that winter in the region round about. He rode a little prancing roan mare, that went sometimes one end foremost, sometimes the other end, sometimes one side foremost, sometimes the other. I remember him as he returned from these preaching-tours, covered with mud from head to foot. The following spring he received a call from a congregation, one-half of which was in Harrison, and one-half in Guernsey County, O. Our sojourn in Allegheny was about nine months. We left on the Fourth of July, 1830. I recall many incidents of it, but none worth repetition. We attended Dr. Black's church, and made the acquaintance of his family, with some members of which I have had intercourse at intervals ever since. The tones of the people sounded strangely to our ears, and I still consider the twang of the neighborhood somewhat unpleasant. Of course, our Yankeeisms were a source of constant amusement to them.

Our home in Ohio was in Harrison County, near the present Green Village, the site for many years of a flourishing State normal school, seven miles from the town of Cadiz, and about eighteen from Steubenville. The country is hilly, rich, fertile, healthy. The people in those days were sociable, industrious, and religious. We lived upon a farm of sixty acres, thirty of it cleared, and divided into small fields, in each of which, with perhaps one exception, there was a spring of water. It stood apart from public highways, only a neighborhood road running through it, and was surrounded, except for a short distance on one side, by woods. Before moving to it, we spent our first year in the house of a member of my father's congregation, where my fourth brother was born. In that retired home were spent seven of the happiest years of my life. I loved the neighbors, the country, and the farm-life. The chickens, the ducks, the geese, the horses, the cattle, the sheep, the little fat china-pigs, and the guinea-hens, were all objects of interest, and a source of enjoyment.

The children of the neighborhood, and in particular those in a large family named Crouch, were moral, innocent, and merry. Each season brought its pleasures, — the spring the melting snows, the running brooks, the making of maple-sirup, the young lambs, the calves, the eggs. I've gathered as many as a hundred in a single day; and what we could not use, we sold, or gave away. I took great delight in outwitting the silly geese, by discovering their eggs concealed behind some log, or wall of rock, and carefully covered with small twigs and leaves. As the season advanced, the coming of the birds of the region was full of interest: Robin Redbreast, —

he may not be the genuine robin, but he is *a* robin, and I do not like to hear him maligned; the beautiful blue-birds, the brown thrush, and all the familiar feathered friends. Then, I recall the woods becoming white in some places with the service, or June berry; the orchards with all varieties of plums, before the days of the destructive curculio; the peaches, pears, and apples. Summer, the hot summer! I did not know it was hot. Some days, of course, we felt to be so; but all things went on as usual. No talk in our home of resorts, — mountain or seaside. A drink of the coldest water from a spring gushing out of the living rock, —

> "Intus aquæ dulces vivoque sedilia saxo
> Nympharum domus," —

and repose under the shadow of a great maple or oak, soon banished weariness. But why delay? Autumn brought its ripened fruits. The woods abounded in the wild grapes, that were delicious after the first sharp frost. Chestnuts, hickory-nuts, in profusion. You may imagine the delight of a little rustic going to the woods with his sack over his shoulder, and returning staggering under the load that he had secured. Then there were "apple-parings," and "apple-butter boilings," and "log-rollings," and "scutchings," and "quiltings," and all kinds of "frolics," as they were called, combining with frugal consideration the useful with the sweet. The winter brought its "singings," usually two or three a week, which, you will see, accounts for my skill in music.[1] I have to confess that the interest of the little chaps of my age consisted largely in keeping a sharp

[1] Dr. Sloane was notoriously unskilled in music, for which he had no ear.

lookout as to who went home with whom, who got the "sack," or "mitten," as it was indifferently called.

During this period I attended such schools as were accessible during the winter, making a little progress in the three R's. Father was appointed to take charge of the theological students of the Pittsburg Presbytery, and had for a short time a select school, in which I progressed far enough in Latin to read a little in "Historia Sacra." In the spring of 1835 I began work on the farm, and during the spring and summer had to carry on what a boy was able to perform. I am a little proud to this day to remember that I drove my team a-field, and held the plough for several successive days in the autumn of my eleventh year. In the winter I went again to the district school. These schools were of a primitive character. Each winter, in fact, we traversed about the same ground, the end of each school-term leaving us at about the same stage which we had reached at the close of the preceding one. There was much of rude fun at intermission, and when going and returning, but no immorality, no swearing, not even any vulgarity. A "treat" was always expected from the master at Christmas; and, if he did not give it voluntarily, the larger boys barred him out until he came to terms. This operation they performed by going to the schoolhouse in turn at an early hour, often before daylight, and barricading the doors within, and nailing down the windows. Often the master would refuse for a week or two, but was invariably compelled to yield in the end. The "treat" consisted of apples, cider, gingerbread, and such rural dainties.

We were often visited by persons from the outside

world, and at communion seasons our house was crowded. I remember that on one occasion we made provision for fourteen horses and their riders, and this was not a solitary instance of similar hospitality. During our residence in Ohio, the three youngest children were born. About the year 1837, father determined to sell his farm, and go West. I need not enter into the detail of his reasons for such a move. At this distance, it appears to me to have been a great mistake. It was determined to go to Illinois. So, all preparations having been made, my brother John, in company with a number of friends who had united to start a new colony, started, taking with him all that was necessary to commence a new farm. They located in Brown County, Ill. John purchased two hundred and twenty acres of land, and had a house and barn built. But the whole plan came to naught, and worse than naught. His advisers had been duped, and he had bought land of which the title was worthless; and, for the second time, the family resources were hopelessly involved. During the suspense incident upon this unlucky project, my mother's health gave way, and made it impossible to think of the Western journey. In the autumn, as I think, of 1838, we removed to the town of Cadiz, the county seat of Harrison County, seven miles from our country home. Here father opened a school, in which I was his assistant, teaching the young children, and studying Latin and mathematics. To this place we all became greatly attached. The society was unusually good, and the people friendly. Stanton, the great war-secretary, lived in Cadiz at that time. John A. Bingham's relatives were there, and Bishop Simpson's also; though both these men them-

selves had left a short time before our sojourn there. Ministers, doctors, lawyers, county officers, and the like, formed quite an intelligent society. My sister Mary attended the seminary, then under the charge of Miss Foster, afterward Mrs. Hanna of Washington, Penn. Eliza, the next younger sister, was much admired for her beauty; and I, being small for my years, acquired the title of "the little master."

Here I first became a member of a literary society. It consisted of the following members: Joseph Tingley, the eldest of us all, and his brother Jeremiah, cousins of Bishop Simpson. These brothers both became professors of science, — Joseph in Asbury University, Ind., and Jeremiah in Meadville College. I recently saw a very pretty article by him in "The Chautauquan," — "With Agassiz at Pennekese." William Shotwell graduated with the highest honor in Miami University, studied law, and died soon after of consumption, in the second year, I think, after entering on the practice of his profession. Hans Lee and Thomas Hanna, both earning the honors of debate in Franklin College, studied theology, and died in early life. Lee was a most brilliant fellow, and Hanna was noted for his goodness. John Bancroft was the solid reasoner of the society, and is now one of the first lawyers in Iowa. There were one or two others introduced into the circle from time to time; but I have forgotten their names, and know nothing of them. Those I have enumerated were about my age, and constituted the framework of the society.

In September of 1839 father determined to carry out his purpose of going West, and started for Illinois. Under the favoring auspices of some good men of the

town, I formed a school of my own. It was limited in numbers to sixteen, and in age to fourteen. This was my employment for the winter, and the return was a handsome one. We learned that father had received a call to Elkhorn congregation. He accepted it, and spent the remainder of his days in its service.

The winter of 1839–40 was characterized by the wildest political excitement. Martin Van Buren and General Harrison were the opposing Presidential candidates. Meetings were constantly held. Thousands could be gathered at almost any time. Orations were as plenty as blackberries. The Whigs, of course, followed the Harrison standard. He was the hard-cider candidate, and it flowed like water. He lived in a log cabin, so it was said; and wagons supporting log cabins were a feature of almost every procession. I was, of course, a great politician, shouted myself hoarse for Harrison, and attended all the meetings accessible. I had now caught sight of the great world: my fate was sealed, — no more enjoyment of rural life. A college education was now the goal, and to be a speaker of some kind was my aim.

In the spring of 1840 we were to follow father. It was with regret that I left this town where I had been, to an extent, awakened into intellectual life, and parted from companions to whom I was attached. I did not see the end of this departure into the wilderness. I was nearing seventeen years of age, was small for my years still, and, though never a fop, had lost most of my rusticity.

This was the close of the first stage of my life. All these changes were made by father for the advantage of his family. "Man proposes, but God disposes."

IV.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL. — YOUTH AND EARLY MANHOOD.

Our destination was Washington County, Ill.; and, as there were no railways, our route was by steamboat from Steubenville on the Ohio, to Chester on the Mississippi. The voyage in that season was altogether delightful. It was in April, and the river was in a fair stage of water, the peach-trees were in full bloom, and the forests just beginning to show the early green. The boat was handsomely fitted, the state-rooms were comfortable, and the table all that could be desired. The passengers were a strange variety from all lands, and those in the cabin, for the most part, refined and intelligent. Our boat, the "Susquehanna," was one of the best on the Upper Ohio: we exchanged, however, for a still better one at Cincinnati, the "Monsoon," which plied between that city and St. Louis. We reached our destination in due time, thankful that our boat, as too frequently happened in those days, had not been blown up by an explosion of its boilers. From Chester to Elkhorn was a day's drive. We were much attracted by the novelty of the scenes through which we passed. Throughout the woods, or forests rather, were scattered open glades; they were green with the

verdure of early spring: and already we observed a great variety of, to us, new and brilliant flowers.

Our future home was among a large congregation, the nucleus of which was formed by the richer portion, who had left South Carolina some twenty or thirty years before on account of slavery. Then there was a large number who had come from Ireland, many of them having remained in Philadelphia or New York long enough to earn a sum of money sufficient to buy a farm. To these were added a few people from Ohio, and other parts of the country. The church was a huge brick structure, roofed and floored. It was partly seated with benches that had backs, and partly with benches that had no backs. As it had been planned with reference to indefinite growth in the future, a large portion had no seats at all. In this "*hiatus valde deflendus*," you might see quilts spread on a summer's day, and each mother keeping watch over her own with a branch from a neighboring tree so that the little one might sleep undisturbed by the flies or — the preaching. In this house my father preached for twenty years in the decline of his life, sermons that could not lay claim to the graces of eloquence, but which would have been admired anywhere for their originality and profundity. That I may here, as Jeremy Taylor says, mingle a sprig of myrrh, — in that churchyard lie father, mother, three brothers, and three sisters, near a simple shaft of marble on which their names are inscribed. In course of time, the church was much improved, then sold to a congregation of United Presbyterians. Another building, of better appearance, was then built, nearer to that which had become the old homestead. The people, as

a whole, presented a good and respectable appearance. As horseback was the only conveyance, it was a sight to see them leave the church on a sabbath evening, especially when the young horses, restive with a long day's standing, had to be let out to keep them from worse antics, or from throwing their riders.

It was immediately manifest, that, while the father was attending to his church duties, the children must find work, each "maun tak an oar." Mary at once began to teach, and Renwick and Robert must go to the plough. The people were kind, but, being early settlers, had little ready money; while those who had accumulated, had a very faint idea, indeed, of what was due to those who were over them in the Lord. My father's salary was three hundred dollars. But do not be hasty in estimating its value. The best land could be bought for four dollars an acre; a good three-year-old ox, rolling in fat, was sold for ten dollars, and an excellent cow for twelve; corn could be had in any quantity for twenty cents a bushel. The prices served to equalize somewhat. The greater part of my four years in Illinois was spent in putting a new farm into such shape that I could get off to college. So I split rails, and hauled them, built fences, broke the new prairie, and planted all kinds of fruit-trees. The farm was a good one; it was fertile to a degree; "tickle it with a hoe, it would laugh with a harvest." As I drove my oxen to the woods some two or three miles distant, or followed the prairie-plough, I spouted Webster's or Clay's or Otis's speeches, and declaimed portions of "The Shipwreck," the "Lady of the Lake," the "Lord of the Isles," or of "Comus," and other familiar poetry.

As in all new countries, weddings abounded: these were always followed by an infair, and then there was riding. There were also "singings" and "quiltings," and parties of various kinds, with all the variety of country-life. I did not fret nor repine nor despond, but looked hopefully to the future. My sister Mary was married in 1842 to Samuel McClurken, an excellent and cultivated man, with whom she lived tenderly and happily till his death in 1854.

The next year I gave up my duties on the farm to my brother John, who had left his business in Steubenville, and took the town-school in Sparta, a thriving village some sixteen miles distant, where my sister and her husband lived. They occupied the house of Mr. McClurken's widowed sister, and I boarded with them. Its owner had been a man of refined tastes, and had collected an excellent library, particularly rich in history. The winter was a busy one for our little family: every evening we formed a circle about the fire, and read literally for hours. Circumstances, of course, hindered us at times; but we accomplished a very substantial course of reading. There was in the town at least one man of scholarly instincts, a graduate of Oxford College in Ohio, who would have made an excellent professor, but had stumbled into medicine, and was known as Dr. Simpson. I had gained some slight knowledge of botany from my father. Simpson was an enthusiast in that line; and when the spring opened, we had many a delightful excursion after school-hours.

College was now looming in the near future. So in the autumn I returned home, and began my more minute preparation. There were two boys boarding

at my father's house, and studying with him. Andrew C. Todd afterwards went with me to college. The other had high family connections, but little intelligence. It was just even beam in which class you would put him. He had a childish wit, however; and, to my astonishment, father took a liking to the poor fellow. He bore with him in the greatest patience, and brought him to read and write respectably. How far he penetrated into the mysteries of figures and grammar, I cannot say. My own attainments were not of the highest. I knew "little Latin and less Greek," but was at ease in algebra, and good in Euclid. I made the best use I could of the winter; and it was settled that I was to go to Jefferson College at Canonsburg, Penn. That institution had distended a large angle in my horizon while in Ohio: it was the oldest west of the Alleghanies, and, as supposed, the best.

In April I started with my young companion for the Elysium of my dreams. The parting from the dear ones at home was full of sadness, especially as it was uncertain when I should return. There were no railways, of course, and the journey was long and expensive. My brother John took us in a spring-wagon to St. Louis: and I beg of you to read Dickens's "Notes on America" for a description of that part of our route which lay between Belleville and St. Louis; it is scarcely a caricature. We found a steamboat just starting for Pittsburg; but as we had allowed ourselves ample time, and had a few days to spare, we took our passage only to Steubenville. The boat proved to be slow, but the journey was diversified by all the incidents of river-travelling in those days. Gambling prevailed to an

awful extent; and on one occasion our captain, who was, what was an unusual thing in men of his class, a genuine blackleg, raked (literally) into his leather pouch several hundred dollars in gold. Hell was not far from those gambling-tables. The players drank and swore, and threw the cards, toward the winding-up of the game, with such violence that they made their knuckles bleed.

At this time the slaveholders were preparing the United States for the great Texas robbery which afterwards culminated in the Mexican war, as infamous a contest as one nation ever waged against another. There was, of course, much talk on the boat about Texan affairs; and it was increased by the presence on board of a messenger bearing despatches from Texas to the Government at Washington. The talk culminated in a debate between the Texan politician and a young lawyer on one side, and a young physician from Ohio and myself on the other. We were appointed by the authority of the company. Suffice it to say, that, on the third round, the Texan lost his temper, and thus ended the discussion, to the great amusement of the passengers.

I think there would be no dissent from the statement that in those days Jefferson College held the front rank among Western colleges. Dr. Matthew Brown was the president, and he had a faculty of five professors and one tutor. I entered the freshman class half advanced, — that is, at the middle of the year, — and was but imperfectly prepared for the grade. I managed in a short time, however, to so far overtake the others as to maintain a respectable rank. The marking was not very

close, and the class duties were not very exacting. Dr. Brown was a strangely eccentric character; but he understood students well, and had managed the college successfully for twenty-five years. He was, at the time of my entrance, past the years of usefulness, and resigned at the close of my first year in favor of Dr. R. J. Breckinridge of Baltimore. The professors were men of very modest attainments. The only one for whom I felt and carried away affection or respect was Dr. Alexander Brown, the son of the president. He was a gentleman, a good classical scholar, and a most amiable man. I had, however, no prejudice against any of my instructors, and was, as far as I know, on good terms with them all.

The great event of my college life was, of course, the induction into the presidential chair of Dr. Breckinridge. He was one of the few great men I have known, and among the foremost of that number. He retained his office but two years, leaving at the same time I graduated. The college increased rapidly during his incumbency, reaching the number of four hundred students, most of whom were, as in all colleges of the time, in the three higher classes. But I think he felt the place too strait for him, and that the town of Canonsburg was not suited to him, either in size, or in the character of its inhabitants.

The years I spent in college were, on the whole, very pleasant ones. Of my career, there is little to be said. I took a somewhat prominent part in the literary societies, and was finally appointed debater of the Franklin Society for 1847, when I was a senior. This was considered the highest honor that the society could confer, and one of the chief honors of the college. The decision of the judges in the contest which followed, with an

opponent from the rival society, was given to me by a unanimous vote. Of course I gained such *éclat* as that would secure among students. I graduated in June of the same year, and returned home immediately, having been absent nearly four years.

[This meagre account of his college-life is all that can be found among his papers. As a matter of fact, the account corresponds in no way to the importance of that period of his education. The college was not only one of the most famous in the West, but in the whole country. It was easily accessible by water from the entire Mississippi valley, and its students were from the ablest and most influential families of that vast district. The atmosphere, therefore, was one of elegance and refinement; and the young student was thrown into close association with a body of youth which formed a true microcosm of the life of his day. I have heard him enumerate in a remarkable list, too long to publish, even if it were remembered, the positions of dignity and importance held in after-life by his college-mates. That he should have been the first scholar in his class on graduation, and the foremost man in the literary life of such a college, are not insignificant facts. Moreover, he felt, to the day of his death, the influence of that remarkable man, Robert J. Breckinridge. For two years their intercourse was as constant as their relative position would permit, and the favor of the president was shown him in after-life at important times. The fiery vigor and intellectual onset of Dr. Breckinridge left a deep impression on the minds of his students; while his mind was so acute, and his sympathies were so catholic, as to compel attention and regard. — Ed.]

During the summer I had a severe attack of typhoid-fever, from which I recovered with no evil effects. The disease spread to other members of the family, among them my sister Eliza, who died, deeply mourned and lamented. The autumn found me in Kentucky, whither I went to take charge of the school near Hopkinsville, Christian County, belonging to a clergyman whose name was Jones. The vicissitudes of that ill-starred institution would fill a volume. Mr. Jones sold out to a Mr. Johnston, and left at once for a visit to Louisville. Straightway a slave-woman of Mr. Johnston's set fire to the buildings, which were burned to the ground. This resulted in the breaking up of the school, which was largely composed of boys from the South. Accordingly, I, with three pupils, was sent to lodge with a neighbor, "Colonel" Moore, from whom we received kind treatment during the winter. During this period, having considerable leisure and favorable opportunities, I examined into the nature and workings of slavery. The result was a settled conviction of its enormity as a sin against God, and an outrage upon humanity. It was then that my determination was settled to do what little I could against it by word and deed. I only mean, of course, that opinions I had held all my life were confirmed, and my future course determined. The half was never told of the evil of the system: the marvel is, that God's judgments were so long delayed.

With such views, I could not conscientiously remain where the system prevailed; and learning that the academy at Richmond, Jefferson County, O., was without a principal, I therefore applied, and received the appointment. I left Kentucky early in March, 1848. The

people had been kind, and "Colonel" Moore was already exerting himself to form a school which would have been large and profitable. I bade good-by with feelings of personal kindness. About a month later I entered upon my work in Richmond. The position was an agreeable one, but very arduous. The difficulty arose from the fact that they called the institution a college, and, with but two teachers, were actually attempting a college course. My predecessor had had recitations in Virgil, Horace, Juvenal, Xenophon, Thucydides, Euripides, etc., with corresponding classes in mathematics. There were boys from the village and neighborhood who could not afford to go from home; and was not the name of college as good in one place as another? and as to what the college is at which a man graduates, who would care to inquire? The able and studious man who had been principal before me had them up to the point of what was considered a full college course; and it would not do for me to let my work fall below his, especially as I was from Jefferson, and he from Washington, then rival colleges, but since united.

So my assistant took charge of the preparatory department, and I of the college. I had four classes a day in Latin, as many in Greek, and the same number in the higher mathematics, with logic, rhetoric, and a slight touch of moral and mental science thrown in. It is a sober reality, I taught as many as twelve classes in the day. But I liked the place: the country in the neighborhood was lovely, and the academy flourished. I was daily improving my own scholarship. The people were moral, and in intelligence above the average in country places.

During the vacation, in October, 1849, I was married to Margaret Anne Wylie Milligan, at the house of her brother McLeod, near New Alexandria, Westmoreland County, Penn. She was the only daughter of the Rev. James Milligan, my father's friend in Vermont and afterwards in Illinois. The marriage was in all respects a happy one.

Feeling that I had spent sufficient time in teaching, and that I should commence my studies preparatory to the ministry, I resigned my position in Richmond, and determined to go to Northwood, Logan County, O., the site of Geneva Hall, an institution that had been founded as a college for Covenanters some year or two previously. The Theological Seminary had been located in the same place, and my purpose was to study theology. I left Richmond on the first of April, 1851. I had then spent three years of hard labor, which was both profitable and pleasant; and I therefore parted from the little village with kindly feelings. Moreover, there were some associations of a tender and specially pleasant nature connected with it.

Our route was from Steubenville to Cincinnati by boat, and thence by railway to Belle Centre, near Northwood. This was my first experience of railroad travelling. The road between Cincinnati and Xenia was very good, having been recently laid with T rail, which was spoken of as a great affair. From Xenia to Belle Centre, however, we had the strap rail, — a flat piece of iron laid upon ties, or sleepers, running, of course, longitudinally. The cars rocked like a ship in a storm, and all but the most venturesome kept their seats while they were in motion. We sped along at the rate of twelve, and, under very

favorable circumstances, fourteen miles an hour. It was said that occasionally an end of one of the straps, becoming loose, made its appearance, penetrating through the bottom of the car, without special reference to the comfort of the passengers. These visitors were called "snake-heads:" however, we did not make their acquaintance.

At Northwood we were met by our brothers, John and Saurin Milligan, and other old acquaintances and friends, and were among our own people, the Covenanters. Seminary, however, there was none. Dr. James R. Willson, for whom I was named, had grown old and was in failing health, and never again acted as professor. The students who remained, or had returned again to Northwood, were put under the charge of the Rev. J. B. Johnston, a man of talent, who had studied under Dr. Black of Pittsburg, and under my father. He had some knowledge of theology, but of learning he was nearly destitute: what little he had once had, being obliterated in the missionary-like labors of the frontier life he had been leading for many years.

I did something myself in teaching the class in Turretin and in Greek; so I became, from the necessity of the case, a kind of under-professor in theology. The post of principal of the college falling vacant in the spring of 1852, I was over-persuaded to accept it, and was duly inaugurated. The address I then delivered was successful, and may be said to have marked the beginning of my career as a public speaker.

About the same time, I was elected to deliver the anniversary oration before the literary societies at Canonsburg. The orator was chosen by each of the societies in turn; and it was the Franklin, my own old society,

that paid me this compliment. There were still in college a few students who had, as preparatory scholars, been members of the Philo in my day. They were now pompous seniors: and, absurdly enough, they chose to regard the choice of a man who had so lately wrested an honor from their society, as an insult to their majesty; so, in the student parlance, they "flew the track." The Franklins stuck to their choice. In order to annihilate the boy-speaker, the bolters chose the famous Alexander Campbell. I need not say that I dreaded being set in competition with such a giant. The next struggle was as to who should have the regular time for the oration, — the night before Commencement, — and the Franklins won.

When I reached Canonsburg, I was much depressed. Before the hour appointed for my address, the societies held their closing exercises. One of the young speakers quoted a long passage from the inaugural I had pronounced at Northwood. This cheered me a little. When we went down to Providence Hall, as the college chapel was called, I found it filled with a great audience. On the platform were the Faculty, many of the trustees, and the famous Alexander. Suffice it to say, I did my best. Old Dr. Brown, who righteously hated Campbell, sat a few seats in front of me, and, hearing that I was one of his old pupils, shouted out every once and again, "Brilliant!" "brilliant!" The Franklins cheered, and the audience also. I got through. Campbell was obliged to speak next day at the close of the Commencement exercises, amid much confusion. His speech itself was great; but it was tamely read from the manuscript, and made very little impression. At the time, it was not

a matter of indifference to me that I was praised by the Pittsburg papers, while his speech was pronounced a failure.

This was the only time I ever saw this truly great man. His head was massive, his brow lofty and jutting; the perceptive faculties marked according to the phrenologists, and gathered into a knot over his nose; the nose large and aquiline, not one of your thin, paper-like, semi-transparent noses, but an aggressive, defiant, solid nose; the mouth well set, with powerful, but not massive, jaws; a powerful frame tending to stoop, and a somewhat corpulent habit. Altogether, it seems to me that he was more distinctly stamped with greatness, the greatest-*looking* man I have seen. Perhaps in this respect Dr. Willson was his peer. The latter was as good as he was great. Alexander Campbell, I fear, was not.

In October of the same year I was licensed to preach, the Presbytery thinking that my experience should stand in the place of a more extended course. I have always regretted that hiatus in my education. Here I may as well record the mistake of my life, which consisted in purchasing, in partnership with my brother-in-law, Mr. John Milligan, a large three-story brick house, which had been built for a girls' school by the wife of our preceptor in theology. It eventually proved an elephant on our hands, a source of trouble and pecuniary loss. But for a time all went well. The schools flourished, and promised fairly. At one time, there were a hundred pupils in the two institutions together. Of course, it was a period of hard work, — teaching, managing the schools, preaching, and making public addresses. I remember speaking at the anniversaries of the county

Bible societies in Xenia, Springfield, and Bellefontaine. I also spoke at the annual fair of the Agricultural Society of Logan County. This was, I think, in 1854.

In 1853 had been born our only daughter. She was a delicate child from the first, and died in the following spring. In the winter of the same year, her mother's health began to show symptoms of a decline. In the spring she was much worse. The summer was spent in travelling, and consulting physicians. We even went as far as Philadelphia for advice from a distinguished doctor. It was the sad repetition of a common story. The sufferer had from the beginning cherished no hope of recovery, and submitted to the various efforts to restore or prolong health, only in compliance with the wishes of others. She constantly spoke of death as imminent. In October she passed away, calm in the Christian's hope, without a fear, and in the full assurance of a Christian's faith.

She was a woman of large frame, tall and dignified, very bashful when a girl, and never entirely free from the reserve which springs from that characteristic. Her complexion was fair and bright, her blue eyes full and expressive, and her hair was very luxuriant and black. She was endowed with the faculty of control. All who came near her felt the power of her will, and seemed to yield to it as a matter of course. Her judgment was almost unerring, and, for the most part, guided both her husband and her brothers. She controlled the girls whom she taught in the seminary without effort, and was beloved by them all. Her education, aside from that obtained in the common schools, was largely acquired at home. She read the Greek

Testament at sight, and had read the Hebrew Bible entirely through. Having occasion to teach algebra, she mastered the best text-book without assistance, and then taught it to her classes. She lacked confidence in herself, and never knew her own power. I need not add that she was eminently and devoutly pious, and opened her school regularly with extemporaneous prayer. A marble shaft, and at its side a small headstone, stand in the God's acre of Northwood church. On the former are inscribed the names of the mother and her daughter, who repose beneath, in the hope of a glorious resurrection.

In the late winter and spring of 1855 I went to the Atlantic seaboard on a mission for the college, which was under the care of the church. The Third Reformed Presbyterian Church of New York was at that time vacant. I preached in its pulpit, and also in that of the First Church as assistant at a communion-service. Some weeks after I had left the city, an election for pastor was held in the former congregation, which resulted in my favor. When, a little later, it was presented, I accepted. There is no need to give detailed reasons for the step I then took. Every following year but served to convince me of the propriety of the change, although it was made at the sacrifice of all that I had invested in the seminary, and was, as it were, a new start in the world. Northwood was never attractive, but the opposite. The village was then a mere hamlet, ten miles from a railway; and the surrounding country was flat, and to a considerable degree unimproved. There was a settlement of respectable farmers, who were all that could be expected; but of society, such as

an overworked man in the offices of pastor and teacher would naturally desire, there was very little. I never really had my own consent to the entanglement of the schools; and after the loss of my wife, who was a martyr to the work of carrying them on, I became more and more dissatisfied. I think it was on the second day of January, 1856, that having made such arrangement of my affairs as I could, and taking with me my child, a son of five years old, I started for New York. We visited at New Alexandria, Penn., the family of my father-in-law, Dr. Milligan, and the next week, although the cold was intense, took up our journey. We were overtaken in the Alleghanies by a heavy snow-storm, which delayed us for two days; but on Friday we reached New York in safety, and the same evening met with a number of the people of my future charge.

V.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL. — PUBLIC LIFE IN NEW YORK.

I ENTERED upon my pastoral work in New York auspiciously. The congregation was small, but seemed encouraged. They were united, — or, at all events, they all gave a cordial welcome to the new pastor. The church-building was of wood, and stood on Waverly Place. It had a bell-tower and a bell, but the exterior was certainly not imposing in appearance. The inside, however, was neat and comfortable. There were three galleries, and the seating capacity of the auditorium was sufficient for about five hundred people. The acoustic properties were perfect, and I have never spoken with greater ease to myself than in that little church.

It was, I think, during my first winter in New York, that the question of the Bible in the schools was so hotly agitated. By appointment the Protestant clergy were to preach on the subject at a preconcerted time, the evening of a certain Lord's Day. "The New-York Times" sent a reporter, and during the following week gave a good report of my sermon. "The Freeman's Journal" (Roman Catholic) singled it out for criticism, and said that "this gentleman had a much stronger grip of his subject than ——,"[1] naming one of the most prominent

[1] Dr. Henry B. Cheever.

New-York preachers. Its comments were, of course, adverse to my discourse, as they were to nearly all the others delivered the same night. This was the first notice I had from the press.

Life was as agreeable as it could be without a home of one's own, though the kind friends with whom we lived went as far as is possible to compensate for that lack. The friendships formed at that time have been the firmest and among the most cherished of my life. There is little to be said of the routine of a pastor's life that has not been often said. I was kept very busy, and felt the intellectual incitements of a great city. In particular I attended all the best lectures, the most interesting meetings, and especially in the spring the great religious anniversaries which were then in their glory. Among the most popular speakers were Dr. Tyng, who might have been called the king of the platform; Theodore Cuyler, who had just come to New York, and was able and popular; Dr. Stone from Boston, who afterwards went to San Francisco, and died there; Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, who, though by reason of his peculiar gifts he was never exactly popular, was yet everywhere acceptable; and, of course, Henry Ward Beecher, who created a *furore* wherever he spoke.

The anti-slavery platform was a thing by itself. Its great men were Garrison, strong, sensible, and honest; Theodore Parker, clear, polished in style, and, on the slavery question, powerful, a truly great man intellectually, a giant indeed; Charles Burleigh, a fanatic, but a tempest on the platform; Parker Pillsbury, slow, deliberate, ponderous, and an infidel, I believe an honest one; and, foremost of all, the peerless Wendell Phillips.

The latter was the great attraction at the anti-slavery meetings. I did not, however, hear him until the following year.

In the mean time my work went smoothly on, varied by occasional visits to the house at Newburg of my friend Renwick Thompson, — between whom and myself there has been a warm attachment since I first met him at Northwood, — and by one particular visit to Vermont and the home of my childhood. On the latter visit I must dwell for a few moments. I had now been absent twenty-six years. My mother's family had, as I have already told, settled there simultaneously with my father's call to Topsham. They were now somewhat scattered to the westward in Ohio and elsewhere, but there were still my grandfather and four of my uncles living in the old neighborhood. I was met at the station by uncle John McNiece, who lived on the old homestead of his family. When we came in sight of it, I did not at first recognize the spot; for the old buildings were gone, and new ones had taken their place. But, as we drove up to the house by an unfamiliar road, the landscape began to take shape, and soon all was natural. Grandfather sat in the front door, — it was the last day of June, — an old man bowed with the weight of eighty years, waiting to welcome us. He embraced me with affection, and was for a time overcome by the violence of his emotions. My aunt deserves a word of recognition. She had lived in the near neighborhood from childhood, and was a remarkable woman, one of the best in that interesting class of widely read Yankee women only to be found in New England fifty years since. From her youth she was a marvel of theological

lore, and could "reason high of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate."

The following day we were to visit the old home. Soon I was on familiar ground, and the road was in sight of the grand chain of the White and Franconia Mountains. The approach to the old house was *down a long hill*, such as only New England knows how to *get up*. My eye first caught sight of a Lombardy poplar. I had never thought of that tree since my childhood, but it all came back with vividness; and, turning to uncle, I asked, "There is that poplar, but what has become of the other?" In some surprise he said it had blown over some years before. An old schoolmate, now a widow, was living in the house. It was the same, no change, not the touch of a paint-brush, not the driving of a nail. I noticed that the boards of the kitchen-floor, immediately in front of the fireplace, were worn through. What was the cause? The frequent application of the hemlock-broom through years of careful housewifery. I looked into the room where brother John and I had slept, and where we used to lie waiting in the cold winter mornings till we could hear the wood-fire roaring in the next room, or the voice of father, "Come, my fine boys, it is time to get up." Then we visited the barn, that delight of all children, — the same, no change. Was that the same hay in the mow? It seemed so. Were these the same hens from whose nests we used to take the warm white eggs? It seemed so.

We went on one mile to Topsham Village. Every step was familiar ground. Just under the birch, on that bank, was a certain well-remembered bird's-nest with its speckled treasures. Here was the home of Ma'am

Brewster, who in summer days often added a fresh-peeled cucumber to the stores of our lunch-basket, to be eaten at noontide with relish. A little farther on was Brier Hill, well named, a kind of open pasture for sheep: the rams with their huge horns had lost their terror. On the left was the pasture where Taber's bull had fed in the schoolboy days. As a stone wall was between us and him, our courage was sufficiently tried by climbing it, and sending a challenge in the way of imitating his own dull roar. For the brute but to lift his shaggy head was sufficient to send us scampering down the road. The schoolhouse, it was the same, older-looking, to be sure, with its seats and desks badly used by the generations of jack-knives that had held successive sway. The sins of my own youth came back; but I trusted the recording angel had dropped his tear upon them, and obliterated them long ago.

The great, clear, beautiful brook was tossing and tumbling and foaming over the rocks behind the school as of old; yes, and the sawmill was still running; and there were the spruce logs from which we obtained the delicious chewing-gum, — the red was the best! — and the piles of boards among which we played hide and seek, and which we used for the more delightful pastime of see-saw. Ay de mi!

The next day was a fast preparatory to the communion: and, as I looked from the pulpit, I picked out a half-dozen of the faces that had been there in my childhood; Mr. Johnston, the pastor, verifying my remembrance as accurate. On communion-day itself, there was a great crowd to hear the Topsham boy. On Monday, there was a re-union of all the members of the

family left in Vermont and New Hampshire. But this is a long story. The visit was intensely interesting by reason of the phenomena, in which, through the law of association, all in a moment, a flood of long-forgotten memories came pouring in upon me.

> "Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,
> Our thoughts are linked in many a hidden chain.
> Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!
> Each stamps its image as the other flies."

During the first year of my pastorate in New York, I preached occasionally against slavery, but, as my memory now serves me, not on any occasions of special interest. In the spring of 1857 the Anti-Slavery Society invited me to speak at their anniversary. I complied with their request, and was, as the junior, assigned to the first position in the evening. As far as I remember, Wendell Phillips was the only other speaker. The managers seemed pleased with my speech. Phillips, in following, characterized it as that "high moral and sublime strain to which they had listened." Dr. Gould of Edinburgh published it in his magazine, with an introduction, in which he said many flattering things. He also sent it to Dr. Guthrie, who was good enough to return it with high encomiums. It appeared in print as it was taken down by a reporter.

Thereafter I was regularly invited to speak at the anniversary of this society, until slavery was abolished by Mr. Lincoln's proclamation. My other speeches were reported regularly in "The Anti-Slavery Standard," and sometimes in "The Liberator;" but they were too often sadly mangled and distorted in the hands of incompe-

tent reporters. The speech of 1857 was far enough from deserving the eulogies heaped upon it, which were, I know, extravagant; but it defines the attitude in which I stood to the Anti-Slavery Society, of which I was never a member. The last speech which I made before them was in May, 1863, at their last anniversary celebration in the Church of the Puritans.[1] Garrison, Phillips, Douglas, Remond, Purvis, Pillsbury, Weld, and the rest, were on the platform. The church was crowded: emancipation was now proclaimed, and "anti-slavery" was popular. It was on this occasion that Weld brought down the house by an allusion to my father. Rising after me, he said, "Mr. Chairman, looking through the mists of nearly thirty years, I see a strong, serious face: it is that of an old Covenanter minister. He is gone, he is gone; but he left his mantle behind. As he ascended, it fell full and broad upon this his first-born son," — spreading his hands, as he spoke, over my head, where I sat on the platform. In an instant the audience was in tears. I have seen few as remarkable effects in public audiences.

[2] The events connected with the John Brown *raid* have become a matter of history, and are too well known to require repetition here: suffice it to say that the old martyr-hero was captured on the 18th of October, and hung, while yet unrecovered from his wounds, by the excited and frenzied Virginia authorities of that day, on the 2d of December, 1859.

By this tragic event, his family was left entirely

[1] That of Dr. Cheever, which stood at Union Square and Fifteenth Street, on the site of Tiffany's store.

[2] Christian Nation, December, 1884.

destitute. In the number were three widows,—his own wife and the wives of the two sons, who died fighting by their father's side, in the now well-known "John Brown's Fort" at Harper's Ferry. It immediately occurred to some benevolent anti-slavery people to attempt to raise a fund which might place these sorrowful and destitute persons beyond the fear of want; it was in aid of this fund, called "The John Brown Fund," that a meeting was called; it was, therefore, for a purely benevolent purpose, and, as the programme shows, designed to be of a somewhat religious character.

The meeting was appointed for the evening of the 15th of December, while all the circumstances of the tragic event were fresh in the minds of the people, and the South still shaking from the fright that the attack on the peculiar institution had caused. It began to be rumored a few days before the meeting, that an attempt would be made to excite a riot, and either prevent it from being held altogether, or break it up if it should go forward. The day preceding the meeting, Thaddeus Hyatt, who had been one of John Brown's men in Kansas, came to my house to inquire whether I was willing to meet the emergency, or would prefer that they should endeavor to get some one to take my place! I was not at home, but my representative told him that she did not think I would hesitate a moment.

At the time appointed, the great hall of the "Cooper Institute," as it was then called, was filled to overflowing. On the platform were seated "Shelton's Band," the officers of the meeting, whose names I cannot recall, the speakers, and a large number of anti-slavery people of New York.

The audience, as it appeared from the platform, was quiet, respectable, and unexcited: the friends of the meeting were congratulating themselves on a great success. We shall see by and by.

The programme gives the following order: Music, "Oh, come, and let us worship;" prayer; music, "Pleyel's German Hymn;" opening address, Rev. George B. Cheever. Up to this point, all was quiet, silent, respectful, and even reverential. Dr. Cheever, as shown above, was the first speaker. He was, at that time, in the height of his power, with enough of brains, as Dr. Stephen Tyng, sen., said, to set up half a dozen ministers. He was fiery, impetuous, impassioned, vigorous, master of a fine style somewhat rhetorical, abounding in metaphor and illustration, all interspersed with hard hits, which, on one occasion, Mr. Phillips designated "the thunderbolts of Jove." Some idea may be formed of the impression which he made from another remark of Mr. Phillips. Sitting beside him on one occasion while Cheever was speaking, he said, "I wish they had let me speak first: what I have to say will be cold and tame after Cheever has poured out his red-hot lava." At this time, as many will remember, he was pouring out his "red-hot lava" on successive sabbath evenings in the "Church of the Puritans," which at that time stood on Union Square. The doctor had not spoken more than a few sentences when a decently dressed man sprang up immediately in front of the platform, and, shaking a stout cane at the speaker, declared with horrible imprecations that he would make a martyr of him. Then the tumult began, breaking out in all parts of the hall apparently at once,

— shouts, hootings, hissings, cat-calls, groans; "Order! order!" "Put him out!" "Down with him!" "Go on!" demoniac yells, cheers, counter-cheers, and — who can describe Pandemonium? Precautions had been taken to secure a number of policemen: about thirty, I believe, were scattered about the hall. They did nobly, struggled bravely with the rioters, and occasionally plied their clubs effectively; but they were too few in number, and unable fully to cope with the mob. Dr. Cheever stood to his post; the friends of the meeting encouraged him with cheers and cries of "Go on! go on!" and he did go on until the last sentence was completed, although but short portions of his noble speech could be heard. During the greater time of the delivery of this speech, a large proportion, both of those in the audience and on the platform, were on their feet. It was, perhaps, about the time that this speech was closing, that the chief of police, a Mr. Pillsbury, with seventy-five men behind him, entered the hall. The chief took his stand on the platform; and the men distributed themselves about the hall, and engaged the rioters.

The next speaker was Wendell Phillips. He stepped forward to the front of the platform, calm, collected, dignified, with that severe, down-bearing look that was peculiar to him. It would have been hard to determine whether in his expression there was most of pity or scorn for these baying hounds of the slave-power. There was still much confusion, and an occasional struggle with the police; but what with the charm of the great orator, and the failure of their attempts to break up the meeting, the tumult was somewhat allayed. I heard Mr. Phillips

frequently, but never heard him rise to grander heights of eloquence than on this occasion. The storm called out his noblest powers: he was above it, as if guiding it. One illustration of this, but imperfectly recalled, may serve to give an idea, although a faint one, of his peculiar power. "All that John Brown did, was to endeavor to help men to liberty. Did he do right?" — "NO!" from a hundred murderous throats. "Well, I was born at the base of Bunker Hill, and I say *he did do right.* If not, answer, Byron, from your marshy bed at Missolonghi, why did you go to help the Greeks? If not, answer, Kosciusko, from your tomb on the Hudson, why did you come to help us? If not, answer, Lafayette" — "We were white men," again roared the many-headed beast. "Yes" (with ineffable scorn), "you were white men. Lafayette said if he had known that he was fighting for a white slave-republic, he would never have drawn his sword for America."

The next speaker was the Rev. Hiram Mattison of the Methodist Protestant Church, pastor of a congregation then worshipping in Forty-second Street. Professor Mattison, as he was called, was an able, accomplished, and scholarly man, fearless in his denunciation of slavery, and ready to make any sacrifice for liberty. He was at this time in delicate health, and was not able to command sufficient volume of voice to enable him to be heard amid the confusion and jeers of the rabble: otherwise, his speech was every way worthy of himself and the occasion.

To me was assigned the last speech. While the band was playing a "Sacred March," a friend of the meeting came and told me that there would be an attempt

made to put me down, that they might have it to publish to the country that the meeting had broken up in a general row. I suppose this was told the chief of police; for, when I arose, he stepped forward, and took his stand by my side, and at the first outbreak reminded the rioters that the gentleman must be heard. Suffice it to say that he was heard, with comparatively few interruptions, until his speech was ended. The band played, the friends in the audience cheered, those on the platform shook hands, and congratulated one another on the great success, and the meeting quietly dispersed. I have none of the accounts given by the papers at hand. "The Herald," however, pronounced it one of the roughest meetings ever held in New York; while some of them had in large head-lines, "Free Speech Vindicated," "Free Speech Triumphant," etc.[1]

With a few incidents connected with the meeting, I close my account. At one time there was a violent rush made for the platform, with the design, it was said, of hurling the speakers from it. About thirty of the rioters succeeded in gaining it, but for some reason did not make the attempt. One of them was close at my side. A lady, touching my shoulder, whispered, "Do you know that man?" I replied in the negative. She said, "Take care! that is one of the worst ruffians in New York." He was displaying his courage by muttering curses through his closed teeth. A friend who had

[1] The New-York Tribune's account of the meeting contained the following reference to Mr. Sloane's own address: "The Rev. J. R. W. Sloane came forward; and in the course of his address he succeeded, by describing the characteristics of the turbulent element which had disturbed the meeting, in quieting the rioters, and, in fact, caused many of them *to hang their heads, and leave the room!*" — ED.

been in the audience, afterward told me that Morrissey, the Sullivan of that day, was present, surrounded by a band of kindred spirits helping to swell the uproar. Many ladies were present, displaying great self-possession, and keeping their places to the last. Also I could recognize in the audience the faces of a goodly number of Scotch Covenanters. Their presence was an inspiration: it seemed to say, "Never mind; if the worst comes to the worst, *we are here*," — men of that class of whom it was eloquently said that "they never beat on their drumhead the hollow sound of retreat." We could see from the platform an occasional rush to some point in the hall, a confused struggle, the clubs of policemen waving above the heads of the contestants, and hear a scream of pain as some rioter received a blow, and was hustled to the door, — that was not a pleasant sight or sound. The police-station gathered in between thirty and forty, many of them with very sore heads, among them *some few* who were not accustomed to such associations. The amusing side of the matter was, that these fellows had utterly failed to break up the meeting, — their own heads being the only thing that was broken, — and had helped to swell the "John Brown Fund," as every one of them was compelled to pay an admission-fee of twenty-five cents in order to gain entrance to the hall.

Whence came these ruffians? For the most part from the slums of the city, hired to attempt this enterprise by men who took care to keep their names from notoriety, and their bodies out of harm's way. The "Custom House" was said to have been the place where this valiant scheme originated. This was the current rumor.

The outlook is again somewhat dark, but let us not despair of the Republic.[1] God reigns. The triumphing of the wicked is short. Already we hear the voice of an awakened North like the distant roar of the roused ocean. True, once more she has bowed her neck to bear and become a servant under tribute to the South; but she will again throw that yoke from off her shoulders, and remand the men whom not worth, but accident, has placed in power, to the obscurity from whence it is a pity that they had ever emerged. In less than three years after the scenes above described, the land trembled beneath the tread of armed thousands moving to the mightiest conflict of the age, chanting the words of that most inspiring of war-songs, —

> "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
> But his soul is marching on."

In the spring of 1860 I delivered a speech in Tremont Temple, Boston, of which I have since heard from many friends. Besides these public addresses, I preached frequently on the subject of slavery, and spoke at smaller conventions and meetings a number — not a great number — of times.

I have been asked about the relation of the Scotch Presbyterian churches to slavery. Our own church was organized from the first as an anti-slavery church. A few Covenanters in Orange County, N.Y., and quite a number of them in South Carolina, and a few, I think, in Tennessee, had, while their organization consisted merely of separate societies without a ministry, purchased, or in some way become possessed of, slaves. The

[1] Dec. 4, 1884.

commissions which organized the congregations required the members to manumit their human chattels. This they did in all cases: it is not known that a single person refused. Thus our church was a church of Abolitionists from the beginning. Our preachers spoke against it everywhere and always; and in the sermons of McKinney, McLeod, and Willson are denunciations of the crime as severe as any to be found in the addresses of Garrison or Phillips. The proof of this may be found in the pages of "The Evangelical Witness," edited by Dr. James R. Willson, and in a published sermon by Doctor McLeod of New York, entitled, "Negro Slavery Unjustifiable." This was the universal sentiment of the church from the very first.

Another Scotch church, the Secession Church, or Seceders, as they were generally called, were also anti-slavery. They were a very considerable body, with many able and learned men in their ministry. They did not, like the Covenanters, refuse to vote and hold office on account of its recognition by the Government, but they were anti-slavery. Some of them were deceived for a time by the Colonization Society; but the greater part came in time to see through what, under a false pretence, was simply a method to relieve the slaveholders of the South from the presence of free negroes.

The Associate Reformed Church was the result of an attempted union between the Reformed Presbyterian, or Covenanter, Church and the Associate, or *tertium quid*, the attempted union resulting only in making a third body. This church outgrew the other two bodies from which it was formed, and, although not nearly so pronounced as the parent churches, was still anti-slavery in

a high degree. The present United Presbyterian Church is a union of the Associate and Associate Reformed churches which was consummated in Pittsburg in our own day. The new church had an anti-slavery clause in its Testimony from the first.

There existed also, for a short time previous to the war, a Free Presbyterian Church, which was shortly after Appomattox merged into the great body of the Presbyterians.

I claimed for these anti-slavery churches a ministry numbering before the war about seven hundred. In my first speech I said that I was an Abolitionist, — not exactly a Garrisonian Abolitionist, though I had no objection to the name (Mr. Garrison was in the chair), but a Reformed Presbyterian Abolitionist, which I believed to be the oldest species of the genus extant. Mr. Garrison said somewhat facetiously the next day, that when the State of Georgia offered a reward for him, dead or alive, they mistook their man: it was evident, from the speech they had heard last night, that they should have designated some of the Old-School Covenanters.

When I went to New York, there was no organization, except the Anti-Slavery Society, keeping up the fight. There were anti-slavery men all over the country, but they were not organized. The most of these fell in with the Republican party, which had for its sole purpose to confine slavery to its then limits. Even Beecher, who had so much reputation as an anti-slavery man, said in a speech "that his right arm might fall from his shoulder sooner than he would undertake to disturb slavery where it was." The fact is, that the Garrisonians were the only active Abolitionists at that time. They deserve

the credit of keeping up the agitation; and it is only prejudiced, Old-Hunker conservatism that seeks to rob them of the credit. Of course, if any man believes that slavery was a lawful thing, that the war was a misfortune, let him pour out his anathemas upon Garrison, Phillips, and the rest; but let not any man who believes that slavery was the sum of all villanies, malign the brave men who kept up the conflict against such fearful odds. Yes, and the brave women also deserve the most honorable mention.

I cannot pass from this point without a word for those men and that society. Mr. Garrison was the most disinterested man I ever knew, without exception, and as true as steel. He was not an orthodox believer, and little wonder, when one considers the pro-slavery churches with which he came in contact. He was moral, upright, true to his purpose, and possessed of a character without reproach. He opened the meetings of the Anti-Slavery Society by reading the Scriptures; and he read them from the depths of his soul, with a power I have yet to hear equalled. He then called upon any one who felt so inclined, to lead in prayer. Generally some one did.

I would like also to say a word of Phillips, one of the purest of men, his life, so far as known, absolutely without a stain, the most polished man in private, and one of the most genial I have ever known. So far was he the greatest orator I have ever heard, that, in my gallery, he is without a rival. I deny that he was vituperative: he was incapable of it. His indignation against wrong and wrong-doers, as he conceived them, was deep and burning, his scorn of time-servers was sublime, his invective was terrible, but the victim always deserved it.

I defy any one to point to a single instance in which the thunderbolt fell upon an undeserving subject. I heard him lash Edward Everett as a compromiser, — what did that mean in those days? A compromise with slavery, a compromise of liberty, of human rights, conserving human bondage, — what did that mean? After the war broke out I heard Everett, in the greatest speech he ever made, two hours and a half long, in the Academy of Music, confess his error in these words: "And I, who followed too long the path of compromise," etc. The lips of Wendell Phillips were silent, or only opened in commendation of Edward Everett, after that.

Infidel! it was to the interest of men that tried to throw the sanction of our holy religion over that system that sold men and women like cattle, that separated husbands and wives and children, that refused to four millions of human beings the lamp of knowledge, the foulest system on which the sun ever looked down, it was to the interest of such men to say infidel!

Mr. Phillips once told me, at the last interview I think which I ever had with him, that he did not agree with Theodore Parker on the subject of religion. "Mine," he said, "was the old hereditary faith of New England." I could wish that he had been more decided in this particular. His love of liberty led him too far in his eulogies of O'Connell, and in his sympathy with the Irish Roman Catholics; but take him for all, and in all, he was the finest product of American civilization, the noblest American that has yet appeared.

In 1862 Dr. Sloane was invited a second time to deliver the address before the literary societies of his *Alma Mater*, Jefferson College. He took for his subject the great question of the day, defining "The Three Pillars of the Republic" to be Religion, Law, and Liberty. Toward the close of his speech, when calling upon the nation to free its slaves, the audience began to display signs of dissatisfaction, which soon developed into active disapproval, shown in the usual way by groans and hisses. But there were two parties in the house, and his supporters at last gained the day for him. These were largely students of the college; and the tide of approval grew stronger and stronger under the leadership of an enthusiastic young Abolitionist, now Dr. John R. Paxton of New York, until the opposition was altogether overborne. There was afterward hot discussion as to whether the society before which the address was delivered should secure it for publication. The result was only reached after repeated sessions; and so intense was the interest, that, when the speech was published, it was widely read, and was probably the most influential of all his anti-slavery orations.

This chapter could not perhaps be brought to a close more fittingly than by the tributes spontaneously paid to his work and memory by his fellow-laborers in the cause of anti-slavery reform. The writer crossed the ocean in 1877, on the steamship "Scythia," returning from Liverpool to New York. Mr. Garrison was one of the passengers. In the lovely September weather he was constantly on deck, and in the activity of a still vigorous old age ever ready either for a long walk or a long talk. Almost daily he discoursed with an inter-

ested circle of friends, both of the present and the past. He spoke repeatedly and at length of Dr. Sloane. "I remember him," said he, "with pleasure and respect. He was a sound reasoner, a powerful speaker, and possessed of the highest moral courage. He kept alive in us a regard for the Church in its purity. We were too apt to forget, in observing the human weakness of church members, the inherent truth and power of their principles; but we never forgot it in his presence. I recall him as one of our most valued allies." This, and much more, he said of a nature so intimate and affectionate, that it seems suited rather for the memory and tradition of private life than for publication.

It is not often given to war-worn heroes to see more than the physical conclusion of their warfare. There was a remarkable exception in the case of the Abolitionists. They saw the moral victory won with a thoroughness that left nothing to be desired. In the great nation to which they belonged, not only the conquerors, but the conquered, accepted with heartiness and sincerity the great moral teachings of their agitation. They themselves enjoyed respect and affection, where before they had known but obloquy and reproach. Many of them are gone to their reward; but among those that linger in the enjoyment of a placid old age to record the histories of their struggles and triumphs, are two of the greatest, — Dr. Cheever and Oliver Johnson. The former wrote of him,[1] —

"It is with profound sadness and sorrow that I hear of the death of Dr. Sloane. I knew his worth, as a man endowed with truth, courage, firmness, and divine grace,

[1] In The Christian Nation, March 17, 1886.

especially throughout the agitating, threatening, and dreadful period from 1855 to 1861, — from the time of the Fugitive-slave Law to the outbreak of the Rebellion. It was a period covering the events at Harper's Ferry, the execution of John Brown, the judicial decision of Chief Justice Taney against the whole colored race, sealed up for the contemplation of ages by the attack on Fort Sumter and the battle of Bull Run. No more question after those events, but either our destruction as a nation, or our obedience to God's Word.

"Dr. Sloane was one of the most faithful and courageous opponents of slavery, and defenders of the rights of the enslaved, not only on grounds of common humanity and justice, but in adherence to the word of God, and the letter and spirit of the gospel of Christ. I remember well a prayer-meeting held in the lecture-room of the Church of the Puritans, on the morning of the day appointed for John Brown's execution. Dr. Sloane was present, and among others was asked to lead the meeting in prayer. 'You must excuse me, if you please!' exclaimed he: 'I am too mad to pray.' He was a man of prayer, but his soul was so full of anguish and indignation that he could not trust himself to speak. The meeting was intensely solemn and affecting.

"On occasion of the vast assemblage in Cooper Institute, in behalf of John Brown's widow and family, he did speak, out of the depths of righteousness and truth, in the midst of a howling mob, with a severity and calmness of rebuke, and a demonstration of the hideous iniquity of slavery, as a sin against God and man, demanding immediate abolition. His eloquence, intrepidity, and

fervor, and power of reasoning and rebuke, commanded attention.

"He has been faithful to the end, always a religious leader of the Abolitionists, requiring the immediate unconditional abolition of slavery, on religious grounds, by the Government, for the people, in the name of God, to whom alone, and to whose Word, we owe all our blessings; to whom we had appealed before all nations, solemnly, in the Declaration of Independence, as the Author and Giver of all our right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. On the ground of that appeal, Dr. Sloane demanded abolition as required by our own Constitution, strictly interpreted, under our original plea and promise of National Justice and Independence.

"In these views he was in harmony with the demonstrations so clearly wrought out by the veteran Abolitionist, William Goodell, the editor of the 'Principia,' in the powerful little volume presented by him to President Lincoln. When the religious history of the War for Freedom shall be written, it will be seen to have been God's war, and God's wisdom, and God's mercy, not man's."

Mr. Johnson's testimony to his power is marked by the same affectionate respect and admiration. He wrote,[1] —

"The recent death of Professor J. R. W. Sloane has been widely lamented, not only in the religious sect to which he belonged, and of whose principles he was an honored representative, but in the whole brotherhood of Christian denominations. What he was as a preacher and a theologian, I must leave others to testify: but of his character and labors as an Abolitionist, I may

[1] In The Christian Nation, March 17, 1886.

fairly claim a right to speak; and I do so with great pleasure.

"My acquaintance with Professor Sloane began not long after the enactment of the last Fugitive-slave Law, which statesmen of both political parties, with the active co-operation of the most influential pulpits of the North, sought to enforce for the salvation of the Union and the overthrow of the anti-slavery agitation. Those were dark days for the men who had a conscience against slavery — days when he who would depart from the evils and crimes of that blood-stained institution 'made himself a prey' to a public opinion which scoffed at the rights of man, and pleaded the authority of God for making property of his image. It was in no timid, half-hearted way that Mr. Sloane lifted up his voice against this iniquity. He openly joined the Abolitionists, and went eagerly to their platform at a time when he knew he should incur the bitterest opposition. It was the fashion then to denounce Garrison and his associates as infidels and blasphemers, whose real purpose was the destruction of Christianity and civil government; but Mr. Sloane, knowing these accusations to be false, did not hesitate to come to our platform as often as we needed him, and give us the benefit of his voice and influence. Though his orthodoxy was of the John Knox type, and his eye for heresy as keen as that of any other man, he was never able to detect any odor of infidelity in our movement. He was at home among us, and loved to be there. How often he came to the anti-slavery office, and how vividly do I remember now our earnest talks upon the great subject in which we were so deeply interested! His courage and hopefulness were unfailing. He never counselled

compromise, but was always for the firmest and boldest measures.

"After the conflict was over, he was always happy in remembering the course he had taken. In 1880, acknowledging the receipt of my 'William Lloyd Garrison and his Times,' he wrote, 'Many thanks for your good and true book. There is no part of my past life that I contemplate with more satisfaction than the period, brief though it was, of my association with the *real* Abolitionists. I am perfectly well aware of the smallness and insignificance of my part in the great drama; but it is something to have been permitted to speak a few times on their platform the thoughts of my heart, and to have seen the agonizing contortions of the monster slavery. I have often said, that, of all the men I have ever seen, Mr. Garrison was the most unflinchingly true to his moral convictions. I feel even my imperfect knowledge of him to have been an inspiration in this particular. I said all this and much more to my theological students at the time of his death.'

"I count it among the great privileges of my life that I enjoyed the friendship and intimacy of this good and true man whose noble career has so suddenly closed."

VI.

BIOGRAPHICAL. — LIFE IN NEW YORK AND PITTSBURG.

The short and fragmentary autobiographical outline given in the previous chapters was written in letters, at the earnest request of his son, during the two last years of Dr. Sloane's life, in the intervals of a period which was full of pain and suffering, but as active almost as any of his career. It was never intended for publication, and I have hesitated about giving it in that form to his friends in this book. But it is of general interest in the vivid representation of a certain phase of American life, and of particular interest to friendly readers because of many personal traits of the writer which can be read both in and between its lines, being quite as notable for its omissions as for what is set down.

The period of his New-York pastorate, from 1856–1868, was altogether the most important in our national history. It included the Kansas struggle, the Dred Scott decision, the panic of 1857, the discovery of petroleum, the John Brown crusade, the election of Lincoln, the acts of secession, the rebellion, the civil war, the emancipation proclamation, the draft riots in New York, the assassination of Lincoln, the general surrender of the rebels, and a large portion of the Reconstruc-

tion epoch. In short, they were stirring times, the history of which does not belong here except in so far as it influenced the thought and action of the clergyman who ministered to the Third Reformed Presbyterian Church, the relations of that congregation to him, and the effect of the constant high pressure at which he lived in bringing out qualities which might otherwise have lain dormant.

The congregation, though small, was united and energetic. Taken as a whole, it was harmonious; but there were not lacking those elements of difference in opinion which, to say the least, prevent stagnation. They often taxed severely the pastor's tact and patience; but he recognized in them the certain sign of earnestness and life, and was seldom, if ever, discouraged by them. Whenever he needed the support of his congregation as a whole, — and the occasions were not rare, — they never failed him. Though it was composed in great part of families whose means were moderate, and while there was comparatively a large proportion of those whose daily work earned their daily bread, there were also a small number whose income considerably exceeded their expenses. They were a thrifty and self-respecting people, and from the beginning gave liberally of their means and systematically to support their pastor and his work in the parish. Their regular contributions to the charges of the denomination, to the Theological Seminary, to missions, foreign and domestic, to the funds for church sustentation, and other minor enterprises, were, moreover, no mean assistance in giving their pastor from the outset a position of influence and dignity in the councils of the Church.

The early work of Dr. Sloane was largely intellectual. In his labors as a teacher, in the speeches he delivered at college, and during his residence in Ohio, he had been primarily a scholar. His favorite studies were in the literature of the ancient tongues of Greece and Rome, and of his own language. While he had been everywhere recognized as a young man of deep emotional piety and high spirituality, yet the emphasis of his life had been unconsciously laid on the intellectual and rational side, anterior to his arrival in New York. It was therefore of the utmost importance that he found in the audience which he habitually addressed, a people thoroughly receptive to the discussion of difficult social and theological problems, and capable of appreciating their relation to public and private morality. In the families of his elders and leading men, and in his own pulpit, he was sure of sympathy in every attempt to elucidate the difficult problems which agitated the public mind during the seething period of his ministry, and in every discussion of the abstract principles upon which the attitude of the Covenanters to secular government is based. Moreover, they were a courageous people, morally and physically, and undaunted by opposition, which often degenerated into spiteful obloquy, and threats of personal violence. Loyal to their principles and their pastor, he found his hands immeasurably strengthened by their steadfast affection, and never failed to attribute to them their full share in his work as a speaker and writer. Their support was invaluable, and the relation he sustained to them among the most effective forms of co-operation conceivable. He never failed to recognize it in public or private; and in later years the memory

of the devotion of his New-York people moved him deeply, as he recounted to his younger children the thrilling scenes in which he had taken part during his early manhood.

His private life and friendships have been already outlined by his own hand. There was open to him the intellectual and social field of association which only a great city can afford, and for which he had so long been yearning. His friends and companions were not only the intimate acquaintances of his own church and denomination, but the leading men and scholars in all professions who were battling in the cause of the great anti-slavery reform, of which he was a champion. But he neglected neither his preaching nor his pastoral work. The morning hours of each day were devoted to study; but every afternoon, with few exceptions, found him occupied in the round of pastoral visitation which opened almost every phase of city life to his experience. Amid all the calls to the performance of many congenial duties outside his profession, he never forgot the high vocation which he had chosen, nor its jealous requirement of devotion. By a careful distribution of time, he found leisure also to superintend the education of the son and nephew who were at first his only household care, and to store his own mind with the treasures of human thought laid up by the poets and philosophers of the ages.

In the spring of 1858 he married Miss Margaret McLaren. She was a handsome and graceful but delicate woman. She had many attractive traits of mind and heart, not the least being a *naïve* humor which made her an agreeable and pleasant companion. The

offspring of this marriage was two sons, Donald and Robert: the latter died in infancy. This union was like a brief day of sunshine ending in storm and darkness; for in 1861 it became evident that the mother's life was in danger from consumption, and in December of the same year she died at her father's house in Geneva, N.Y.

But the home which had been established in Twenty-second Street, after many years of boarding, was not broken up. His congregation had built a new and commodious church in Twenty-third Street, and was so increased in numbers and influence, that a fixed residence near by was a necessity for the pastor. The neighborhood was an excellent one, on the outskirts of the quarter which had once been the village of Chelsea, and is still known to old New-Yorkers by that name. The years passed quietly in the routine of pastoral work, varied by the steady in and out flow of guests which forms a feature in the life of every city clergyman, and by the ever-increasing interest and importance of the anti-slavery movement, until New York, like the rest of the country, was roused into a frenzy of patriotism by the outbreak of the rebellion.

Dr. Sloane had always been what is opprobriously termed a "political preacher," using his utmost endeavors to guide his congregation to just views of the important questions of the hour that were pressing for settlement. His sermons during the war were in that respect the most effective of his life, and gave him wide fame as a preacher and speaker. He was constantly called on to repeat in the pulpits of other denominations the sermons of that character which were first

uttered from his own: in particular, some of his most ringing utterances in behalf of liberty and union were spoken in the Church of the Puritans on Union Square, of which Dr. Cheever was the pastor. Two of these — that in reply to Dr. Van Dyke, and that on the text from the prophet Joel — are given in this volume. His untiring activity as a friend of freedom and a patriot led him often into situations which called for the most unflinching moral and physical courage. One such has already been described in the account of the John Brown meeting by his own pen.

The Draft Act was passed by Congress, and became a law on the 3d of March, 1863. In July of the same year occurred the draft riots of New York, which, from the 13th to the 16th of that month, overthrew all social order in that city, and filled its streets with outrage and violence. Among others, the neighborhood of Eighth Avenue and Twenty-third Street was a rallying-point for the rioters. The stables of the Knickerbocker Stage Company, which then stood on the north-west corner, were for two days in their possession; and from them they sallied forth on their errands of bloody crime. The Roman-Catholic Irish, from whom their numbers were largely recruited, were infuriated against negroes and negro sympathizers, as they considered the Abolitionists, because they attributed the war, and the necessity for military service, to their existence and agitations. By destroying the railroads and telegraph-lines where they entered the city, communication with the outside world, except by water, was cut off. All the regular troops ordinarily stationed by the General Government in or near the city, and most of the militia, were away at the

seat of war. The civil authorities were helpless and cowed, and the only protection for life and property was in the noble and fearless body of the metropolitan police. Their numbers, however, were utterly insufficient to cope with the awful uprising of the basest and vilest elements of the populace. The mob, therefore, was scarcely restrained in its purpose to revenge itself on the supposed authors of its dissatisfaction. Negroes were chased for their lives in the streets, with howls of rage, and yells of execration. When caught, they were cruelly abused, and in several instances hung to a near lamp-post; and a number of those who, out of compassion, interfered to save the unhappy victims, were stoned or shot to death.

Dr. Sloane was too well known to escape attention; and twice, at least, the rioters passed his door in search of the house in which he lived,—once while he was standing at the window of his study, looking down upon them. The safety of his person and property was due to the affection of his neighbors, who kept a careful watch, and thwarted the efforts of the insurgents to find him. On one of those awful days they came as near in their inquiries as the next house, but were sent on a false track by the misleading statements of the servant who opened the door. He was entreated by his friends to leave the city; but he steadily refused, feeling that duty in the dread uncertainty of such a crisis kept him at his post among the congregation to whom he had been called to minister. Accordingly, he remained there during the entire time, going out and in wherever his pastoral labors called him. But the writer remembers well the old covered express-wagon, into which the anxious father

put his son on the first afternoon, and had him driven through quiet and obscure streets to the dock of the steamer, to be conveyed to a place of safety among his father's kind friends at Newburg. The closed shutters of the shops; the unwonted stillness of the streets in the absence of all traffic, broken only by the too loud rumbling of the shaky old vehicle in which he sat, or the distant howls which seemed all too near; the deserted sidewalks; the absence of stages and street-cars; the suspicious glances of every chance passer-by, — all united to arouse awe and terror in his mind. The boat was loaded to the water's edge; and scarcely had she drawn out a few hundred feet into the stream, when the roar of an angry multitude was heard with distinctness, as it drew nearer and nearer. As it gradually filled the pier, the scene beggars description. The men, without hats and coats, with uncombed hair, and frenzied by drink and excitement, waved their flaming torches in the air, and sent their hoarse cries of disappointed rage far into the calm heaven, and across the ever-increasing distance. The women tore their flying locks, and rent their flimsy rags, till many of them were naked to the waist, and in frantic fury, with blood-shot eyes, added their shrill, brutal screams to swell the tumult.

The closing years of the civil war were full of hope and confidence for the future, and of gratefulness for the swift and sure completion of the great work of emancipation. The labors, too, of the pastor in his congregation had been constantly blessed in its increase in numbers and influence. His life seemed to have opened upon a new era of peace, assured by the course of public events, as well as by private circumstances. In January,

1865, he was married to Miss Frances Swanwick, the daughter of a family which had long been neighbors and friends of his father in Illinois. She continued to be, for twenty years, his faithful and helpful companion, and was, in his declining strength and in the hour of death, his comfort and his stay. The first three years of their married life were spent in New York, where a son and a daughter, who died in infancy, were born to them. Three other children, two daughters and a son, were added to the family circle during their subsequent life in Pittsburg.

The latter years of the New-York pastorate were in a sense quite as active as the earlier ones. As ever, church duties were made paramount to all other obligations. In the work of preaching, he had attained a fulness of knowledge, and certainty of expression, which were gradually working a change in his style of delivery. He had been accustomed to writing out his sermons with care, and familiarizing himself with the result before entering the pulpit, and to use a rather slow and emphatic mode of delivery. Now his preparation in reading and meditation was even more careful than before; but, while the outline and some special passages were written out, the clothing of his thoughts, in appropriate and adequate language, was left more and more to the inspiration and exigencies of the hour and the audience. The result was happy; and he gained distinctly in directness, simplicity, and vigor. The fire and energy, the ruggedness and force, which had been developed in the days of anti-slavery warfare, remained, I think, always.

The first point of Covenanter testimony had been

gained in the abolition of slavery: the second distinctive feature of their work — the abolition of national infidelity — still remained to be agitated and fought for.[1] Dr. Sloane at once turned his energies as a reformer in that then natural direction. In conjunction with able helpers, from his own and other denominations, he at once began to assist in organization and agitation. In these he labored ceaselessly and untiringly to the end, with his voice, with his pen, and by advice and money contributions according to, and often beyond, his means. The work of national reform, as it was justly named, took at once the place that had been occupied by anti-slavery reform; and in it he wrought with even more zeal and fervor.

But a change in his field of labor was impending. Dr. Willson, the eminent and scholarly professor of systematic theology in the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Presbyterians, at Allegheny City, died at the zenith of his power, deeply lamented and full of honor. For many years Dr. Sloane had occupied an important position in guiding the councils, and forming the policy, of his church, and was in many directions a recognized leader. He had entered upon theological studies through the gateway of familiarity with the ancient tongues of the Bible and Scriptural exegesis. Many therefore turned to him as a fit successor to the office. Accordingly, after Dr. S. O. Wylie of Philadelphia had de-

[1] Referring to a conference with himself, by Dr. Sloane and Dr. Milligan, President Lincoln said, shortly before his assassination, "I know these Covenanters well. They have made two demands of this nation, — submission to God, and freedom for the slave. One of their demands has been granted during my first administration; and perhaps, during my second, they will obtain the other."

clined the office, he was unanimously elected. In the autumn of 1868 he removed with his family to a new home.

That home was in many respects the attainment of a long-cherished desire. It was his own: it was virtually in the country among the birds and flowers he loved so much, being in the suburbs of Allegheny City, near the banks of the Ohio, of which beautiful river there was an exquisite view from the hill above the house. In the little white cottage which, after his visit to the English lake-country, he often compared to Wordsworth's, embowered among creeping rose-bushes, and surrounded by the fruit-trees and vineyards which the former owner had planted, he spent many of the happiest years of his life. His garden was a never-failing source of pleasure and a constant recreation. To sit on the veranda with his favorite authors about him in their books, and commune with them in their immortal thoughts, gave him the keenest delight. And in the wholesome country air his children grew up amid the excellent society of the neighborhood, the family circle being for that period unbroken by death. But the highest charm of that home was, after all, the close proximity of his brother-in-law, the Rev. A. M. Milligan, to whom as a brother, not only by marriage, but as a noble and lofty character, with splendid power as a preacher and speaker, he was devoted in the ties of the closest friendship. They had been fellow-workers in the anti-slavery cause, and were, until parted by death, co-laborers in the cause of all reforms, especially in the agitation for the acknowledgment of God in the Constitution. Alike in many respects, these brothers were

yet the complements one of the other. Their only rivalry was to spend and be spent in the work of their common Master. Their aggressive campaigns against iniquity and vice in every form, whether in high places or in low, made them widely known in the whole community. They were constantly called in all directions to make war from both pulpit and platform against intemperance and freemasonry and infidelity, to defend the fundamental positions of Christianity against atheism, and to explain and fortify their attitude in regard to civil government. Dr. Milligan was the pastor of the large and influential Reformed Presbyterian Church in Pittsburg; and, after a few years devoted solely to the work of his professorship, Dr. Sloane accepted, in addition to his chair, the pastorate of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church of Allegheny City.

It had been with feelings of the deepest regret that he left behind his friends and his work in New York. The memories of that time, of the devotion of his congregation, of the opportunities for study, and the incentives to high thinking, which it afforded, and of the avenues opened for labor in an extended sphere which a great metropolis alone can offer, were lasting, and, as regards the development of his mind and character, determinative. But the community in and about Pittsburg was also a congenial one, and his work as a teacher in some respects the best suited to his tastes and capacity. But the annals of his life during its closing years were, on the whole, uneventful. Their interest is not a dramatic one, but consists in his relations to the church as the teacher of its ministry and an adviser in its councils on the one hand, and on the

other, in his labor as a reformer in a cause which was at first misunderstood, but by slow progress made its way among Christian people until, although not yet successful, it had gained before his death powerful adherents and a cordial recognition where at first all seemed dark and hopeless. These were the triumphs of his mature life; but, without attempting to outline their course, it may be of interest to call attention to a few events of more than ordinary importance to himself.

Foremost among these were two journeys to Europe. When the plan for the formation of a general council of the Presbyterian churches of the world was proposed, it met with his hearty approval; and he was appointed a delegate to the preliminary conference in London, which met in July, 1875. The first general council regularly organized met at Edinburgh in 1876, and to that he was also sent as the representative of the Covenanters in America. He made an address in the Regent-square Church in London, and a formal speech on the subject of intemperance before the council in Edinburgh. An outline of the latter is given in this volume: unfortunately, the manuscript is lost; and the report does no justice to the effectiveness of the speech, which was considered by many as the most powerful he ever made.

In the course of these two journeys he visited England, Scotland, Ireland, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and France. In themselves they did not, of course, differ from the tour which is no longer an extraordinary one for many Americans, and is to most of them commonplace; but for Dr. Sloane, there was nothing but the keenest enjoyment. In the first place, he met in intimate association the most distinguished clergymen of

the great Presbyterian Church, and came in contact with their people in the frequent preaching and speaking which occupied much of his time in Great Britain. His work was so acceptable to one of the Presbyterian churches of London, that he was asked if he would consider a call. In the second place, his mind was so stored with literary allusions and historic associations, that the places he visited seemed to supply to the ideal forms already in his mind those concrete and substantial experiences which make knowledge complete and real. Nothing could exceed his ardor as a sight-seer, or the industry with which he substituted in every memory the reality of vision for the imaginings which had formed the scenes of history and letters. It is not possible to exaggerate the charm these journeys had for him, nor their helpfulness in his work as a teacher, not to speak of the lovely memories which, in failing strength, were a constant joy in times devoted to compulsory inactivity.

Another illustration of the interesting phases of his life in Pittsburg will be found in a class of incidents of which the following is, perhaps, the most striking. On a visit to the neighboring town of Newcastle, he had excited the opposition of a distinguished clergyman, Dr. D. X. Junkin, by his views on civil government. The latter agitated the question so thoroughly in the community, that at last a challenge was issued by three gentlemen of Newcastle, — the Rev. W. Cowden, pastor of the Church of the Disciples; E. S. Durbin, editor of "The Newcastle Courant;" and R. H. McComb, a leading lawyer, — to an extended debate of four days on the vexed question. The challenge was accepted by three Covenanter clergymen, — David M'Allister, A. M. Milligan,

and J. R. W. Sloane. The scene during the four days from Dec. 2 to 5 inclusive, in which there were no less than twenty-six hours of constant talking, — about four to each of the debaters, — is described by an eye-witness as one of intense interest. The audience was large and attentive from the first, and increased every day in numbers, until there was no room large enough to hold it. The country-side for thirty miles around was represented, and the entire community stirred to excitement. The question was formally stated in these words: "*Resolved*, that the Constitution of the United States be so amended as to acknowledge Almighty God as the Author of national existence, and the ultimate Source of all power and authority in civil government, Jesus Christ as the ruler of nations, and the Bible as the fountain of law and the supreme rule for the conduct of nations." The fire of the whole debate was tempered by courtesy, and its dignity heightened by the well-known men who attended to sit on the platform or preside. At its close a statement was drawn up declaring the conclusion of the debaters on the negative side — that is, the challengers' — to be, That civil government is of God, as it is grounded in the nature of man as he came from his Creator's hand, a social being; that after the fall, a revelation from God was necessary, and that that revelation is found in the Bible; that the sovereignty lodged in the people is derived from God. Of course, this was a substantial admission of the premises of those who upheld the question, though not of their conclusion.

There are three theological seminaries of as many different branches of the Presbyterian Church in Allegheny City; viz., of the Presbyterians, the United Pres-

byterians, and the Reformed Presbyterians. They sustain the most agreeable relations to each other, and make common cause against all assaults on the body of common principles held by them all. There is, of course, a pleasant interchange of courtesy among the professors. In this way Dr. Sloane was brought into contact with stimulating society: in particular, he was intimate with Dr. Cooper and Dr. Archibald Hodge. The friendship of the latter was among the most cherished of his lifetime. There is in the neighborhood of Pittsburg, as is well known, a large population of Germans, many of them earnest evangelical Christians, but many exactly the reverse. In 1883 the latter were very active; and to counteract their efforts, Dr. Scovel, pastor of the oldest and most influential Presbyterian church, arranged a course of lectures for the purpose of expounding the Christian doctrine with regard to the vexed questions of the day. They were delivered by the strongest men among the pastors and professors in Pittsburg. An outline of Dr. Sloane's paper on "Theories of Evolution" is given in this volume. The distinctive feature of the evening on which he spoke, was the debate which followed his speech, in which the foremost opponents of his views spoke from the audience, and he replied from the platform. The event attracted wide-spread attention, and was considered as one of the most important in a sustained discussion, which the community estimated at a high value. Full reports of the entire course were given in the newspapers of the time.

The first symptoms of declining strength appeared in 1883, and in 1884 Dr. Sloane was near death The following passage from a letter he wrote at that time is

given as characteristic of his mind: "I have not walked these past weeks on mountain heights; rather, in the valley of humiliation. I cannot say that I have been traversing the land of Beulah; nevertheless, I do feel thankful for the peace of mind which I have realized, the trust which I have been enabled to put in the goodness of a covenant God, and the freedom from anxiety concerning things, either temporal or spiritual, which I have felt. How inexpressibly strengthening and comforting have I found even a weak faith, as I have traversed this valley of the shadow of death! and how humbling and yet how consoling has been the knowledge that the prayers of so many of God's children were ascending to the throne of Grace on my behalf! Not to every one would I be willing to say even this much, — 'The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him.'"

The year following, he gathered sufficient strength so that his labors as professor were not interrupted. His last public address was the memorial sermon he delivered in the autumn of 1885, on the character and work of his brother, Dr. Milligan. On Friday, March 6, 1886, the day before his death, he continued his uninterrupted work of teaching by lecturing to his classes in his own study; and on the following morning, before daybreak, he died in sleep.

VII.

CONCLUSION. — ESTIMATES OF WORK AND CHARACTER.

It must be clear to every reader of the preceding pages, that the man whose life is outlined in them, was active as a preacher, teacher, and reformer. But it is also clear, that these activities were so interwoven one with the other, that each strengthened and complemented the other. The final value of every man's work is, of course, fixed only after the lapse of time; but the nearest approximation to it is to be found in the estimate put upon it by his fellow-laborers. Accordingly, since the writer can not and would not attempt an analytical examination of his father's work and character, it may be permitted him to gather a few of the loving tributes paid by those who were not connected with the family by blood or marriage. They are, of course, animated by warm affection; but it is hoped that they contain much that would be accepted, even by enemies. Many, if not all of them, have already appeared in print;[1] but they are collected here as a fitting conclusion to these introductory pages, in the hope of giving them greater permanence and accessibility than can be afforded by the files of either religious or secular journals.

[1] The Christian Nation, New York, March 31, 1886.

"He was a representative man. We of the Reformed Presbyterian Church remember him as such. But we are not alone: men outside of our church are one with us in this. Last night, when I [1] announced his death in a ministerial circle of this city, I was impressed with the way in which it was received. I do not remember all that was said, but I can give you the remarks of four of those who spake of him. They expressed one sentiment. A man of his own age said, 'He was the strong man in your church.' Another man, older than he, said, 'He was a representative man, and he has fallen in the prime of life.' Another man — a man prominent in one of our New-York educational institutions — said, 'He was one of the foremost scholars of the Reformed Presbyterian Church.' Another minister — a young man in one of our most prominent churches — said, 'He was a power in this city during the war, and a royal leader of thought. In those days I was a student at the Union Theological Seminary, and a deep-dyed Abolitionist; and Dr. Sloane was a man after mine own heart. Dr. Cheever and he were the two men in the pulpit of New York during those trying times, who dared to speak for the cause of abolition. They were great factors in its triumph. I have among my most valuable papers, carefully filed away, a sermon which he preached in Dr. Cheever's church, on "The Character and Influence of Abolitionism."' These are disinterested utterances. These are testimonies and eulogies from the outside. They were made *impromptu*, and, therefore, express convictions deep and settled, in the

[1] Rev. David Gregg, then pastor of the Third Reformed Presbyterian Church, New York, now of the Park-street Congregational Church, Boston.

minds of those who uttered them. Such testimonies as these, show that he was recognized as representing great causes which pertained to the interests of humanity at large. Yet, while he identified himself with great public causes, he always did so as a Reformed Presbyterian. When Daniel was in Babylon occupying high places in the kingdom, and doing deeds there which won universal admiration, he always let it be known that he was a Jew. Thus he honored his nation, and the God of his nation. Even so, when Professor Sloane made his power felt upon the platform, and rose above himself and matched the occasion, he let it be known that he was a Covenanter, and the son of a Covenanter; and that he championed the cause which he did because he had been taught to do so by the Church of his fathers. Thus he put honor upon the Covenanter Church, and the God of the Covenanter Church.

"The appointments which he received from the Church, establish his character. He died in the professor's chair, a representative post. We looked up to him as a leader in our church courts. He represented us in the councils of the different religious bodies to which we sent delegates. He was our delegate to the Presbyterian Council in Edinburgh, and preached in the old Greyfriars Church amid the memories of Covenanter scenes which stir the blood. Upon the platform of the council, he rang out the old Covenanter's cry on the burning question of the day, — the question of Temperance. I can scarcely recall any great occasion in our church, during my time, when he did not stand in the prominent place, and perform the prominent

task. He was a host in himself, and distinctively a man for occasions. On occasions he never disappointed us, nor betrayed the trusts of the Church committed to him. He was large and commanding in his physical person. This made his presence a power the moment he stepped upon the platform.

"We must also pay homage to his personal character. This is the greatest attribute and quality in any man. A noble character is a reflector put behind the truth which we advocate, and it intensifies its force beyond estimate. Professor Sloane's character was a moral reflector of great power. With him purity of purpose blended with commanding talents. While he possessed the eloquence of the scholar and orator, he joined to it the eloquence of a true life. Genuine, and free from superficiality, his life courted the sunshine, and grew in reputation the more the light searched it. We do not claim that he was perfect; but we believe that he was what he professed to be, and that he acted his true self."

"I hoped to read and to hear for years yet his stirring words for the reform which contains all other reforms.[1] Workers in this cause may well exclaim, 'My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!' Who so wise in council, and so fearless in utterance! Who so thoroughly furnished unto every good work which a cause that must still find its majority by being one with God, demands!

"Early struggles with determined and dominant evil had left him as firm as granite, and yet as generous and

[1] President S. F. Scovel, University of Wooster.

warm-hearted as only an opponent for the sake of right and truth can be. He was a noble specimen of what a Covenanter's faith and a scholar's culture and a gentleman's instincts can do in making a man. Large experience, and strong faith in God, made him hopeful; while thorough knowledge of human nature made him watchful, and never over-sanguine.

"But few men in any generation make such an impression upon all who know them in the greater traits of character. I counted it always a joy that common convictions brought me to the knowledge of him, and can wish no greater blessing for our cause, than that many of the vigorous young men who have passed under his instructions may grow to be like him, and that amid the future difficulties we may find many imbued with his spirit, and striking the waters with his mantle."

"I like to think of Dr. Sloane as a man;[1] possessing those elements of character that constitute true manliness. Often has he said to me, that there are few men within the range of our acquaintance that have that well-rounded character that lifts them up to the standard of the ideal man. They may have talents, virtues, and graces of a high order, but they lack that equipoise, that completeness of character, that is essential to the model man. In Dr. Sloane, whom I knew so well, I found a man who approximated nearer to this high standard than any one I ever knew. Humble, generous, gentle as a little child, he yet possessed the commanding presence, the dignity and royalty, of a prince. He

[1] Rev. J. R. Thompson of the Westminster Reformed Presbyterian Church, Newburg, N.Y.

was incapable of meanness, trickery, or unfair dealing, even with an enemy; perfectly candid, open, and bold in the declaration and maintenance of his position; and also generous and benevolent, at times often to his own temporary loss. In his removal the world has lost a man in the truest sense of the word. The sweet fragrance of his pure manhood will linger in the church and in society, like that of the rose when removed from the vase, long after his precious remains are committed to the kindred dust.

"I like also to think of Dr. Sloane as a Christian. After thirty years of intimacy with him, I can intelligently bear testimony to his personal piety, to his consistent Christian life, and to his entire consecration to his Master and his Master's cause. If 'a Christian is the highest style of a man,' then our departed brother has reached that high eminence. He was 'a good man, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost.' He manifested that Christian character that is the best qualification for duty, the best certificate for a position, and the choicest legacy a man can leave to his children. As the rare touches and coloring of the masters attest the unrivalled paintings that have come from their hands, so the Christian character of Dr. Sloane has left an impress upon the church that will remain a distinct and indelible witness for many generations to come.

"Again, I like to think of him as a minister of Christ, a Christian worker, a reformer who kept abreast of every good work. He was a man who ever felt that he held in his hand a commission from the Lord; one whose eloquence as a preacher was unquestioned; whose fitness as an instructor of the sons of the

prophets is attested by those that sat under him in the theological seminary; whose prominence as a leader in the reform questions of the day was widely recognized; and whose love to the church was most intense. In the pulpit, on the platform, and everywhere, he was a fearless champion of the right. Gentle and cautious, yet, when the occasion demanded, bold as a lion. It may be truly said of him, as was said of his great prototype, 'There lies one that never feared the face of man.'"

"I have always regarded it one of the chiefest honors and gratifications of my life,[1] that for the last seventeen years I have been admitted to the confidential friendship of Dr. Sloane. We were brought together by family connections as soon as he assumed his office as professor in the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church in Allegheny City, Penn. The similarity of our offices in two sister Presbyterian theological schools, community of principles, and personal sympathy, held us together with increasing intimacy from that time to the end. It was my great pleasure to have crossed the ocean with him twice, and to have witnessed with admiration the prominent position he assumed, and the excellent influence he exerted, in the first two general councils of the Alliance of the Reformed Churches.

"I judge him to have been, in the whole circle of his powers and aptitudes, one of the strongest men I have ever known. He was, of course, thoroughly loyal to the special doctrines and testimonies of his own church. Indeed, it was evident that he was the one pre-eminent champion of the pure traditions of Reformed Presby-

[1] The late Professor A. A. Hodge of the Princeton Theological Seminary.

terianism left in either Scotland, Ireland, or America. Nevertheless, his intellect and his culture were singularly broad, as well as his religious sympathies. He loved unfeignedly all who loved and served in any manner his Lord and Saviour. Especially he heartily sympathized with all of every denomination who remained intelligently faithful to the doctrines and methods of the Reformed Churches. His synoptical vision took in the whole Church and all its activities, the entire circle of theological literature and controversy; and this sympathy was always upon the side of a wise and truly learned conservative orthodoxy.

"Besides, he united in a very unusual degree the powers and the acquirements necessary to qualify him for the three distinct offices of a preacher, a teacher, and an ecclesiastical leader. In each of these independent spheres he was conspicuously pre-eminent. As a preacher, he was one of the foremost among all the churches.

"As a teacher practised in the whole circle of the theological sciences, he had no superior, and few equals. As a church leader he had no equal anywhere. In his own denomination, his wise counsel, his impelling energy; his inspiring presence, rapidly transferred to the most distant points of the field; his noble presidency, always communicating momentum, and giving assurance of victory, — were of absolutely inestimable value. And for years, with ungrudging self-devotion, he threw all the strength of his powerful body, and all the resources of his mind and heart, into his work. To every competent witness, the exhibition of inexhaustible force, and the amount of work actually achieved, were amazing.

And now the inevitable result has been reached. Absolutely exhausted, worn out in the service of the church he loved, he falls asleep. This is the evident result as to the natural man. But the spiritual man has been promoted from his faithful stewardship on earth to a proportionate reward in the King's house. He has left a place which no successor can fill: and with it he has left a gracious memory, which the Church will never allow to fade; and an inspiring example, which will remain as an ever-living force, and bear fruit forever. *Laus Deo!*"

"My line of thought, in the discourse I gave before the synod, was in brief as follows:[1] 1. His devotion to truth and justice for their own sake. 2. His full and firm conviction that truth and right are sure to win. 3. His courage and self-sacrifice. He did not think of consequences to himself, or of dangers, even so menacing as not to be ignored. They did not swerve him a hair's-breadth from the path of duty. 4. His Christian patriotism, — an intense longing and ceaseless striving for his country's weal. 5. The religious character of his zeal in reform-work; the recognition of all duty, as Kant gives it, as a divine commandment. I could not forbear quoting the words which Shakspeare puts in the mouth of Wolsey, to his servant Cromwell, as ever in his mind, — a command from Christ himself: —

> "'Be just, and fear not;
> Let all the ends thou aims't at be thy country's,
> Thy God's, and truth's.'"

[1] Professor David McAllister of Geneva College.

It may be permitted to close this chapter, composed so largely of eulogium, by a few words from the subject of it, pronounced in the sermon already referred to, on the life and work of a friend and brother. "We have not designed to draw a sketch of a perfect man, but of one who, like others, was compassed with infirmity, who was conscious of sin, but who sought forgiveness through the blood of Christ."

ADDRESSES AND A SERMON ON SLAVERY.

SLAVERY IN CHURCH AND STATE.

1857.

In consenting to take part in the discussions of this interesting and important occasion, I am not merely lending a willing compliance to the invitation of your "Executive Committee;" but acting, as I trust, under an imperative sense of duty, and in obedience to the command of Him who has said, "Open thy mouth for the dumb in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction," I have the more readily complied, because I understood that the invitation was designed as a recognition of the position which the ecclesiastical organization with which I am connected early assumed, and, I think, has consistently maintained, with respect to American slavery and its great bulwark, the Constitution of the United States. In connection with other religious bodies are to be found men who have battled, are now battling, and will, we hope, to the end battle, nobly and manfully against this stupendous conspiracy against the rights of God and man. Other denominations, respectable for their numbers and the purity of their faith, have excluded slaveholders from their communion. But Reformed Presbyterians, or, as we are frequently termed, *Covenanters*, — Old-School Covenanters, — have alone entirely divorced themselves from the system, —

not merely by excluding slaveholders, and all apologists and abettors of slaveholders, from their communion, but by refusing to vote, hold office under, swear to support, or in any way countenance, a system of government that sanctions, or even tolerates, an institution so odious and abominable. I need not speak here, sir, of the Covenanters. Their history is well known. The world has it by heart. They have ever been the stern, uncompromising foes of tyranny in every form, whether civil or ecclesiastical. It may not, however, be inappropriate to remind this nation of a fact which they seem to have forgotten, — that to the Covenanters of Scotland, not less than to the Puritans of England, they are indebted, under God, for all that is great and good in their institutions, for the measure of civil and religious liberty which they enjoy, and for whatever of national greatness and glory they have achieved.

We refuse allegiance to this government, not because we are anti-government in principle, for we recognize government to be a divine ordinance, and of law say no less than that "its seat is the bosom of God, and its voice the harmony of the world;" not because we are enemies to our country, for we take pride in all that is great in her character, and excellent in her institutions; not because we prefer any other form in general, or any other nation in particular, for we are republican in principle, and lift our testimony against every nation upon the face of the earth, — but because we cannot lift up our hands to heaven, and swear, as we shall answer to God at the great day, to a constitution which ignores alike his existence and the authority of his Son, which refuses to recognize the obligations of that immutable

and imperative higher law which he has given to be a perfect rule of faith and practice, and which robs, or permits millions of unoffending men to be robbed, of their just and inalienable rights. With respect to slavery, we stood for years alone, and directly in the face of all the political and religious sentiment of the country, yet confident that this was the only consistent position, and that here, and here alone, lay the salvation of the Church from the guilt of this sin so foul and enormous. The progress of truth in this as in many other instances has been slow. But it is encouraging to reflect that those truths which a few years since were proclaimed from a few obscure pulpits, "like the voice of one crying in the wilderness," are now the platform of a powerful organization, and embraced and defended by men who have the ability and determination to send them abroad throughout the land in tones that must be heard.

As a church we have ever advocated the immediate, total, and eternal overthrow of slavery. That slavery is a sin, — a sin of no ordinary character, but one of enormous magnitude, — I cannot now wait to prove. Such it is felt and declared to be by every conscience that is not seared with a hot iron, by the universal moral sense of the world, and by the word of God as interpreted by all, save in the miserable booby theology of slaveholding churches. Why, sir, convince me that slavery as it is, slavery as it has come under my own observation, slavery as it *must* be, is no sin, that its practice is not incompatible with Christianity, and I shall be convinced that there is no such thing as sin or sinners in the universe; that we are all a set of immaculate saints or angels together; and this world, which we have been

accustomed to look upon as sin-cursed and sin-scarred, a perfect paradise of bliss, and the abode of spotless purity and holiness. We ministers may cease our work: our occupation is gone. But it isn't so, sir. If there is one sin deeper, darker, more hideous than another, one whose footsteps are more certainly dogged by the avenging furies, one against which the tremendous fiery curses of God's Word are more levelled than another, that sin is *slavery*, "the sum of all villanies," the most atrocious system that ever trampled on the rights of men or women against the throne and monarchy of God. It is too late, sir, to argue the point. It is an insult to the common sense of the world, of the very slaveholders themselves. Why, sir, I have heard them sneer at ministers who attempted to prove and defend it from the Bible. They knew it was a lie, and only the more contemptible because falling from clerical lips. Of this system we seek the immediate, total, eternal overthrow, to eradicate it from American soil, not "to leave the stump of his roots in the earth, even with a band of iron and of brass, in the tender grass of the field," to "cast it" suddenly "like a great millstone into the sea, that it be found no more at all." If there ever was a system that deserved and demanded such a course, it is slavery. Such as it is itself are its fruits. When the founders of this nation gave it a place in the government, they sowed the wind that we might reap the whirlwind. Its vine is of the vine of Sodom and the fields of Gomorrah; its grapes are grapes of gall, and its clusters bitter. The dragon's teeth have produced a crop of armed men. What has this system done for the American people that they should so love and cherish

it? It has turned many of the most fertile and attractive portions of our country into a barren waste. It has covered the vast domain over which it extends with a fearful mental, moral, and spiritual darkness, which grows every day deeper and blacker. It has degraded the poor white population of the South to the level of the slaves themselves. It has corrupted the church, deprived it to a very great extent of its moral power, transformed it in many instances into a synagogue of Satan, and converted it into a vast engine for the protection and extension of the kingdom of darkness.

Its influence on the press has been equally deleterious and disastrous. There are here, as elsewhere, some honorable exceptions; but the number of newspapers, journals, religious or secular, that are seeking its immediate, total, and eternal overthrow, are like angels visits, few and far between. As to the politicians, the oath to the Constitution at once shears their locks, puts out their eyes, and leaves them to grind in the dark prison-house of slavery. All honor to the noble men in the various departments of government, who have resisted the encroachments of the slave power. Yet every disinterested person must have witnessed with pain the fearful moral disadvantage against which they have maintained the unequal strife. They first knock the foundation from under their own feet, by the oath to the Constitution, and then are compelled to fight without a basis upon which to stand. There is a higher law than the Constitution of the United States; but the man who has taken, and who adheres to, his oath to that instrument, has no right to plead its requirements. To that oath he must prove faithful so long as he retains

the seat in the national councils which he thus secured. If its requisitions come in conflict with the higher law, he has but one alternative, — either violate conscience and obey the Constitution, or resign his seat.

And here, sir, in my judgment, the slaveholders carry off the palm of consistency from our free-soil senators and representatives.

The fact is, our government is slavery's domain guarded by the Constitution, standing, like another Cerberus, at the entrance: a sop must be thrown in the shape of a solemn oath, which completely paralyzes every effort which might otherwise be made. When they seize the pillars of slavery, they will bring down the entire framework of the government about their own heads. There is, sir, as I conceive, nothing to be hoped for from that quarter. Slavery is the central power of the system; the attractive and radiating centre of the entire influence of the country. It has sunk its roots deeply into the national soil; extended its boughs from ocean to ocean, while the tree of Liberty withers and droops and dies under its deadly shadow. We were once accustomed to speak of it as a spot upon our national escutcheon; that day has passed: its foul stain is upon every fold of the star-spangled banner.

It has become the great national disease pervading the entire body politic; preying upon the vitals, tainting all the blood, and threatening the very existence, of the nation. It may have been a little cloud, like a man's hand, once, but it has now overspread the whole political heavens: from its dark bosom the thunders of revolution roll, and the lightnings of civil discord flash.

The only safety lies in a bold and determined effort to effect its immediate, total and eternal overthrow. To talk of checking its encroachments is consummate folly. This has been the language of politicians for years; but while now these politicians have been thus talking, slavery has been at work. The North has been made a hunting-ground; the granite hills of New England have echoed to the baying of its beagles; our vast national domain has been thrown wide open to its admission; while the last step towards the utter demoralization of the nation has been taken by the late infamous decision of the Supreme Court.

Now, sir, it must be perfectly evident to all who are willing to see, that the only hope lies in the principles which this Society has adopted. The bulwarks which slavery has erected must be stormed, carried, levelled with the ground. Its eternal overthrow is the only object worth contending for; and this will only be accomplished by the agency of men who walk right over every thing in the way, — the Union, the Constitution, church organizations, the Republican party, and all, — direct to the slave, — men, sir, who consider this an object of paramount importance, and who will sacrifice every thing, but their honor and their religion, to its accomplishment.

This our politicians cannot do; their feet are entangled in the government net; they cannot deal the monster a blow in the face, if they would; their hands are both tied by the oath of allegiance. The churches are in an equally false position.

A political crime can never be a moral virtue. And with what sort of consistency can men denounce the

system while continuing to hold ecclesiastical fellowship with those who practise and defend it? Is not the command of God fairly written in letters of light, "*Come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing*"?

I do not, sir, wish to be understood as bringing a railing accusation against the churches, — much less, sir, against *the Church*. God forbid! I look upon it as the hope of the world; and, sir, in the pale of what I term slaveholding churches, because they permit it, there are great and good men, — men, sir, whom I delight to honor. I only lament that they are not greater and better, and that they do not see the line of truth and duty here as clearly as they do in other respects, just, sir, as I lament that some of the great and noble spirits connected with the anti-slavery enterprise are not greater and better, and do not see as clearly, and boldly defend, the only means to rescue men from spiritual slavery, as they clearly see, and ably advocate, the only system which will deliver men from temporal bondage.

But speaking here, sir, as an Abolitionist, not a "Garrisonian Abolitionist," though I have no particular objection to that term, but as a Reformed Presbyterian Abolitionist, — I believe the oldest species of the genus that is to be found, — and as I do, to a certain extent, in the name of that branch of the church, I must say to these churches that their position is one inconsistent with the religion which they profess; and to those anti-slavery men connected with them, that the time has come that demands that they protest against it, by a separation from all connection with them.

But then, we are asked, what will become of these

churches if we thus abandon then? Just what has become of every organization when it ceased to be the Church of God. Just what became of the Jewish Church when it refused the Saviour, and persecuted his followers. Just, sir, what will become of Rome when the command shall be obeyed, "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues." God will take care of his Church, let come what come may of these distinct organizations. They may go down, down, like a great millstone into the sea; but the Church will live, for the Lord God in the midst of her is mighty. In the same way we are asked, what would become of the government if we should all refuse to vote or hold office, like you? Why, sir, it is plain enough what would become of it. It would fall like an old, tottering house when the props are taken away, and we should have a better — a worse we could not well have — in its place. If we could not have it with the Union, we could have it without the Union. If we did not have it with that body of death, the South, we would have it, which would be far better, without. We have been accustomed, sir, to speak of this republic as the hope of the world; but, sir, that day has passed; that language is ironical. I do not believe that there is on earth an intelligent friend of human liberty who now turns his eye to this nation as the star of hope. And perhaps this is well: it is well for the world to learn, although late, that its hope is not in men or in human systems of government, but in God, in the eternal and immutable principles of truth revealed in his Word, and the redemption of his Son. When men begin to realize this divine idea, then may they lift up their heads know-

ing that the day of their redemption is nigh. Here, and here alone, is the world's hope, not in any constitution of government, not in any union of States, not in any one nation, or alliance of nations, holy or unholy.

But this course is nothing more nor less than a dissolution of the Union. The Northern mind must become familiarized with this idea, the sooner the better for them. They will have to come to it at last. If we do not dissolve it, it will dissolve itself. Such incongruous elements cannot be kept united. It is part of iron, and part of miry clay. You can't put bonds around it strong enough to keep it together. Is it better to escape from it, or wait till it comes cracking, crashing, tumbling, about our ears? We could not preserve it if we would. God's attributes are every one arrayed against it; and the wheels of his providence will roll over it, and grind it to powder. It will be carried away like the chaff of the summer threshing-floor. Two cannot walk together except they be agreed, — light has no fellowship with darkness. What concord hath Christ with Belial? No union of churches or of nations can stand when expediency is the bond which binds them together. The fact is, as every one may see, this Union has in it the elements of its own destruction. The shock will come at last, and be but the more fearful in proportion to the length of time that the interests of humanity have been sacrificed to its existence. Truth and justice can alone bind States securely together. This is nothing but a truism to which in theory at least every one responds, and which admits of no exception but one, — this union between the North and the South. But talk about it as we may, He that sits in heaven laughs at such com-

binations: the Lord God has them in derision, and in his own time will break them in pieces as a potter's vessel.

The fact is, this whole system of government, like those which have gone before it, has been weighed in the balances of eternal justice, and been found wanting. The handwriting is upon the wall; and they, and they alone, are the true friends and lovers of their country who endeavor to avert the impending doom by dealing faithfully with the conscience of the nation, by calling upon it to break every yoke under the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free.

As a friend to my country, I would say to her, Hear the voice of God as it comes from a thousand lands all waste and desolate, that for sins of those who dwell therein have been turned into barrenness; hear it as it comes from the voices of a thousand once powerful, prosperous, and populous cities, that have been trodden under foot by the footsteps of an avenging God, and left desolate, without an inhabitant, because in their marts was found the merchandise of slaves, — those who traded in the *persons of men;* hear it as it comes from the high, imperial throne of the universe, louder than the sound of many waters, louder than all the crashing artillery of heaven, The nation and kingdom that will not serve me shall perish: yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted, — the voice of him who has threatened that he will rise in awful majesty for the oppression of the poor and the sighing of the needy.

As a member and a minister of the Church of Christ, as one who has invincible and unshaken faith in her power, her mission, and her destiny, I would say to

those churches who still tolerate this evil, beware of the threatenings pronounced and executed upon the church of Israel: "If ye will not for all this hearken unto me, but walk contrary unto me; then I will walk contrary unto you also in *fury;* and I, even I, will chastise you seven times for your sins."

THE CHURCH AND SLAVERY.

BOSTON, 1860.

It is related of the illustrious English philanthropist, Howard, when visiting Italy for objects connected with the grand work to which he had consecrated his life, that he did not turn aside to view her noble galleries of art, her magnificent ruins "sublime even in decay," or any of those historic scenes where the fate of empires and the destinies of the world have been decided.

The great Genevan reformer, John Calvin, spent his life amid the most attractive and transporting natural scenery; yet he has left behind no descriptions, I believe no direct allusions even, to the sublime tumult of the rushing Rhone, the mist-enshrouded Jura, or the snowy grandeur of the "monarch of the Alps." Intent upon his great work of organizing the spiritual and social forces of the Reformation, he had neither time, feelings, nor energy to be expended upon lighter interests.

No one standing where I stand to-day can be unmindful of those hallowed memories that cluster around this honored city of the Puritans: I do not forget that we are assembled almost within hearing of the waves that break upon Plymouth Rock, beneath the shadow of Bunker Hill and Faneuil Hall; that these shores heard first the roar of the enemies' cannon, and these streets

drank the first blood in that memorable struggle which gave independence, but, alas! not liberty, to the American colonies.

But what are these things in presence of the great object that has called us together, — the oppression by our own race, by our own countrymen, of four millions of human beings, one day of whose bondage is worse than a thousand years of that against which our fathers rose, Thomas Jefferson, himself a slaveholder, being judge? In view of scenes upon which Boston eyes have looked in later days, of the acts of the man whom — if I am to judge of what I see in Faneuil Hall and on Capitol Hill — Massachusetts delights to honor above all her noble dead and illustrious living, I appear to myself to be surrounded by the mournful mementos of a dead past, rather than by the embodied inspirations of a living present.

Shall we not cease to build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous, while we imprison and hang and burn those that do like them? Shall we not, as ministers and members of the Church of Christ, utter so loud a protest in the name of God and by the authority of his Word against this colossal iniquity, this enormous crime of our country, as shall make the stupendous system rock to its very foundations, give a new birth to the spirit of the revelation, or, failing in this, at least deliver our own souls, and prevent all the righteous blood that has been shed, from the blood of the martyred Lovejoy whom they murdered in the streets of Alton, to the blood of John Brown and his compeers whom they slew at Charlestown, from coming upon us?

It is, indeed, more than two hundred years since our Protestant Christianity started upon its mission upon the shores of the New World: and the result is before us in the sorrowful fact that we have convened to-day in an attempt to rouse the conscience of a sleeping Church; to call upon her to awake, arise, and throw off this mighty incubus by which she is crushed to the earth; to wipe out this blot from her escutcheon; to gird herself to a conflict with that foulest system of iniquity that ever trampled upon the rights of man, or warred against the throne and monarchy of God; to destroy with that power of Omnipotence with which she is invested, this sum of all villanies; and to drive from the temple of God this abomination that maketh desolate.

I say a sorrowful fact, because this should have been done long ago; our fathers of the last century should have undertaken and accomplished this task; and then the Church of to-day, instead of writhing as she does within the coils, and sickened as she is with the poison of this serpent, might have stood upon the very summits of victory, and been looking out hopefully upon fields white to the harvest of missionary enterprise in other lands. Prometheus-like, our common Christianity has lived with this vulture, slavery, gnawing at its heart. Is it not time to exorcise the demon? for the Church to say to this bird of evil omen, —

> "Take your beak from out my heart, take your form from off my floor"?

If, as Mr. Lovejoy said so boldly and so truthfully the other day in Congress, such a Caliban has no right to exist, in the name of all that is sacred, why should

its presence be any longer endured in the Church? What fellowship can Christ have with this Belial? what concord can his light have with this darkness?

Our object is, Mr. Chairman, to drive slavery from the Church; for this work we have girded on our armor; under this banner we have enlisted; in this conflict we have engaged; and, in God's name, we mean to display our banner, and, with his assistance, to conquer; and then, while the Church herself be free to war with this iniquity, to demand in the name of God its total, immediate, and absolute extinction and extirpation wherever found. With any aim short of this, I, for one, should not be satisfied: with any party, political or ecclesiastical, that proposes any thing less, I have no sympathy.

I have to confess, Mr. Chairman, that the current interpretations of Christianity and the Church's mission in the world are very foreign to my own conceptions. I find myself in thought and in feeling nearer to some whom the world stigmatizes as infidel, than to many who sit in Moses' seat; for, of all forms of infidelity, I believe that to be the worst which asserts that the Lord God sanctions the system of American slavery. Satan is most a fiend when clothed in the garb of an angel of light. That man serves him most effectually who does it in the stolen livery of heaven.

For this purpose was Christ manifested, that he might destroy the works of the Devil; this was the work, which, when ascended up on high, he committed to his apostles and their successors to the end of time; for this was the promise of his perpetual presence with them to the end of the world given; for this were they endowed

with spiritual gifts, and for this work did they organize the Christian Church. Dr. Spring and the whole army of lower-law divines assert that Christianity must not come in contact with existing institutions. Mr. Chairman, I deny it. True, the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but spiritual; yet are they mighty, through God, to the pulling down of the strongholds of sin and Satan; and for that very purpose were they given us, that we might engage in deadly warfare with great organic systems of iniquity, — existing institutions, — and in the name of God destroy them. I am amazed that any man who has read the New Testament, and the history of the Christian centuries, could command the unblushing effrontery that would enable him to stand up, and looking in the eyes of a Christian congregation, and in the face of the Christian world, assert that Christianity is not to come in contact with existing institutions. And yet, sir, this is the lower law and gospel that is preached all over this land, and which has dragged down the Church to this condition of unfaithfulness, of moral imbecility and indifference, until we hardly know whether we have any longer Christian churches, or only synagogues of Satan: in the name of God I would ask what is to come in contact with existing organic systems of iniquity, if the Church is not? with what engine is Christ to demolish the kingdom of darkness, and destroy the works of the Devil, if the Church is not that engine? with what weapons are we to assault the strongholds of sin and Satan, and remove those burdens under which our suffering humanity has groaned and travailed in pain until now, if the Church is not the spiritual power ordained of God for this very end?

Why, sir, Christ came in contact with all the existing institutions of his day in Church and State. These lovers of a milk-and-water gospel, these rose-water philanthropists who would cure all the evils of society by homœopathic doses of this high dilution of love and charity, surely never could have read that twenty-third chapter of Matthew, which is one tremendous fiery furnace, heated seven times hotter than is wont with burning indignation in which to consume existing institutions of scribes and Pharisees and hypocrites. He came in contact with them, and opposed them until they could endure him no longer; and they put him to death at the age of thirty-three years. Did not the disciples contend with existing institutions, idolatry, Judaism, false philosophy, and false science, and slavery too, notwithstanding the glozing lies that have persistently been spoken and written upon this subject?

The Church in all ages has been a Church militant not yet become a Church triumphant. By that cross upon which our Saviour bled and died, by those dungeons dark and damp in which his followers have pined, by those Roman amphitheatres in which early Christians were thrown to the lions of Numidia, to the tigers of Asia, because they would not obey unholy edicts; in the name of the great cloud of witnesses who have been stoned, sawn asunder, slain with the sword, who have wandered in sheep-skins and goat-skins, destitute, tormented, and afflicted; in the name of the souls under the altar who cry, "How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?"—I protest against a perversion of Christianity so enormous, a reproach upon the memory

of the martyred dead so foul and malignant. If the theory of these modern American divines — for, thank God, such doctrines of devils are confined to this country — were the true one, no martyrs' blood had ever been shed, and our sympathy with them is a sympathy for blind, bigoted, and misguided zeal. The truth is, Mr. Chairman, our Christianity must be rescued from the hands of those men into which its highest and holiest interests have fallen, or we go down into a night of corruption, superstition, and barbarism worse than the thousand years that preceded the Reformation.

Romanism produced French infidelity, Prussian ecclesiasticism, and modern rationalism. The silence of the Church is creating infidels in this land by the thousands. Night and day all over our land goes up the wail of the afflicted, the destitute, the oppressed: but, if there be one cry that swells more loudly and rises higher than another, it is the cry of the four millions of bondmen trodden in the wine-press of Southern bondage, as they lift imploring hands to heaven, and cry to God for deliverance; and yet the great American Tract Society remains persistently silent, thirty thousand pulpits are dumb, missionary associations are afraid to utter their testimony, and men are so in love with these things they call churches, that they deem it a wise conservatism to speak of this atrocity with bated breath, lest perchance the harmony of this Church should be endangered. Do not let me be misunderstood. I am a member and minister of a church that has come down by direct succession from the days of Calvin and Knox. I, too, have my denominational attachments; but, sir, if I thought that there was any moral position too far

advanced for my branch of the Church, any one that would endanger our peace, I would take it at once, and, if she split into as many fragments as there are asteroids in the solar system, I would think I had done God's service. A church that is not true to the slave has no right to exist, and the sooner it is out of the way the better: of all such churches I say, "My soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united." "First pure, then peaceable." "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth. I came not to send peace, but a sword."

When shall we learn that man was not made for the Church, but the Church for man; that sacred names cannot sanctify crime; and thus, when any organization calling itself a church becomes a prop to a system that contravenes the whole purpose of the gospel, it is nigh unto cursing, and fit for nothing but to be burned? But have I overleaped my theme? Is slavery, after all, an evil, and such a moral curse and nuisance as I have been taking for granted that it is, or is it a patriarchal institution, like unto the family? Is it the normal state of society, essential to the highest development of civilization? Above all, is it God's noblest, grandest missionary institution, ordained of heaven for the evangelization in these latter days of the millions of benighted heathendom? for, surely, we are not going to limit the blessings of the slave trade and of Southern slavery to the natives of Africa! This is to be respecters of persons, — a crime which God forbids; and there is no reason why this inferior and disagreeable race should be the only participators in such infinite blessings. If Southern

slavery be such a paradise of bliss, such a heaven upon earth; if it affords such magnificent opportunities for evangelization, — it is surely God's decree (certainly the ordained end of his providence) that we should welcome the millions of China and India and Japan to a participation in the same benefits. Those Japanese ambassadors must not be returned to their own country: they are heathen idolaters. I protest against their return in the name of humanity and of our common religion. After we have dined and *fêted* them sufficiently, let them be assigned to one of our great missionary stations, — a tobacco plantation in Virginia; what is better still, a rice plantation in Carolina, or a sugar plantation in Louisiana, — and brought under the Christianizing influences of this benign and scriptural domestic institution. When they have remained a sufficient length of time, a few of the elder and more decrepit may be returned by that eminently benevolent institution, the Colonization Society, in order to confer the combined influences of our Christianity and civilization upon any of their benighted heathen who may have remained behind in Japan. The question as to the inherent sinfulness of slavery is, after all, the gist of the whole controversy. Let us give O'Conor the credit of meeting it fairly and squarely. He had the good sense to see that, in fleeing from ultra and radical abolitionism, this was the first spot upon which he could find a place for the soles of his feet; namely, the right of one man to own another as property; the right of the white man to enslave the black; the right of the stronger to assault the weaker, — a pretty warm place, I admit, to stand; but between heaven and hell is chaos. If a man refuse the golden

pavements of the one, he must accept the burning marl of the other.

The ablest, I think, and most learned, ecclesiastical council that ever sat, defines sin to be any want of conformity unto, or transgression of, the law of God given as a rule to the reasonable creature. Tried by this definition, — and no better can be found, — is not a system sinful, inherently sinful, that violates not one nor two, but every, precept of the Decalogue? that dashes both tablets of the law at once to atoms, and hurls the fragments defiantly at the throne of God? that robs man of his rights, and, in the person of the slave, God, of all his honor? If this be not sin deserving God's wrath and curse, both in this life and in that which is to come, then let us all become pantheists, declare that there is no such thing as sin in the universe, and retire from the ministerial office and work, proclaiming that "whatever is, is right, and that that which is strongest is always best."

Mr. Chairman, I know what slavery is from personal observation. I have stood upon the soil accursed by its hateful presence: I have seen something of its yet unwritten cruelties, its ineffable abominations, and I am bold to declare that the half has not been told, never can be, and never will be told. I have conversed with master and with slave frequently, freely, and fully. I know the manner in which it is viewed, and the influence which it exerts upon both, and likewise upon the society in which it exists; and, sir, I must say to the man who denies its essential sinfulness, either that he is deplorably ignorant, that he is wilfully blind, or that he has no moral faculty with which to distinguish right from wrong.

I do not affirm that all slaveholders are immoral. I do not deny that many of them lament the condition of things which exists around them; but this I say, that, if Sodom and Gomorrah were worse than these Southern States, the fire and brimstone out of heaven did not descend too soon. I firmly believe that there is no land which the bright sun visits in his course in which his burning eye looks upon the commission of so many crimes offensive to God as in the Southern States of this Union.

I am aware that this representation is different from that which is sometimes made by men high in place; and I contend that this it should be, for there is no subject within the range of my knowledge upon which truth is so easily accessible, none upon which there is so much persistent and unblushing misrepresentation. If I am asked why such men as Nehemiah Adams and Irenæus Prime constantly present the case in a light different, my reply is, that God and their own consciences can alone answer this. Byron, I believe, divided all mankind into two classes, — the dupers and the duped. To which these men belong, I leave you to decide. I remember that, on a certain occasion, a vast commotion was made, and a very great tumult excited, while a multitude, instigated by an interested leader, shouted, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," at the top of their voice for two hours; not that they cared so much for Diana, — they knew that the great goddess was a tremendous humbug, — but because by this craft they had their wealth. Cut off the Southern subscription-list from "The New-York Observer," and all of its class, and I venture to predict their zeal for this modern Diana

would speedily ooze out, like a celebrated character's courage, at the ends of their fingers, and that suddenly they would be, like Saul among the prophets, head and shoulders above all the crowd of anti-slavery men in their opposition to the system.

I believe that it was Hume who defended murder upon the ground that it was merely turning a small current of blood from one channel into another; and, doubtless, if we permit men to define slavery according to their own caprice, it may become in their plastic hands a *bonum in se*, and a positive blessing rather than a curse. But, sir, the slavery of which we speak to-day, which we wish to drive from the Church as Christ drove the money-changers from the temple, is not an abstraction, but the most terrible of all existing realities: it is American slavery of which we speak, a system which is "the sum of all villanies," the most atrocious system of slavery upon which the sun ever shone, to use the language of one who has lived, and does still, in its very midst, R. J. Breckinridge. It is of its very essence to affirm "that wild and guilty fantasy that man can hold property in man:" any definition that leaves out this element is slavery without slavery, the play of "Hamlet" with the Prince of Denmark omitted. For special reasons it involves in its very nature crimes of the highest degree of wickedness. When that old veteran, Joshua R. Giddings, was asked in Congress whether slavery was of itself wrong, he replied, "Sir, if there be any crime for which I would hang a man, it would be the crime of claiming to own his fellow-man."

It is not, be it remembered, upon the abuses of slavery

that we insist: there are no abuses of slavery, as there are none of murder, none of adultery. We assume the broad ground that it is of itself under all circumstances inherently sinful, a *malum in se* at once to be repented of and abandoned.

I have heard that quite a large number of New-England clergymen object to this Society, upon the ground that it assumes slaveholding to be inherently sinful, and refuse to come upon this platform for this reason. Well, sir, I have heard also that the ostrich, when pursued by the hunters until she discovers all escape impossible, hides her silly head in the sand. It seems to me these men pursued by Abolitionists, and driven from one refuge of lies to another, at last have poked their heads into this logical fallacy in the vain hope of escaping from their duty to God and to man. A contemptible ruse, but it will not avail.

Ah, Mr. Chairman! I know not whether those excuses which men form to screen themselves from discharging their whole duty to the slave, are calculated to excite most of pity or contempt. The American Anti-Slavery Society is made up, say they, of infidels: the Church Anti-Slavery Society declares slavery inherently sinful. I cannot affiliate with either of the organizations: I must stand aloof. As to preaching upon it, they are decidedly opposed to introducing politics into the pulpit. I defy the ingenuity of man to find any organization that would meet their views, or find the spot pure enough upon which they may stand to utter a protest against this evil. The truth is, there is too much of the reproach of Christ connected with this cause, and they are not ready for it.

I heard a venerable man of this city, whose praise is in all the churches, and against whom God forbid that I should utter a single word by way of reproach, make this remark in the Anniversary of the Boston Tract Society recently held in New York: "I have waited," said he, "twenty-five years for a place in which I could stand and utter all my mind upon this subject; that place I have at length found in this Society."

But, I thought, twenty-five years of the vigor of a noble life gone, a whole generation of slaves crushed beneath the wheels of this blood-stained Moloch, and no place to be found from which to utter a protest against this enormous evil. I rejoiced, sir, in the reflection that I had accepted the very first invitation tendered to me by the American Anti-Slavery Society, and that I had found a place, although among men differing from me, as far as the east is from the west, in theological opinion, from which I could utter all my mind against this gigantic system of oppression.

I have no time to analyze all those elements of evil, absolute and essential, that belong to slavery, and which prove it inherently sinful; the subject is so fruitful and so vast that one scarcely knows where to begin; and, indeed, so manifestly wrong is the whole system from foundation to cope-stone, that one scarcely has the patience to enter into the discussion at all.

Recently I listened to an argument, at least what I suppose the speaker intended for one, in favor of slavery, in an assembly that claimed to be a court of the Church of Christ: the man whom they called a minister, and I believe a presiding elder, was proceeding to utter sentiments which would not, I think, have disgraced the deck

of a slave-ship, or the head of a *caffila* marching, to the tune of "Hail Columbia," from Virginia to Carolina. A young man who sat by my side remarked, "I should like to present him with a pair of handcuffs." This, Mr. Chairman, is the best answer,—let the chains rattle in his own ears, let his back feel the knotted scourge, drive him day after day under the lash to the toilsome and hated task, put his wife and children upon the auction-block, and the discussion is ended.

The open, undeniable fact, that under this system the family relation is impossible, that it does not admit the institution of marriage, that there is no possibility of performing those duties and discharging those obligations that arise out of the relation of husband and wife, parent and child, at once stamps it with God's disapprobation and curse, convicts it of inherent sinfulness, and ought to arm against it in open, deadly, and unyielding warfare every professing Christian.

Now, I must charge upon every church which does not make slavery a term of communion, and refuse fellowship to all implicated in this guilt, open connivance with the violation of the seventh commandment in the worst and most flagrant forms. This charge I am prepared to sustain, and defy any man, or all men, to get out from under it. Is such a system *malum in se?* Is it inherently sinful? Ought it to be banished from the Church of God?

Make the family relation sacred for the slave as it is for you and me to-day, forbid the separation of husband and wife, of parent and child, and you have rendered slavery impossible: you have struck such a blow as will necessarily result in its ultimate extinction. But per-

sons often say to me, "Surely, separation of families is not very common: humane masters will not do such things." The misfortune is, they are compelled to do them. The more humane they are, the more likely to be forced into it. Humane men cannot always secure themselves against the demands of the law: the mere claims of humanity have no force in the presence of its inexorable requirements. I found no plantations with a dozen or more slaves which were not made up of fragments of families. Some of these cases were of the most distressing character: their stories ought to melt a heart of stone. A poor slave mother, for whom I wrote a letter to one of her children in Virginia, told me that Fanny, a little girl of six years, was the only one left her of some seven or eight children, of the fate of most of whom she was totally ignorant, and had been for many years. As she told me the story of her wrongs, the tears streaming down her cheeks, I remarked, by way of attempt at consolation, that it was a great comfort to her that Fanny was left. Little did I know what a chord I had touched. Fanny had the fatal gift of beauty, was almost white, with dark wavy hair and black eyes. "Ah!" said the mother with a sigh, "the Lord only knows what is to become of that poor child. Oh! don't you think you could buy her, and take her North?" There was the last child. Gladly would the mother have committed her to the hands of a perfect stranger, and dragged out the remainder of her weary, broken-hearted pilgrimage alone, rejoiced to think that she had saved one child, the last one, the child of her old age, from the hell of interminable bondage and a fate worse than ten thousand deaths. Contented slaves!

What a horrible misnomer, what an insult to our common humanity, to suppose that contentment is possible under such circumstances! I found one man whom his master told me was contented and happy. He was well treated, never whipped, had enough to eat and to wear, "sported" a gold watch, rode his own horse, — a free man in all but the dreadful fact that he was claimed and held by another, like a beast, as property, and was compelled to work without wages to pamper the pride of the man who claimed his service and labor as due to him. I worked my way into this man's confidence and affections; I learned his whole heart; and I venture to say that there is not a man in this assembly, who, placed in the same circumstances, would have a keener sense of the wrong and injustice of his condition, not one who would chafe more restlessly under the yoke, or long more ardently for the liberty of which he had been unjustly deprived. "Oh!" said he, "if some man would only buy me, gladly would I work until I was seventy years of age, if I but knew that then I should be free and be a man. Now," said he, "I am nobody." A poor man in England, the Rev. Samuel Brown, became possessed with the idea that he had lost his soul, and was living a mere body without a spirit. This is the terrible reality that haunts the slave from day to day; his manhood gone, his aspirations all crushed in the birth; no sun of hope rises upon his dark horizon as he looks upon the vista of the future years, — slavery for himself and for his children, and children's children, not to one or two or a thousand, but to all generations.

Here we have a living, real metempsychosis; here a literal illustration of the heathenish doctrine of the

transmigration of souls, — an immortal spirit doomed to the life, and subject to all the conditions, of the brute. Is Dr. Edward Beecher's conception, after all, the true one? and have these children of the sun been sinners above all others in some state of previous existence, that this doom and curse of bondage must rest upon them like an eternal punishment, knowing neither respite nor termination?

The position which I take, Mr. Chairman, is, that slavery is inherently sinful; that it originates no moral duties, only moral evils; and that repentance and abandonment are the duties obligatory upon those who are in any way implicated in the crime. Others may call it a patriarchal institution, compare it to the family, write and publish and circulate tracts upon "the moral duties that grow out of its existence, and the moral evils which it is known to promote." I shall do none of these things, nor have any pleasure in them that do them. I shall declare it a sin and crime in all forms and all degrees, demand its immediate and total extinction in the name of God and by the authority of his Word, and embrace all occasions and opportunities which God in his providence shall afford me, to raise my voice in opposition to it. Above all do I hold it to be my duty, painful though that duty be, to declare that it has no right to exist within the Church, and that a church which persistently refuses to expel it from her pale, to bear testimony against this sin, to refuse fellowship to those who are implicated in its guilt, has no right to exist, and that the duty of good men with regard to such a church is to shake off the dust of their feet as a testimony against it, and leave its communion.

I know that the answer is, that remaining inside of the Church organization, and laboring for the expulsion of the evil, is the proper course; and I have no objection to this where there is any hope in prospect of success. "Plead within your mother, plead," is the divine injunction: but a point is at length reached when remonstrance becomes unavailing, and when immediate separation is necessary in order to clear our own skirts of complicity, and in order to save our own souls; for my own part, I could never remain for a single day in connection with a Church which after thirty years of discussion upon this subject, and amid this blaze of light constantly poured upon its darkness, until even political parties are being freed from slaveholding fellowship, still continues to fold slaveholders to its bosom, hold them up as the most eminent of saints, the very salt of the earth, and pronounce all opposition to their infernal practices a lack of Christian charity.

My conscience tells me that what of moral power I can wield against the system will tell most effectually from a position outside of all connection with it: at the same time I must say that those men, good and true, who are honestly laboring for its extirpation in their separate denominations, have both my respect and sympathy. God is working with them and for them; and whether they succeed in all cases or not, they will have delivered their own souls, and vindicated the righteousness of his judgments, which will, I have no doubt, begin first at his own house. But whether we work within or without these organizations, let us strive with all the energy which we can command, and in the use of such means as God has put within our reach, to drive

it from the Church, and thus bring all her moral power to bear upon its ultimate, total extinction; for I admit that it is not to cut off an ear, nor, Ulysses-like, to bore out the eye of this Cyclops, at which we aim. We are feeling for the jugular vein; we are aiming at the very heart of the monster; we do not mean merely to scotch the serpent, we are determined to bruise its head.

Mr. Lovejoy declares in Congress, the Caliban has no right to exist: we respond from this platform, that, God assisting us, it shall not exist, — *Carthago delenda est*, — this proud system of oppression must be destroyed; we intend to open the inexhaustible magazine of God's Word, to rain upon its strongholds "chained thunders and hail of iron globes," until, smitten by successive blows, its battlements crumble and crash and fall, and its lofty and heaven-defying towers are prostrate in the dust.

We ought to be thankful that God has called us to such a noble work, that he has offered us such a golden opportunity of serving him, counted us worthy of such a high honor as to permit us to undertake this service for his Church and cause: let us, girding on our arms, go forth to this warfare, and shouting the old battle-cry, the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, fall on, as Bunyan says, with might and main, assured that the "Lord of hosts, the Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle," is on our side, and that the victory will speedily be ours. We mean to say to this nation, "Trust not in oppression, and become not vain in robbery. Break every yoke under the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free." "Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal." "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants." In

fine, we mean to unchain the Bible and the pulpit, to permit the thunders of Sinai to roll, and the lightnings of God's vengeance to blast this gigantic sin.

This we must do for the honor of our common Christianity, in order to discharge the obligations which rest upon us, and for the sake of those pining in the prison-house of Southern oppression, whose cries have entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.

Slavery has seized upon the Church, and, by a metamorphosis more hideous than ever entered into the imagination of heathen poet, has transformed her into a vast power to aid in the perpetuation of this iniquity. If there is one reason for which more than another, I hate this system, it is the foul disgrace and dishonor which it has brought upon our holy religion. If this Church Anti-Slavery Society can succeed in any measure in wiping out this dark blot, its mission will be a noble one, and we shall have reason to thank God that it has been organized. But this course which we propose is disorganizing, will create agitation and excitement in the churches, and alienation perhaps among heathen, endanger the peace, prosperity, and even the very existence of the churches. Well, Mr. Chairman, for one this is precisely what I desire. Let those things that can be shaken, be shaken, that those which cannot may remain. That which can be moved is not the Redeemer's kingdom, for it is founded upon a rock, and the very gates of hell shall not prevail against it: the church which rests upon the crushed and bleeding body of the down-trodden slave is man's work, not God's. Let every church be tried so as by fire of what sort it is. If it brings forth the thorns and the

thistles of pro-slavery unfaithfulness, it is nigh unto cursing: let it be burned. For one, I do not care what becomes of these organizations, and I am sure God does not. These may go down, but the Church will remain, for the Lord God in the midst of her is mighty. If we thought more of humanity and of truth, and of God's glory in their defence and maintenance, and less about churches, as such, it would be well for us and for the world.

You remember the story of the architect who constructed the lighthouse at Alexandria. When commanded to place the name of Ptolemy upon its front, he first carved his own name in the marble, and then placed that of the monarch in plaster over it. The elements soon accomplished their work with the plaster: the name of Ptolemy fell off, and men read in the solid marble, "Sostratus, son of Dexiphones, to the gods, the preservers of mariners."

These names, — Methodist, Baptist, Congregationalist, Presbyterian, — we have placed them upon the glorious structure ourselves; they are but plaster names; God speed the day when they shall all fall away, and we shall read upon this Living Temple, this great Pharos light of the world, the name of him who is its glorious Founder, Architect, and King.

All have heard the story of John Wesley interrogating Father Abraham with regard to the ecclesiastical designations of that mighty multitude before the throne, and being answered that they had neither Methodists nor Episcopalians nor Presbyterians there, neither Churchmen nor Dissenters, only redeemed, sanctified, and glorified saints. The time is coming, I trust, when

these partition-walls will all be broken down, these appellations all disappear, and when there will be but one fold, as there is but one Shepherd, one Lord, one faith, one baptism. Such unions of Christians as this for such high and holy purposes, we may hope will be blessed of God for the hastening onward the chariot-wheels of this long-desired day.

There are those, however, who have objected, upon the ground of danger to our great religious societies, to the discussion of this exciting topic in the churches. All are familiar with the late action of the American Board, and the course pursued by its friends upon this subject. I do not introduce this society for the sake of any discussion upon its action with reference to the Cherokee mission, except to say that it is an undeniable fact that the Board is guilty of complicity with the sin of slavery, and deserves rebuke until it purges itself from the iniquity. But, sir, I say that nothing could so assist the work of our great religious societies as the very task that we have undertaken. There is not, I will venture to assert, a single missionary of the American Board upon heathen soil, who would venture to tell the whole truth as to its action upon the subject of slavery last winter. Those missionaries in foreign lands who dare to tell the truth, all affirm with one unanimous voice the injurious effect which the existence of this evil has upon their labors as soon as it comes to be known that it is to be tolerated by the Church at home. The late news from Syria, as to the use which the Jesuits are making of the scenes which have transpired in the United States during the last winter, in counteracting the labors of American mis-

sionaries, is a striking commentary upon the declarations which we have so often heard, as to the manner in which God was blessing slaveholding missions. I never did believe that it was God's purpose to convert the world by missionary and tract and Bible societies, supported by means of money wrung from the toil and sweat of the oppressed. God is saying to these men now in thunder-tones, Who hath required this at your hands that you should undertake the conversion of the world in my name, and attempt to make men Christians by means which you have wrested from those whom you have degraded to the condition of the brute? The degradation of the Tract Society is too well known to require any comment.

We must rouse the Church to a sense of this terrible enormity: we must see to it that the leaven of this iniquity be purged out. This is the work to which God calls us, — one doubtless of toil, of self-sacrifice, and of great reproach, but in the performance of which we will have the reward of a good conscience, the blessings of those who are ready to perish, the fulfilment of the gracious promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, to the end of the world," and the good hope of hearing at the last great day, from the blessed lips of our Saviour himself, "Inasmuch as ye did it to these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

THE STATE AND SLAVERY.

The question of American slavery, whether viewed socially, politically, morally, or religiously, is without peradventure the most important presented to the age and nation in which we live.

While spending a few weeks of the last summer in the neighborhood of the White Mountains, I observed that, from whatever point I viewed them, Mount Washington was still most conspicuous. This was the one object which constantly arrested the eye, and to which my various travelling companions continually directed my attention.

So it is with this great, all-absorbing question of slavery: it confronts you everywhere. Open your morning paper, this is the first word that meets your eye. Enter the halls of Congress, and you need not ask upon what subject that excited member is haranguing; for whether from the pine forests of Maine, the everglades of Florida, the prairies of Wisconsin or Iowa, the golden sands of California, or the continuous woods where rolls the Oregon, you may be sure that the topic is slavery. Enter a religious convocation, whether a Presbyterian assembly, a Congregationalist council, a Methodist conference, or an Episcopal convention, and nine chances to one the first word that

falls upon your ear relates to this all-absorbing topic. In fine, I believe a fashionable church in one of our Eastern cities is the only spot in all this broad and fair land in which you are secure of perfect exemption from the intrusion of this omnipresent subject, — one of those arks pitched within and without with Southern gold, and lined with cotton, in which alone the dove of piety can find refuge and rest for the soles of her feet, from this overflowing flood of fanaticism which is abroad in the land.

These are strange times upon which we have fallen. Agitation is the order of the day; society is stirred to its very depths; the land is rocked as by an earthquake; the bonds that bind political parties and ecclesiastical bodies are snapped like the green withs on the arms of Samson; Union-saving meetings, with the highest legal learning of the metropolis for the head, and the prophet that speaks lies for the tail, only add to the universal confusion; old gentlemen's nominating conventions are laughed at, and the temperate counsels of moderate and conservative men are drowned in the general din. And at last, sir, the Democratic party is known as the Ahithophel whose counsel has always brought disaster. This Judas, ever ready to betray the cause of liberty for thirty pieces of silver, has, Ahithophel-like and Judas-like, committed suicide, and at Charleston all its bowels have gushed out. "So may thine enemies perish, O Lord." Why is all this? Has the world been smitten with a sudden madness? Has the whole country been seized by some strange mental hallucination? Like men when overtaken by the glamour and witchery and strange fascination of Niagara, until they leap into

the roaring abyss, have we been seized by a sudden frenzy; and are we about to plunge headlong into the yawning gulf of national destruction and ruin? Like madmen do we, in the mere wanton will and desire of destruction, go to work with axes and hammers to break down the carved work of government which our fathers reared at such cost of blood and treasure, and brains according to some?

No, my friends, a thousand times no. We are here face to face with the most momentous question of the age, — a genuine irrepressible conflict, — God grant it be not one of ages; a question which presses for consideration; one which cannot be ignored or put off, which must be met and decided; one in which vast interests are involved, and upon the right decision of which stupendous issues are suspended.

How vast appears the subject when we come to analyze the elements which enter into it, and the various interests which are concerned in its right decision!

It is the question of the liberty of four millions of fellow-creatures of the same blood, and made in the image of the same God with ourselves, endowed with the same inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and bought through the precious blood of the same Redeemer: nor of these alone, but of them and their posterity forever; for the tremendous curse and doom rests not only upon the parents, but descends, not to one or two or a thousand, but, like an eternal punishment, to all generations.

Nor does this, far-reaching and fearful as it appears, by any means exhaust the catalogue. The wonderful

land whose gates have recently been opened by Barth and Speke and Burton and Livingstone, with its teeming millions, presents an inexhaustible source of supply, which, through the slave-trade as a channel, is to pour year by year additional thousands into the lowest depths of chattel slavery, in proportion as increasing avarice shall demand, and additional slave territory shall admit, their introduction. In those discoveries which annex new territory to the already magnificent domain of science, in those vast populations which present to the hopeful eye of Christianity fields white to the harvest of beneficent missionary effort, slavery discovers only additional sources of increase, fixes her basilisk gaze upon these millions; like the daughters of the horse-leech cries, "Give, give;" like the grave refuses to be satisfied, never says enough; like another hell enlarges herself, and opens her mouth without measure, that she may consign them and their children forever to the irreversible doom of oppression and bondage.

More than this, I have no doubt, sir, that our country is the battle-field upon which is to be settled this question of chattel slavery forever, for all lands, and for all ages; the day that strikes the fetters from the bondmen of these United States, seals the doom of the system throughout the world: and as I believe in a more glorious epoch than the world has ever yet enjoyed, a nobler order of ages to arise than she has yet witnessed, so I hold that this will be the ultimate decision, the final Armageddon battle so far as this question is concerned. Nor is this a question that relates to liberty alone. Every element of our Christian civilization is involved to a greater or less degree. Two elements are com-

prised, says Guizot in his profound work, in the great fact which we call civilization, — two circumstances are necessary to its existence; it lives upon two conditions; it reveals itself by two symptoms, — the progress of society, the progress of individuals; the amelioration of the social system, the expansion of the mind and faculties of man. But who does not know that slavery admits of no amelioration? All social ameliorations are diametrically opposed to and at war with it; and, as to any expansion of the mind or the faculties of man, the second great element of civilization, the laws of slave States forbidding the instruction of slaves attest how far they are compatible. Slavery is not a relic, but an essential element and condition, of barbarism; a state of society of which every community by which it is to be ruled must partake more or less. This is a truth amply illustrated by the history of nations in the past, by none more strikingly than by our own in the present. The banishment of free colored people from Alabama, the bills which have passed the Legislature of Missouri to the same effect, the banishment of the Rev. John Fee and his co-laborers from Kentucky, the imprisonment of the Rev. Mr. North, and similar instances, prove this assertion. The last session of our National Congress has demonstrated incontestably that slavery is wholly incompatible with all refinement, and that, although there doubtless may be exceptions, its general tendency is to produce a class of coarse, cowardly ruffians unfit for the society of Christian gentlemen. The drunkenness, the billingsgate, the bullying, the blackguardism, that have prevailed on one side of the House, are the proofs. The Smiths, the Pryors, the 'Barksdales, are

the personal illustrations of what I say. These are the powers that be ordained of God, according to our modern lower-law divines, to whom obedience and respect are due for conscience' sake, at whose instigation we are liable to be dragged from our peaceful homes, as Mr. Hyatt was, and immured in a reeking prison. Need I say that it is the question of our common morals and Christianity? Let no man object that I am speaking about what I do not understand. I know whereof I affirm. I have stood upon the soil accursed by its hateful presence. I have studied it, sir, in this its moral and religious aspect, by observation and conversation both with master and slave. I have no words to frame the sentence which would express the moral pollution which is a part and parcel of the infamous system. The half has not been told, never will be told, and cannot be. Take into the account that there are four millions of human beings who have no law of marriage; that they are subject to the will of irresponsible masters, many of whom are the vilest of the vile; that the process of demoralization has been going forward since the first existence of the institution, — and you may form some idea of what the condition of morals must be in these Southern States. If Sodom and Gomorrah were deeper in moral pollution, surely the judgments of an avenging God did not descend before they were ripe for destruction. In no other land, I venture to affirm, upon which the sun ever shone, have so many offences smelling to heaven been committed in the same period. I am aware that these statements are directly in the teeth of those which are constantly affirmed by men occupying high places in the land, and I intend

that they should be. There is no subject upon which truth is so easily accessible, none upon which there is so much open and unblushing lying; for this is the word that expresses it precisely. If I am asked why our Adamses and Primes, *et id omne genus*, so openly declare the contrary, I can only reply that God, who knows the heart, can alone tell; that one thing I do know, that they belong to one of two classes, — the deceivers or the deceived. Byron, I believe it was, divided mankind into two classes, — the borers and the bored. Whether these men are the dupers or the duped, I leave you to determine. Of one thing I am quite sure, your common sense will decide, apart from any testimony upon the subject, that human nature must be very different in the South from what it is in the North, or the state of society is not of that primeval innocence which they represent it to be.

But not only are these its legitimate fruits where it actually exists, but it has given to this nation a new code of morals and another gospel. I am aware, Mr. Chairman, that expediency has been the law of national action in the past and in the present. A nation which, in its national capacity, even professes to be governed by the principles of an immutable morality, the world has yet to see; no Christian nation has ever existed upon the face of the earth; no one exists now that has the slightest claim to such a title: but yet, sir, there is no one with which I am acquainted, in which public men trample so ruthlessly upon the laws of God; no one in which they openly and unblushingly avow such doctrines of devils as in this; no other in which the highest judicial authority would declare of any class of

men that they have no rights which other men were not bound to respect; no one in which a man would be a prominent candidate for the highest office in its gift, whose one open and avowed and apparently, if we are to judge from its frequent iteration, only principle is, that this government was made for white men, and not for black; the only one, I think, in which men will swear to a Constitution which, themselves being judges, binds them to violate God's law, while at the same time they would not obey it did the emergency arise. In fine, sir, if there be any nation more thoroughly demoralized, I do not know where to find it. Not in the Spanish Cortes in the times of Cortez and Pizarro, not in the English Star Chamber in the days of Henry and Mary, not in the Privy Council in the times of Charles or James, were such atrocious sentiments uttered as those which the halls of the American Congress have heard within the last few sessions. What crime, comparable to the slave-trade, already decreed piracy by all civilized nations, could any statesman possibly advocate? what decision comparable in atrocity to the Dred Scott decision, could any court issue? — yet, in our halls of legislation, the infernal traffic has its open, unblushing advocates. We wonder that they can look upon the light of day after such utterances: what shall be the measure of our astonishment when we hear that they are within the halls of legislation, in the very chamber of the Senate, and the tribunals of Justice?

These things are not done in a corner, but in the open light of the nation's observation. The proof, sir, is upon almost every page that records the deliberations of our great national councils, — not merely avowed, but

acted upon, and the national sanction in many instances obtained; where that is not possible, its connivance secured. To such lengths has this demoralization proceeded, that we appear to have lost all sense of right and wrong, to have forgotten that there is a God that judgeth, and, like hardened criminals, to boast of our shame.

And what people is it, sir, that slavery has dragged down into this depth of national iniquity, this Gehenna of abominations, this Dead Sea of moral obliquity and indifference to all the principles of justice, and of open rebellion against God and the requirements of his law? A Protestant nation sprung from a Puritan ancestry; the noblest, sir, in many respects, upon the face of the earth; apart from this foul abomination, the freest and most enlightened upon which the bright sun shines in his course; one which, if it can but succeed in throwing off this mighty incubus, may yet mount to the highest pitch of national grandeur and glory, and subserve the most important purposes in the mighty march of our race to its destined regeneration.

Its effects upon the religion of the land are most disastrous. It has polluted the very fountains of divine truth, obtruded its hateful presence into the sanctuary of God, and, like another abomination of desolation, stands where it ought not. If there is any one thing for which, as a professing Christian member and minister in the Church of Christ, I more detest and loathe this odious system which is all hateful and loathsome to my soul, than another, it is for the injury and wrong which it has done, and is doing, to the cause of Christianity. Not content with trampling upon the rights of men, and out-

raging all sense of truth and justice, it must needs pervert the word of God to its unholy purposes, and, by a metamorphosis more hideous than ever entered the imagination of the poet, transform that organization established for other ends, into one of the strongholds of its dark dominion, and unfurl the black flag of death upon those battlements from which should float the banner of the cross.

I have no time to enter into this vast field that opens before me here. I enter into no argument with any class of men as to personal feelings. God forbid. I have no ground of hope but one, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." But, sir, I have to say that I believe in a Bible inspired of God, from the first chapter of Genesis to the last of Revelation, in which there is not the slightest sanction expressed or implied of a system so iniquitous and atrocious as the one with which we contend; a Bible in which oppression in all its forms is condemned as sin, inherently sinful, exceedingly sinful, meriting the wrath and curse of God, both in this life and in that which is to come; a Bible, sir, which if accepted as it ought to be, as the supreme law of this land and of all lands, would abolish slavery at once, and sink it like a mill-stone in the sea, never to rise again. I believe, sir, in a divine Saviour, God manifest in the flesh, the object of whose mission was to procure deliverance to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound, not figuratively, not spiritually alone, but really and actually, to break down the middle walls of partition, and to teach the absolute equality of all men in the sight of God.

I embrace, sir, a system of faith, of doctrine, whose corner-stone is this: "God hath made of one blood all nations of men." In fine, sir, I believe in a Christianity fundamentally, diametrically opposed to this iniquity in all its parts, and which is in deadly conflict with it, and which will not turn back until the battle is fought, and fought out, and the victory won.

If there be any system which embraces opposite principles, any organization which admits slaveholders within its pale, I deny to the one the name of Christianity, to the other the name of church; and I denounce as infidels of the worst stamp those who are guilty of such diabolical and monstrous perversions. The voice of God thunders in my ears, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing." From my very heart of hearts I say, "My soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united."

Nor am I alone in this; and I wish to call attention to this great fact, one to which sufficient prominence, in my judgment, is not given, and which, in the sweeping denunciations of the Church, Abolitionists frequently appear, at least, to ignore. To say nothing of Wesleyans and Free-will Baptists, there are Presbyterian bodies numbering more than seven hundred ministers who have made slavery a term of communion, and who have no ecclesiastical fellowship with slaveholders.

There are bodies in this land arrogating to themselves the name of churches, claiming to be recognized as Christian, who have again and again resolved that they will do nothing to redeem and purify themselves from this sin. There are churches in this city whose pastors,

and this, too, in a missionary meeting, openly declared that they had bought and sold slaves, and would do so again under the circumstances. One of those conservative men, who so gratuitously volunteered his advice last fall in the exciting times, had his pockets lined with some forty thousand dollars, — the price of blood. Call these organizations what you will; call these men, as I do, infidels of the worst stamp, but do not, because of them and their gross perversions of God's truth and ordinances, denounce the Church of Christ, that he has purchased with his own blood, which has been the great bulwark of freedom against which the waves of earthly might have rolled and been broken, and which lives to-day to utter a live and solemn protest against this gigantic sin, both in this land and in other lands.

I was present, not long since, in a so-called religious assembly in this city, which refused to condemn mercenary slaveholding as a sin by a vote of ninety-one to eighty-nine, in which a prominent member arose, and uttered sentiments that would have been appropriate to a slave-factory on the coast of Africa. The name of minister cannot cloak the principles of the pirate, the designation of church cannot sanctify a synagogue of Satan. I only ask that things be called by their right names, and that such assemblies and such men be not tried under a false name, and the thing condemned because of the horrible misnomer.

I wish to demonstrate that a man can be a member of the church, and yet as thoroughly and radically anti-slavery as the honored president of this Society himself. I would throw the shield of defence before no man and no class of men who do plant themselves fairly and squarely

in opposition to this sum of all villanies. I only wish them to be rightly described, and that it should be understood that they are not the church. But, sir, for the honor of this Bible which I revere, by the love I bear to the cause of Christ, I protest against any one connecting in any way these holy and sacred instrumentalities of beneficence and mercy to our fallen race with this foul and infamous system of wrong.

And, sir, it is nothing more than even-handed justice that it should be understood as a fact, which these pro-slavery organizations must studiously attempt to conceal, that there is a large body of professing Christians — I use this word in its ordinary sense, for persons connected with churches — who are not only opposed to slavery, but who will hold no ecclesiastical fellowship with it; although, at the same time, this I must confess, that they have not been so active and energetic and determined in their opposition and their aggression as they ought to have been.

In all this I shall not be understood either as casting reflections, or undertaking the defence of this Society; its enemies understand well the old Spanish proverb, "Throw plenty of dirt, some of it will stick:" but, sir, I know of no class of men better able to take care of themselves, and needing less any defence from me. All that is said of the great mass of those who style themselves Christians and gospel ministers, is but too true; and never can their recreancy to the cause of freedom be sufficiently condemned. When I see it closing the mouths of able men, and in many respects noble men, with this incessant and infamous clamor about political preaching, which every one knows means preaching

against slavery; when I see such papers as "The Presbyterian" and "The Observer" and "Intelligencer" blessing God in one column, and cursing man in the next, glozing over this infernal system with honeyed words, and holding up the abettors and perpetrators as the very patterns of excellence and piety, the very salt of the earth, the chiefest to be admired, esteemed, and their words gall and wormwood when they speak of anti-slavery and anti-slavery men; when I see journals like "The Independent" refusing to pronounce it a "*malum in se*," and joining in the common cry of curs against Dr. Cheever, apparently lest they should outrun the anti-slavery sentiment of a few hundred readers, or, perchance, lose capital in the American Board or the Tract Society; when I see such mighty sons of Ephraim as the pastor of the Plymouth Church, who, although lacking neither bows nor arrows, turns back faint-hearted in the day of battle, trimming until rebuked by one of his own members, and chastised by "The Tribune" for failing as a moral teacher, — although I find this apology for him, he has not, like Cyrus, two souls, a religious one and a political one, one for the stump, and one for the pulpit, and the latter could not outrun the former, — when I see all this and a thousand-fold more of which I could speak, shall I not hate this system, and oppose it by every means in my power? When Lafayette was in the French Chamber of Deputies, the right was appropriated to the Republicans; and he took his seat on the extreme right, to show that he was a Republican of the very first water. If, sir, there is any place in the army opposed to slavery that would show a more determined hostility to it than another, that is

the spot which I would desire to occupy: give me my seat there.

Now, Mr. Chairman, is there any rational and true man who can look at all this and not be astonished at the condition of things? It is not because Douglas broke down the Missouri Compromise, however perfidious and impolitic that may have been; not because the country has departed from the principles of the founders of the government, however wide the aberration here may be; not because the North is full of fanatics, and the South of fire-eaters, who will not be satisfied to let things alone, — not one nor all of these combined, but the great fact that we cherish a system at war with all laws of natural justice, opposed to the whole spirit and tendency of this upward panting and moving age, violative to every precept of God's law, and one which, consequently, is not fit, and in his Providence will not be permitted, to exist.

For all this, there is but one remedy, — a remedy not to be found in political compromise, nor to be found in the principles as yet of any political party; a remedy not to be obtained by the election of a Republican President, or the reconstruction of the Supreme Court, or the exclusion of slavery from the Territories, or bringing back the administration of the government to the principles of Washington or Jefferson or Madison, or those of any other man, or set of men, that lives. The only remedy is to get rid of the mischief, pluck out this right eye, cut off this right hand, purge out the iniquity, proclaim liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants, break every yoke under the heavy burdens, let the oppressed go free, strike the chains from every captive,

obey the divine injunction, and compel every master to give to his servants that which is just and equal. This, and this alone, can say to this storm, Peace; to these angry waves, Be still.

Revolutions never go back; and the one in whose midst we evidently are, will not, until this grand consummation has been reached. Genuine anti-slavery men will be satisfied with nothing short of this; and this God, who is the common Father of all his children, will not. These battles of platforms, these Kansas conflicts, these squatter sovereignty disputes, these inquisitorial committees, Hyatt imprisonments, and Sanborn arrests, these Virginia hangings, are but the first great days that precede the storm, outpost skirmishes. The deluge is yet to come: the Malakoff is yet to be assaulted and taken. Let the politicians, if they choose, fight out these side-issues: genuine Abolitionists cannot waste their ammunition upon them, but must direct their artillery against the main fortress itself.

But what good will all your talking do? we are often asked, not so frequently now as formerly. Why, sir, it is my trade to talk. Perhaps I therefore appreciate it more highly than I should: but, so far as I am able to discover, all the good that has ever been done in the world, has been done by talks; and I do not know of any giant system of guilt and wickedness which has ever disappeared from the world but has been talked out of existence. So, sir, will it be with this: the incessant agitation the Abolitionists have kept up for twenty-five years, and which they design, God helping them, to continue until the end, has been and is the most powerful instrumentality that God has employed against slavery; and

while they have the co-operation of so able and widely circulated a paper as "The Herald" to disseminate their doctrines all through the South, assisted by "The Times" at the North, I do not think they are in any danger of special discouragement.

But, sir, with what weapons do we propose to conduct this warfare? With such as are employed in all great moral conflicts, weapons which, although not carnal, are yet mighty through God to the pulling down of the strongholds of oppression. Every man has his own sphere of activity and influence, — not one which does not feel the effects of this baleful system, not one in which we are excluded from participation in the conflict with it, but a sphere in which he is to act, and where his influence is to be exerted, and will be felt.

Are you, and must you be, a politician, exert your utmost influence that all the power of your party is directed against it, and support only such men as have principles diametrically opposed to this system; and having them, like Mr. Lovejoy of Illinois, dare maintain them. Were I a Republican, he would be my candidate for the Presidency. I would have none of your Edward Bateses, or John McLeans, or Fessendens. Labor to bring it up to the high moral position which in the end will be the great element of its political strength, and without which it must pine like the two great parties which have been so recently wrecked, unseaworthy and useless when fronting the storm.

Are you a merchant? be a man, trade with the South as with others, but let the world know that your goods are for sale, and not your principles. Keep no clerks to break up meetings of an anti-slavery tendency; keep

away from Union meetings of all kinds, except Union prayer-meetings, and from them, too, if they do not permit you to pray for the slave. When writing receipts for funds, especially to ladies, steer clear of religio-politico homilies, and, if you are a New-York merchant, endeavor to elevate the moral tone of that portion of them whose ignoble subserviency to the truth during the past winter has brought upon them a disgrace which it will require many years of repentance and good conduct to wipe out. I have some feeling of tolerance for a regular hotspur of the South, who goes the whole system, slave-trade and all: he inspires me, sir, with a feeling of admiration akin to that with which we contemplate Milton's Devil. An old Hunker Democrat is measurably endurable; right or wrong, he goes for his party; there is a kind of pluck in him that sticks at nothing. He goes the Devil provided that he is the nominee; and this may be said to his credit,— he will almost always help the runaway. But your Union slave, your regular out-and-out flunky, your Gerards at the bar, and your Bethunes in the pulpit, from such may the good Lord deliver us!

Are you an editor? let every sheet that you scatter to the winds go far forth with oracles of liberty and hope to the oppressed, acting under the responsibility of one who has in his hand the lever of the mightiest moral engine of the age, and on whose words perhaps the destiny of a nation depends; let your trumpet ring loudest, clearest, in the very front of the hosts of freedom; clear out the morals of the community, and take part in the emancipation of your country from this thraldom which draws her life-blood, and crushes her energies of power and of beneficence.

Are you a minister? strive to free the Bible from the incubus of false interpretations and applications, the Church from all participation in this foulest of conspiracies against her honor and purity; blast this gigantic evil with the lightnings, and scatter it with the fires, of Jehovah's judgments as they are revealed in the Scriptures against it; cease not to labor and pray for the emancipation of the oppressed.

If you do not like the manner in which Dr. Cheever does it, do it in your own way. Let your voice be heard for freedom; let it not go forth to the world that there is but one anti-slavery Church in New York; let not Mr. Wendell Phillips have it to say, that the New-York pulpit is one end of the telegraph of which the New-Orleans slave and cotton market is the other.

In fine, whatever your position in life, fight; whatever your weapons, use them; stand no longer apart in despair, but fall on, as old John Bunyan says, with might and main, with the old battle-cry of the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, and the victory is sure. Slavery has no right to exist. *Carthago delenda est.*

Mr. Chairman, we have the sympathies of the world with us: every cold-blooded defender of the system is sure to sneer about sympathy and sentimentality; they fear its power. I would not give much for a cause that had not the sympathies of the noble and the good with it. That system is in a dangerous condition that has them against it. I would open the flood-gates of the heart, and let this mighty flow of sympathy flow in all its power, assured that by this, slavery must be swept away. No power on earth, however strongly fortified, is able to withstand the continuous beating of the human heart.

I would appeal to the sense of national justice written with the finger of God upon the hearts of men, engraved so deeply that all the floods of sin cannot wash it out; the principle of which the great apostle of the Gentiles speaks, — these having not the law, are a law unto themselves; principles, sir, common to all men, more enduring than if written with pen of iron and lead in the rock forever.

I would appeal to the Word of the Living God that liveth and endureth forever, which denounces that sin of oppression in all forms as opposed to the will of God, in direct opposition to his judgment, and which demands the fulfilment of all those requirements which he imposes upon all men as rational beings, and as personally responsible at his bar.

We have every thing upon our side, — the sympathies of the human heart, the sense of national justice among men, the Word of the Living God, the mighty onward march of his own government which is working to the freedom of our race, — and are cheered by all the promises of the Lord, and the light of the ages beginning already to illuminate the tops of these years, to encourage us in the great conflict with this system of iniquity and wrong.

"Jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain-tops," the light is streaming over the eastern hills; and already we hail the hour when man that is but sprung of earth shall cease to oppress his brother, when oppression shall no more be heard in the land, wasting nor destruction in her borders, but when liberty shall be proclaimed throughout all the land to all the inhabitants. O such ages, hasten onward!

THE CHARACTER AND INFLUENCE OF ABOLITIONISM.

"*Open thy mouth for the dumb in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction.*" — PROV. xxxi. 8.

"*Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them.*" — HEB. xiii. 3.

"*Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal.*" — COL. iv. 1.

THE passages which I have read, and many others scattered throughout the pages of Scripture thick as stars in the galaxy, furnish a sufficient warrant for calling your attention to a remarkable discourse which I propose to pass under review to-night.[1] "When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him" (Isa. lix. 19). "I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night: ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence" (Isa. lxii. 6).

Were the author of the discourse some obscure or eccentric individual, without position and without character, we might pass it by in silence, leaving it to the scorn of the Christian world and the oblivion to which

[1] Review of a discourse by the Rev. Henry I. Van Dyke of Brooklyn, on The Character and Influence of Abolitionism. Preached Dec. 23, 1860, in the Third Reformed Presbyterian Church, and Jan. 6, 1861, in the Church of the Pilgrims, New York.

it must ultimately be consigned. When we consider, however, that he is a minister, said to be a man of intellect and culture, pastor of a large and respectable congregation in a neighboring city, occupying an important and responsible position in a religious denomination which is one of the most powerful and influential in the country, the cause of truth and righteousness demands a different mode of treatment. We are to remember also that the principles which he advocates are those of the Old-School Presbyterian Church, with which he is connected; that his sentiments, however abhorrent to all Christian feeling, are thundered from hundreds of pulpits sabbath after sabbath by men who are the chosen moral and religious teachers of the people, men, too, by no means contemptible or to be despised.

It may be said that I do injustice when I charge upon an ecclesiastical body the sentiments of a solitary individual connected with it. To this I reply that the Rev. Mr. Van Dyke claims that these are the principles of the Church, and no one has ventured to deny the claim. I hold in my hand a volume compiled of articles selected from "The Princeton Review," the acknowledged organ of the Old-School Church. There are in this book two articles, one entitled "Abolitionism," being a review of certain speeches and discourses of Old-School ministers in favor of slavery; the other entitled "Slavery," being a review of the work of Dr. Channing upon that subject. These articles, from the pen of the justly distinguished Dr. Hodge, state the principles of the Old-School Presbyterian Church on this question, and have never been repudiated. Of these articles Mr. Van Dyke's sermon is virtually a reproduction, a kind of echo, rather a faint

and feeble one too, as compared with the masculine vigor of the original. I do not assert that it is a plagiarism or a copy; but I do assert that it is all here, in this book, even to the quotations from Dr. Channing and the attacks upon Dr. Wayland; that all the principal points, definitions, and arguments are taken from these articles; that Mr. Van Dyke has put on another man's coat, after brushing it up, and slightly altering the fashion to suit the times. This substantiates his own claim and my charge, that he speaks the received sentiments of the Church. It may be replied that the opinions of the Church have greatly changed since these articles appeared. I have no doubt a change has commenced and is progressing in that body. I have seen not a few signs which indicate such a change in it; although I have sometimes feared for it, as some one said of "The New-York Observer," that it would be the last thing converted previous to the millennium. Doubtless, there are many in its membership and ministry who heartily repudiate such views; but it so happens that these persons are never heard, while those who speak are upon the other side. But again I ask, will any prominent minister of this city rebuke or oppose Mr. Van Dyke? Will "The Princeton Review" acknowledge its sins of twenty-four and sixteen years ago, and condemn such sentiments? Will the "Presbyterian"? Will any minister, magazine, journal, or review, having any acknowledged right to speak the mind of the Church, give such a deliverance? I pause for a reply.

When Professor Hitchcock, some two or three years since, was reported as entertaining views of interpre-

tation at variance with the received doctrines of the orthodox upon that subject, the Rev. Mr. Van Dyke was the first to sound the alarm, to warn parents who had committed their daughters to the educational influences of the Packer Institute,[1] of the dangerous heresies being instilled into their unsuspecting minds by the attractive lectures of the distinguished professor of Union Theological Seminary.

The man whose soul was disquieted by a rumor that unorthodox views concerning the Book of Genesis were being presented to a score or two of young ladies in the class-room of a female college, preaches to a full house on a sabbath evening, and permits to be published in a widely circulated journal on Monday morning, and afterwards revises, in order that it may be printed in pamphlet form, and scattered by thousands over the country, a sermon in which he declares American slavery to be a divine institution, authorized of God, warranted by his Word, and sanctioned by the Saviour of the world.

Had this gentleman preached an indefinite atonement, denied the doctrine of decrees, of election, of future punishment, of the perseverance of the saints, or any other embodied in our Confession of Faith, he would have been libelled for heresy, and compelled to recant, or else have been deposed, and forced to demit his pastoral charge. But when he preaches, as God's truth, what Lord Brougham calls "the wild and guilty fantasy that man can hold property in man;" defends from the Scriptures what the Rev. Dr. Breckinridge, looking a Louisville audience in the face, pronounced

[1] Packer Institute is a large seminary for young ladies in Brooklyn.

"the most atrocious system upon which the sun ever shone," — what Wesley defines as "the sum of all villanies," — nobody rebukes the blasphemy: nay, so far from being condemned, he is applauded, and loses neither jot nor tittle of the respect and esteem in which he is held by his co-workers in the ministry. What wonder that infidelity abounds, that profane wits sneer at professed orthodoxy, and that the way of truth is evil spoken of!

We must remember that this is the hour of one of the sternest conflicts between despotism and liberty which the world has ever witnessed, — an hour in which mighty scales hang poised in even balance. While the friends of freedom in all lands stand, with anxious eyes and palpitating hearts, awaiting the issue, it is proposed to decide this contest by throwing some thousands of copies of this sermon upon the side of tyranny.

Mr. O'Conor, at a treasonable meeting held somewhere down town the other day, informed the South that their dangers did not arise from the politicians, the political parties, or the press, but from the conscientious convictions of the sober, serious, and religious masses of the North, who had been taught, and who firmly believe, that slavery is a crime and a sin. With an artless simplicity which, in such a quarter, is beautiful and refreshing, he asks the Southern hotspurs to stay their treasonable hands, and afford time to the North to correct its false opinions: this, he considers, can easily be accomplished by means of various agencies, chief among which he mentions the preaching of Mr. Van Dyke, "*et id genus omne.*"

Approaching the discourse more nearly, we must at

the outset give Mr. Van Dyke the credit of candor in his general statement of the question. He plants himself fairly and squarely upon the ground that slavery is right. Such a man, however, much as we may detest his principles, or object to his mode of defending them, commands respect for the boldness of his position, and the honesty with which he states it; while your thorough-bred time-server, who always begins, "I am as much opposed to slavery as any one, but — but," and then closes with his mean abuse of anti-slavery men and anti-slavery parties, with whining cant about the ameliorating influences of the gospel, and an appeal to the Bible argument, deserves and receives nothing but sovereign contempt.

The first thing which arrests attention is our author's definition of abolitionism. He says, almost copying the words of the "Review," "By abolitionism we mean the measures and principles of Abolitionists. And what," he continues, "is an Abolitionist? He is one who believes that slaveholding is sin, and ought, therefore, to be abolished." "Regardless of consequences," says the "Review;" but Mr. Van Dyke, more candid, and assuming broader ground, omits this qualification. He goes on, "This is the fundamental, the essential characteristic of abolitionism, — that slaveholding is sin; that holding men in involuntary servitude is an infringement upon the rights of man, a heinous crime in the sight of God. A man may believe on political or commercial grounds, that slavery is an undesirable system, and that slave-labor is not the most profitable; he may have various views as to the rights of slaveholders under the Constitution of the country; he may think

this or that law upon the statute-books of the Southern States is wrong, — but this does not constitute him an Abolitionist. To be entitled to this name, he must believe '*that slaveholding is morally wrong.*'" Here we have it (the Italics are his own): abolitionism is the belief "that slaveholding is morally wrong." With a candor which cannot be too highly extolled, with a fulness of statement which leaves nothing to be desired, avoiding all subtle distinctions about "*malum in se*" and such like equivocations, he comes directly to the point, and pronounces every man an Abolitionist who believes slavery to be morally wrong. Scorning all distinctions of theory and practice on this great question, putting in the same category John Brown and Henry Ward Beecher, Garrison and Seward, Phillips and Lincoln, grouping together Garrisonians, radical Abolitionists, political Abolitionists, gradual Emancipationists, and Republicans, he stamps all with the same brand, "Abolitionists," writes this same superscription over all, and proceeds to denounce them as covenant-breakers, haters of God, and foes to the best interests of human society.

At this point our admiration of Mr. Van Dyke's candor must, unfortunately, cease. It would call me entirely too far from the main question to enter into a critical examination of all his authorities. I stop only to say that I do not accept the interpretation which Mr. Barnes[1] gives of Mr. Van Dyke's text, for reasons hereafter to be stated; and I repudiate Dr. Wayland's explanation of the supposed silence of Christ. I cannot omit, however, to notice the disingenuous use which Mr. Van Dyke makes of McKnight, of whom he says,

[1] Rev. Albert Barnes, author of Notes on the New Testament.

"Let me quote another testimony on this point, from an eminent Scotch divine. I mean Dr. McKnight, *whose Exposition of the Epistles is a standard work in Great Britain and this country, and whose associations must exempt him from all suspicion of pro-slavery prejudice.*" As to the standard character of Dr. McKnight's work, hear the celebrated Robert Haldane, in the appendix to his great work upon Romans, p. 760, Carter's edition. "In reverting in the foregoing exposition, to the fundamental heresies of Mr. Stuart, I have also pointed out, in various places, the *deeply heretical character* of Dr. McKnight's Commentary, and have stated enough to draw the attention of the reader to the errors of that *very dangerous* and *unsound* commentator. Dr. McKnight's work on the Epistles has probably done more *extensive mischief* in this country, than any other that can be named. His 'audacious heterodoxy,' as it is termed in 'The Presbyterian Review' of May, 1836, and daring perversions of the word of God, have been most pernicious."

I am aware that one man's orthodoxy is another man's heterodoxy; but I am now speaking to an Old-School Presbyterian who will not venture to deny or controvert this opinion of McKnight, as expressed by Robert Haldane. But Mr. Van Dyke is yet more disingenuous in his assertion that McKnight's associations must exempt him from all suspicion of pro-slavery prejudice: such a declaration might with equal justice be made concerning the Rev. Gardiner Spring, D.D., of this city, or Dr. Thornwell of South Carolina. McKnight was born, be it remembered, in 1721, and died in 1800, — a period in which "pro-slavery prejudice"

was as prevalent in the churches of Great Britain as it is now in the churches of the United States; his commentaries were published in 1795; and although Wilberforce and Clarkson had been at work ten years to get the African slave-trade abolished when his book was published, he did not find it in his heart to say one word in favor of their cause.

Yet Mr. Van Dyke attempts to carry back the present anti-slavery sentiment of the Scotch divines and attach it to a man who died seven years before the slave-trade was abolished, and thirty-four years before the accomplishment of West-India emancipation, and who, so far as I know, never wrote a single word in condemnation of slavery, or in favor of emancipation.

His first proposition is stated in these words: "Abolitionism" (the belief that slavery is morally wrong) "has no foundation in the Scriptures." Passing the patriarchal age, and for some unaccountable reason omitting the beautiful and powerful argument which the apologists of the "patriarchal institution" have been accustomed to draw from the three hundred and eighteen trained and armed servants of Abraham, to say nothing of the curse pronounced upon Canaan, he comes at once to the law of Moses, quotes the usual passages, omits with oblivious indifference all the explanations which the great scholars on our side have given of these laws, sets up a man or two of straw, knocks them down as easily as a boy his ninepins, asserts that God sanctioned slaveholding, that all the Abolitionists in the world will not make him believe that God ever sanctioned sin, and that, therefore, slavery is not sinful. To this I reply by a direct contradiction of the premise, and a denial that

God sanctioned slavery under the theocracy, or that slavery ever existed there except in direct violation of his law and will. This I proceed to substantiate, not by assertion, but by arguments patent to every understanding.

In the first place, there is no word in the Hebrew language for slave, none for slavery. There is a word for servant, and one for servitude, but no word like our word slavery, denoting a condition of involuntary servitude; no specific term that expresses that form of relation between man and man. It may be replied that absence of the word does not imply the negation of the thing: there is no such word as slave in the law technically called the "Fugitive-slave Law," yet no one denies that slaves are meant. We do not, however, rest the argument upon the mere absence of the word from a particular document, but from the entire language. Had slavery been a divine institution, as Mr. Van Dyke argues, surely there would have been a word to express the idea specifically. The fact that there is no such word, is a strong presumption that there was no such thing.

In the second place, there is no account in the Old Testament of any permission for the sale by one person to another, of a third who was allowed no voice nor will in the transaction: no such transaction is recorded. On the contrary, all such traffic in human flesh, in "slaves and souls of men," was absolutely prohibited. It never was attempted except in direct violation of the law, and never failed to bring down upon the people the withering curse of Heaven. There was no purchase of men, except from themselves, by voluntary contract for

a specified sum, for a definite time, known and agreed upon by the parties. There were no slave-hunts in other countries for a supply of servants. There was not a single barracoon on the borders. There were no slave-pens in the cities, no auction-blocks upon which men, women, and children might be placed, and sold to the highest bidder in the land. You might have passed through all the tribes from Dan to Beersheba without ever meeting a coffle of slaves.

In the third place, the special statute designed to prevent this crime, "He that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death," forever brands with the stamp of God's reprobation and curse American slavery, and rendered the practice of such an iniquity in the Jewish commonwealth impossible. The law does not read, He that stealeth a slave and selleth him, nor he that stealeth a servant even and selleth him, but, He that stealeth a *man*. It was the crime of stealing a man from himself, of removing him from a condition of freedom to a condition of bondage, as our slaves were stolen in the first instance from Africa, against which this law was directed, — the very grossest outrage that can be perpetrated on humanity, a crime in God's sight of the deepest dye, and therefore adjudged worthy of the severest punishment known to the divine law, namely death. Dare Mr. Van Dyke deny this? So have said all the churches, — his own included, in its testimony of 1801, previous to its enlightenment and sanctification by the price of cotton, sugar, and tobacco. So have all the civilized nations of the world agreed, by declaring the foreign slave-trade *murder* and *piracy*, words all too mild to

express the enormity of its guilt. There was no such crime as slave-stealing known in Israel, for the simple reason that there were no slaves to steal. However criminal helping a man to freedom may be, it is not forbidden in the divine Word. On the contrary, as we shall presently learn, something like it is highly commended. But the crime of man-stealing was known in the heathen nations round about Israel; and against the practice of such an enormity, God guarded his chosen people by the fiery sword of this express and unqualified enactment. Can any man deny that American slavery originated in man-stealing? If so, does it not stand condemned and cursed in its very root, by the law of that God whose judgment is according to truth? Moreover, as if the Spirit designed to anticipate all subterfuges, it is added, "If he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death." Had it been made for our system, and designed to meet the argument with which it is attempted to be supported, it could not have been more specific.

How many transfers, then, I ask, in the name of all that is sacred, does it require to transform this vice into a virtue? this crime against which the judgments of Heaven are denounced, into a grand missionary enterprise, and its practice into the highest exercise of a heavenly beneficence and piety? "Nobody pretends any thing of this kind," replies some well-meaning individual, about forty years behind the present stage of the controversy: "the Southern people would be glad to get rid of their slaves, if they could, but do not know what to do with them."

I hold in my hand the discourse of Dr. Palmer of

New Orleans, delivered on Thanksgiving Day, a man of whom Mr. Van Dyke says, "that his soul is knit to him with the sympathy of Jonathan for David." From this discourse he quotes a long passage in a foot-note to the pamphlet edition of his sermon, with high approval. Here are the closing sentences: "My servant, whether born in my house or bought with my money, stands to me in the relation of a child. Though providentially owing me service, which providentially I am *bound* to exact, he is, nevertheless, my brother and my friend; and I am to him a guardian and a father. He leans upon me for protection, for counsel, and for blessing" (especially the blessing!); "and, so long as the relation continues, no power but the power of Almighty God shall come between him and me." Here is another passage from the same discourse, which Mr. Van Dyke does *not* quote: "This argument which sweeps over the entire circle of our relations, touches the four cardinal points of duty *to ourselves*, *to our slaves*, *to the world*, *and to Almighty God*. It establishes the nature and solemnity of our present trust, to *preserve and transmit our existing system of domestic servitude*, *with the right unchallenged by man*, *to go and root itself wherever Providence and nature may carry it*." This chivalrous sentence from New Orleans, bristling with Dr. Palmer's own Italics, seems to have been rather uncourageously omitted by his enthusiastic friend on Brooklyn Heights. "This trust," he adds, "we will discharge in the face of the worst possible peril. Though war be the aggregation of all evils, yet should the madness of the hour appeal to the arbitration of the sword, we will not shrink, even from the baptism of fire. If modern crusaders stand in

serried ranks upon some plain of Esdraelon, there shall we be in defence of our trust. Not till the last man has fallen behind the last rampart, shall it drop from our hands; and then only in surrender to the God who gave it." Well done, Dr. Palmer! Here is the exhibition of a courage second only to the piety which may reasonably be supposed to characterize one who has been called to the pastorate of one of the largest, wealthiest, and most influential churches in this city; also to the important post of assisting in the education of the rising ministry of the Old-School church in Princeton. Mr. Van Dyke, with characteristic modesty, charges abolitionism with being not only a fanatical, but a bloody, spirit; and almost in the same breath declares that his soul is knit, like the soul of Jonathan to David, to this modern "Peter the Hermit," who declares a crusade of blood for the purpose of carrying slavery, not only into all the Territories of the United States, but into all parts of the habitable world.

In the fourth place, the law for the fugitive rendered involuntary servitude in the Hebrew commonwealth impossible. "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee: he shall dwell with thee, even among you, in that place which he shall choose in one of thy gates, where it liketh him best: thou shalt not oppress him." This law, as explicit as it is humane and merciful, guarded against the tyranny of masters, and gave the sacred right of protection to all under the theocracy. What a contrast to the infernal enactment which disgraces our *Christian* nation! Yet in the face of this benevolent decree of God, this man, professing to stand upon the Mosaic

institutions, calls upon the Northern States to repeal their "liberty bills," in order that he who is flying toil-worn and weary, but with the light of the north star in his eye, and the light of the hope of liberty in his heart, from the prison-house of bondage, may be pursued by the hounds of the law, seized by the strong arm of the civil power, and thrust back into the hell of toil, suffering, and woe, from which he is attempting to escape. Would you do it? Not one of you. Would I? Not though opposed, as Luther said, by as many devils as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses. Would Mr. Van Dyke? No; I do him the honor to believe that he would not, — that his words belie his heart. Try him with the case mentioned the other evening by our eloquent young friend Mr Tilton,[1] — a mother whose hour is near, hastening by flight to a land of liberty, in order that her child may be born, not a slave, but free. No imaginary case. Just such a one occurred under my own roof; although, unfortunately, I was absent at the time. There were those there, however, who knew how to give protection and sympathy. When pressed to stay until her trial should be over, she replied in words which so far surpass the noblest utterances of Roman mothers in pathos and sublimity, that I would scorn to place them in comparison: "I cannot stay. I want my first child to be born in a free land." God bless her, it was born in a free land! Mr. Van Dyke could not stand and say, looking into the eyes of those mothers to whom he ministers sabbath after sabbath, "I would have sent her back." If he should say

[1] Mr. Tilton had delivered a lecture a few evenings before in the Third Reformed Presbyterian Church.

it, who would believe him? If he should have done it, who would not despise him? Yet, what an account that man will have to render who preaches such doctrines in the abstract, or advises that others shall do that which is so contrary to all principles of natural kindness, to say nothing of justice, and so directly in the very teeth of God's express command, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

In the fifth place, the law of the Jubilee rendered slavery impossible among the chosen people: "And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." No limitation, no restriction; the Jubilee was glorious, because it was a proclamation of liberty to *all* without distinction: but, if it had no reference to the foreign-born servant, it would have been a farce, a mockery; for all Hebrew servants went out at any rate by the law of their service. Mr. Van Dyke affirms that there was no Jubilee for the heathen servant, nor for the Hebrew whose ear was bored. The idea, as it relates to the latter, is too absurd to be tolerated for a moment. Is it supposed that any man who possessed common sense would, merely because he loved his master, consign himself, wife, children, and children's children, to the latest generation, to a hopeless bondage? Or that God would have enacted a law which would have permitted such injustice to arise from such folly? The truth is, that the term "forever" in this connection is idiomatic, and means only to the year of Jubilee. The very nature of the regulations as to land and property make this certain. The argument is fully elabo-

rated in the larger works upon this subject. If any thing can be made clear, this has been, that the Jubilee is a proclamation throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof; and that the first notes which pealed from every hill-top of Judæa, on the first morning of this auspicious year, proclaimed to all servants the termination of their servitude. What a moral obliquity does it argue to find a man desirous to construe every passage in which there is room for a doubt, in favor of this atrocity! I do not wonder that a distinguished man said of such characters, that *their* God was *his* devil.

In the sixth place, the whole nature of the covenant which God made with Israel, was for the security of freedom and justice to all, not for the establishment of a hateful tyranny. Mr. Van Dyke says, and says truly, "There was not one slave in all that mighty host who gathered around Mount Sinai to receive the law by which their future institutions were to be moulded." The admission is important: it shows, at least, that if that vast multitude of *slaves* which Abraham possessed, descended to his sons, the stock had by this time run out. But observe what a view this presents of the justice of God. He did not simply permit, did not merely "wink at," this system, but actually ordained it; established it by positive law where it did not exist, — established a trade in slaves in the wilderness, between Israel and heathen nations. The absurdities start up before this assertion like the men of Roderick Dhu in the presence of Fitz James. "Thou shalt neither vex a stranger, nor oppress him: *for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt.*" "Also thou shalt not oppress a

stranger: for ye know *the heart of a stranger, seeing ye were strangers in the land of Egypt.*" "Thou shalt not glean thy vineyard, neither shalt thou gather every grape of thy vineyard; thou shalt leave them for the poor and the *stranger:* I am the Lord your God." "And if a stranger sojourn with thee in your land, ye shall not vex him. But the stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you *as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself;* for ye were strangers in the land of Egypt." We can explain the avowal and advocacy of such sentiments as Mr. Van Dyke's, only by a reference to the blinding nature of a monster iniquity. Such men have been so long accustomed to plead and apologize for slavery, that they are at length absolutely incapable of distinguishing right from wrong, darkness from light, sweet from bitter.

> "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
> As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
> Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

In the seventh place, I do assert, notwithstanding Mr. Van Dyke's disclaimer, that the argument for polygamy, the twin-sister of slavery, is stronger than for slavery. I can assure him that the day is not far distant when his arguments for oppression will be as abhorrent to all right-thinking men, as those of Brigham Young for the accursed system which he has established in Utah. Polygamy was *tolerated*, slavery was not.

In the eighth place, were we to grant all that these men claim for the system which prevailed in the Jewish

commonwealth, they would be as far from having found any justification of American slavery as ever. They must needs show the same divine warrant as they suppose the Jews to have possessed. They must take all the laws and regulations with it; for, in cases of divine authority, it will not do to select: all must go together. But how long would American slavery last under those laws?

They would pierce it through and through in a thousand directions. Their enactment would be equivalent to immediate emancipation. American slavery could not live a day under single enactments relating to Hebrew servitude. Give the American slave about three-sevenths or one-half of his time, as was given to the servants among God's people, and how much would slave-property be worth in the South?

But what sort of slavery is it for which Mr. Van Dyke pleads? He cannot, in accordance with his Presbyterian principles (belief in the unity of the race, descent from Adam, and representation through him), put it on the ground of diversity, color, and inferiority of race. Either of these positions would overthrow his entire system of belief. He knows that God hath made of one blood all nations of men. The logical consequence of his plea, then, is for the enslaving of the white as much as the black; but would he dare to say *this?* What is the ground of right on which he plants himself? This he has not told us. We would be curious to hear an explanation of this point.

But I am asked then, What was the nature of Hebrew servitude? I answer, a voluntary contract entered into between two parties, and only two, upon

the ground of value received and service performed, so hedged about with careful and just enactments that the rights of both parties were fully secured. "Born in the house," "bought with his money," "possession," "inheritance," "possession forever," etc., are idiomatic phrases, and cannot, by any process of philological or critical torture, be made to mean "slavery;" while all the laws and regulations which I have cited, — and I have but glanced at points capable of indefinite expansion, together with many others just as forcible, — make it absolutely certain that no such system did or could exist. Men will not believe, all arguments will not make them believe, and are thankful they are not permitted to believe, that the God of heaven authorized one man to live on the unrequited toil of another. That is injustice: there is a law written upon the heart, and the only effect which such arguments produce is to shake men's faith in the inspiration of the Scriptures. The very light of nature in man gives the lie to all attempts to prove that one man has a right to the labor of another to whom he gives no equivalent. If Mr. Van Dyke pronounces an appeal to the light of nature *infidelity*, he may go and settle it with Paul and the Westminster divines.

We come now to the New Testament. We confess our astonishment that he did not shrink back affrighted at the monstrous character of his assertions and inferences. Slavery, he affirms, was just as common in Judæa in the time of Christ as to-day in South Carolina; that Christ was familiar with the laws of Roman slavery; that no man, having any pretensions to scholarship or candor, would allege that these laws were as

mild as the very *worst* statutes of the slave-codes of modern times; that the Saviour was acquainted with the law that gave the master the power of life and death over his slave, and with all the vast abuses of the system, and that, nevertheless, there is no rebuke or denunciation of the system; that, while all other sins are freely and fully condemned, this is never mentioned but in terms of the utmost respect. Of course, there is but one inference, — he approved. Christ, then, approved a system that gave the master the right to put his slave to death at his pleasure, a system never matched in atrocity except by that prevailing among us, one which the writers of that age mention only to excite abhorrence of a period that could endure such wickedness, one which has called forth the most indignant bursts of condemnation from all modern writers who have treated of that epoch, and which, more than any other cause, perhaps more than all other causes, contributed to the overthrow of the proud fabric of the Roman Empire. It remained for the Christian ministry of this land to find this lowest deep of moral perversion, and to baptize this horror of the centuries with the sanction of Jesus Christ.

It is not difficult to detect the monstrous fallacy of the position. The assumption that slavery existed at that time in Judæa, is wholly gratuitous. The statement is without the shadow of proof. On the contrary, forbidden as it was to Israel, there is every reason to conclude that it did not exist there in any form or degree, and that Christ did not come in contact with a slave during the course of his ministry. Will Mr. Van Dyke tell us what sort of slavery this was which Christ did

not reprove? Roman slavery, he says. What, then, had become of Hebrew servitude? when did it disappear? When did the other atrocious system take its place in Judæa? But who does not see the fallacy of the attempt to sanction from the silence of Christ in the New Testament, a system not only so opposed to all principles of natural justice, but so directly in the face of those tremendous denunciations against oppression in the Old Testament? The sect of the Essenes existed in the time of Christ. Yet they are not even mentioned, no allusion to them either by him or his apostles, except very obscure references to this sect be allowed in one or two passages. Are we therefore to conclude that Christ approved of their perversions of the Scriptures, and their denial of the doctrine of the resurrection? Christ does not mention idolatry: did he therefore approve of idol-worship? He does not once mention or allude to the gladiatorial combats: are they therefore a divine institution? But the *apostles* spoke of these things, says an objector. They spoke nothing of the Essenes, or, at any rate, obscurely, and, if any thing, respectfully; so of the gladiatorial contests. They spoke also of slavery. The law, Paul reminds Timothy, was made for *man-stealers*, — an advice not unnecessary in some quarters at the present time. At any rate, nothing could be more delightful than a discourse from Mr. Van Dyke upon that declaration. Fancy, now, this reverend apologist for slavery attempting an argument with some distinguished champion of "the ring." He commences by calling prize-fighting unnatural, cruel, brutal, wicked, or by whatever other epithet he may find most expressive of his abhorrence and detestation of such brutality.

"Stop a moment, if you please," says the gladiator. "I am no heathen philosopher, groping my way by the feeble glimmerings of the light of nature, no modern infidel appealing to the corrupt and fickle tribunal of human reason. I plant myself upon the inspired Word. My motto is, 'To the law and to the testimony.' Where in the New Testament, either by Christ or his apostles, is my calling forbidden?" While Mr. Van Dyke is thinking up his passages, our champion turns upon him. "Everybody knows, sir, that it is no sin to knock a man down under certain circumstances. As to its cruelties, they are nothing compared to what occurs sometimes in families. There is, sir, as you have stated, a child in an orphan-asylum in Brooklyn, who was thrown by its father into the fire, and almost roasted to death. Better save your 'tears and shrieks' for children, and leave men to take care of themselves. So far from being inhuman, as you represent it, we are the very best of friends. Besides, the Scriptures always speak of it in terms most respectful. You don't consider yourself better than the apostle Paul, do you, Mr. Van Dyke? Hear what he says: 'So fight I not as one that beateth the air.' 'I keep my body under,' — a clear reference to our abstemious habits when preparing for the combat. More than this, sir, he compares the heavenly assembly to the respectable company which assemble to witness our manly sport. 'Therefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.' These things, too, were spoken in the time of the Roman games, much more brutal than ours, as every scholar and man of candor must admit, before the ameliorating influences of the gospel had produced so marked a

change upon our pursuit." Where is the reverend apologist in such an argument?

But, then, was Christ silent? I answer most positively that he was not. All things which he said are not recorded, for the simple reason that the world would not contain the books; but did he not constantly appeal to the Old-Testament Scriptures? Are we, in order to please a few contemptible slaveholders, to suppose that he omitted those passages which denounce oppression? And if those passages did not condemn Roman slavery, for what purpose were they written? What is oppression if slavery is not? But, again, the great principles of his teachings are diametrically opposed to all such iniquities; and, were men to practise them, American slavery would terminate before to-morrow's sun shall sink in the West. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself,"—words quoted almost literally from the Mosaic law, with reference to men of another race; one of those two commandments upon which hang all the law and the prophets. Does the slaveholder love his neighbor as himself? Can the toiling slave obey this divine command? I am sure I could not were I in his place, and my neighbor interpreted to mean my master or overseer. Christ's first sermon was an abolition discourse, from an incendiary publication called the "Prophecy of Isaiah," an anti-slavery book of the Old Testament. The text which he selected was this memorable passage: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; . . . to heal the broken-hearted, *to preach deliverance to the captives*, and recovering of sight to the blind, *to set at liberty them that are bruised.*" "Therefore, whatsoever

ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets." But what is the great sum of Christ's teaching? Love to man and to God. What the great end but to fill the earth with love and peace? As far as the East is distant from the West, as far as light from darkness, as heaven from hell, so far are the teachings of the Divine Saviour of the world from any alliance with this dark and bloody despotism.

The teachings of the apostles are precisely what might have been anticipated from men who have learned in such a school. There is not one word of approval, nor the slightest indication that slaveholders were admitted to the church. Slaves were admitted, but it is susceptible of demonstration that slaveholders were not received into the communion and fellowship of the Apostolic Church. The Roman law accounted slaves as *pro nullis*, *pro mortuis*, *pro quadrupedibus*, — as nobodies, as dead, as brutes. Christianity recognized them as immortal beings; elevated them to the rank of men, and welcomed them to all the privileges and immunities of the spiritual commonwealth. The early Christians had all things in common. They were exhorted, "Let each esteem others better than themselves, in honor preferring one another." Husbands were exhorted to love their wives, and wives their husbands; children to obey their parents; and parents to provide for their children, and bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, — all of which duties are impossible of performance in a relation which is one of absolute authority on the one side, and of absolute subjection upon the other, and which annihilates the institution of the family.

"Masters," says the apostle, "give unto your servants that which is just and equal." This is equivalent to a proclamation of immediate emancipation. The law of American slavery is, "Black men have no rights that white men are bound to respect." Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal. Is it equal justice that a servant should have a right to his wife and children? Give him that right, and American slavery is doomed. Is it just and equal that the servant be taught to read the word of God? Give our slaves the alphabet, and they will tear down the prison-house of their bondage ere ten years have come and gone. Just and equal? Let this be given to the slaves, and the homes and plantations of the South are theirs; for have they not made them with the toil of their hands, the sweat of their dark faces? We have never claimed for them that which is just and equal, only that they be permitted to go out free, although spoiled and robbed of every thing: this we have asked, and intend to keep on asking until God in his mercy grants our request. This passage forever settles the question of American slavery, so far as the New Testament is concerned, just as it settled the question of Roman slavery in favor of liberty in the early Church. The passage which Mr. Van Dyke has selected as his text, gives no countenance to the system. I might advise a slave to submission and respectful treatment of his master, not because the master had any right to him, *but for his own sake.* Granting that "under the yoke" means slaves, there is nothing gained to his cause. I have no doubt, however, that, when properly understood, this passage cuts through and through the system like a

two-edged sword, indicating two classes of servants, — those who had unbelieving masters, and therefore were under the yoke; and those who had believing masters, and were therefore free, demonstrating that Roman slavery was totally inconsistent with the practice of Christianity. So much for the Scripture argument. The only excuse which we can make for a man who attempts to justify, from the Scriptures, a system which originates in the atrocious slave-trade, which denies all secular and religious instruction to its victims, which makes merchandise of men, women, and children, which is the very nursery of petty despots, promotes every hateful immorality, and originates no virtue, is, that he is given over to strong delusion to believe a lie.

Poor Dr. Thornwell of South Carolina, and his brother in distress, the bellicose Dr. Palmer of New Orleans, despairing of ever being able to convince the North that slavery is not sinful, but a most lovely, beneficent, patriarchal, and divine institution, are already shaking off the dust of their feet, and tearing their raiment, as a witness against us. In other words, they are preaching disunion with all their might; while Dr. McVicar and Rev. Mr. Prentiss (he should be D.D.) are charming delighted audiences with their scriptural arguments for the slave-trade with special reference to its adaptation to the spiritual wants of the negro race. Was there ever such an instance of turning the grace of God into lasciviousness? Did impiety ever go beyond this? Can such diabolical perversion of the truth be matched? Yes, by the man who stands in a Northern pulpit and *approves;* declaring that his soul is knit to such men by the *Word* and *Spirit* of God, as the soul of

Jonathan to that of David, and denouncing as madmen and fanatics those who will not indorse his "doctrines of devils."

Mr. Van Dyke's second proposition is, "The principles of abolition have been propagated chiefly by misrepresentation and abuse." Still keep in mind his definition of abolitionism, — *the belief that slavery is morally wrong.* This second proposition declares that the anti-slavery sentiment of the North, which has solately spoken in thunder-tones that have carried dismay to the heart of this despotism, has been produced by misrepresentations of slavery, and abuse of slaveholders, which declaration I pronounce as in itself a misrepresentation and a slander upon the most intelligent people upon the face of the earth. To declare that the sober, intelligent, and conscientious masses of the North have been influenced to hate slavery, in some instances to enact statutes for the better protection of the fugitive, and at length to place in the Presidential chair a man who believes slavery to be a social, moral, and political evil; to declare that all this has been produced by misrepresentation and abuse, — exhibits a recklessness of statement, an audacity of impudence, absolutely inconceivable.

Yet this is what Mr. Van Dyke asserts, what Mr. O'Conor repeats; the pulpit in this instance leading the bar.

As to Dr. Channing's opinion twenty-four years ago, of some who were then technically styled Abolitionists, I have nothing to say, — perhaps it was just, more probably unjust: it matters not, — the opinion is rather too old for present use. Nor do I care to justify all that has been said and done by the friends of freedom during

the thirty years of this increasing conflict. I could not vindicate all that was said or done by the great reformers of the sixteenth century. They were sometimes rash, vindictive, fierce; they used terrible weapons; sometimes, doubtless, misrepresented their opponents. But what does this prove? that their cause was not just and good? By no means; only that men are men, not angels. So we find them in all history. They were right, and conquered, not by misrepresentation or abuse of their opponents, but by the invincible power of truth.

So I say of this glorious anti-slavery movement: if there have been mistakes or misrepresentations, if foolish or wicked men have allied themselves to its interest, — and in what good cause are such not found? — these have retarded, not advanced, its progress; it has conquered not by these means, but in spite of them. But how does he sustain this assertion? Resting his weakness upon the twenty-four years' old testimony of Dr. Channing, to which I have alluded, he proceeds to declare that we have misrepresented the legal relation existing between master and slave. He asserts that the laws of all civilized countries recognize property in man. This will be news to the great English jurists. But the proof is at hand. In case of a railroad disaster, the wife can obtain damages for the loss of that piece of property, that "chattel personal," which she calls her husband; the husband in the same way for the loss of the valuable services of that "possession forever," which he calls his wife. Well, this is admirable. To say nothing of the refined and spiritual idea of marriage which it implies, we consider it a capital idea: it has all the qualities of a good rule; it works both ways.

We hope to see it at once carried into effect: by all means let it be understood that the slave has the same right of property in the master which the master has in the slave. As the property is mutual, a kind of joint stock in the case of the husband and wife, so let it be with the master and slave, — the latter having as sacred a right to sell the former, or his wife and children, as the former has thus to deal with him. With this arrangement I should be quite satisfied.

Again, he complains of the manner in which Abolitionists have employed those instances of cruelty which are so frequent in all slaveholding communities; avers that, upon the same principle, we might condemn the family; husbands abuse wives; wives, husbands; sometimes parents, children; children, parents, etc. To this I reply that it is an old rule, and a logical one, that "The tree is known by his fruit," — one that we are warranted to apply, "Ye shall know them by their fruits." Thus men have argued against all tyrannies and oppressions since the world began: thus would we test the family relation. If it was found productive of more evil than of compensatory good, the fruitful parent of vices and miseries rather than of happiness and virtue, we would all say at once, "Down with it!" This trick, however, which the apologists and defenders of slavery have, of incessantly comparing it to the family, is deceptive. The comparison is absolutely blasphemous. The family is a divine institution, older than the Church, older than the commonwealth; the parent of both, originating in the Divine love, crowned through all the ages with the richest blessings, "The purest source of bliss that has survived the fall." Slavery is simple op-

pression, originating in man's pride and covetousness, prompted and impelled by Mammon, "the least erected spirit that fell from heaven." The very point which clinches the argument against this system, and brands it with Heaven's reprobation and curse, is the undeniable fact, that it forbids marriage, subverts the family, and renders either impossible.

There has been no misrepresentation, however. The man is yet to be born who can paint slavery in its true colors. The word is yet to be coined which expresses the combination of wickedness which constitutes its essence. Could it rise in all its dreadful lineaments before the eyes of the civilized world to-night, its doom would be sealed before to-morrow's dawn. Mr. Van Dyke talks about Christian families in the South, in which the slaves are well fed, well clothed, and kindly treated. Suppose it granted: how many, I ask, of these millions of slaves, are in the family of the master, or in any way connected with it? They toil during the day upon the plantation, under the eye of the overseer or under-driver; pass the night in cabins more or less comfortable, according to the ability or humanity of the owner, but always separated from the mansion, of course. They have no more connection with the master's family than his horses and mules, not a particle; and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred as little effort is made for their improvement. Talk about families, — mockery of mockeries! Why, I have seen a slaveholder upon his horse, with his gun in his hand, followed by his dogs, out upon the hunt of a runaway slave. Fancy a father pursuing his son or daughter in that style! I have seen a slave-girl rise from the side of her mistress, and

hobble across the floor, confined by fetters which clanked like those of a prisoner in his cell, to prevent her from flying to the woods, as she had formerly done, to escape the infernal tortures which that mistress inflicted upon her in outbreaks of passion. A mother might thus treat her daughter, but would it be tolerated? I have seen the face of a babe six months old streaming with blood, from a cut inflicted by the lash of the whip of an overseer, who, in his reckless haste, had aimed the blow at the nurse who held it in her arms. But I forbear; and yet Mr. Van Dyke dares to talk about misrepresentation, and asks us to send back the fugitive who is escaping from such service.

But let us look for a moment at ordinary slave-life separated from these cruelties. I mean separated in imagination, for in reality they never are, and cannot be: they belong to the system. If you keep men slaves, you must treat them harshly. The relation is one of wrong inflicted upon the one side, and received upon the other: it never can be harmonious. This is the apology I make for the Southern people. They are no worse than others: they are not devils incarnate. The *system* makes them what they are, and compels these cruelties. They know it themselves, and in many instances deplore it. But let us look at this mode of existence apart from this cruelty. Go with me, then, to a Kentucky tobacco plantation. At early dawn you hear the horn of the overseer. As soon as it is possible to see, men, women, and children, of sufficient age ready for work, march to the field, and work until breakfast. Breakfast consists of a large piece of corn-bread and fat meat (enough of both), with water to drink; dinner the

same. I have sat by a poor fellow upon his log as he ate his unsavory meal; and when he said to me, "Don't you think we poor negroes have a hard time of it?" I felt that that was indeed a hard life: and as I looked to the blue heavens above, I wondered that the arm of the Almighty was not extended for their deliverance. Supper in the cabins, with some additions, provided the females are not too much fatigued to prepare it. Thus passes one weary day after another, in tiresome monotony, varied only by diversity of tasks, or such incidents as may be supposed to arise from such a life, — no hope, no object in view, no stimulus but the fear of punishment, no possibility of improvement; hedged around on all sides by an iron necessity that permits no alleviation, yet an immortal being, susceptible of all degrees of improvement and happiness, and painfully conscious of the injustice of the dreadful doom that oppresses and crushes him. Such is the life of the unhappy victim of this atrocious tyranny.

I speak what I have seen, and know whereof I affirm. I have read and listened to the speeches of others, and have spoken myself, but always with the consciousness of how far short all come of the reality. Slavery to be known must be seen, not upon the surface, *but as it is.* I have yet to look the candid man in the face who has studied it, who will not confess that it is a system of unparalleled atrocity; that cruelty is the rule, and kindness the exception. Anti-slavery men, however, have never failed to insist that the sin consists in the relation. The self-evident truths of the Declaration of Independence, and the teachings of the Bible, have formed the great staple of their addresses. These are the principles

which they have attempted to instil into the minds of the community. If poisonous milk, it comes from a source whence such streams have not been generally supposed to flow.

The misrepresentation and abuse, however, have come from the other side. The Abolitionists have been the best abused men in the country. Sometimes it has come from dainty hands: pulpit, press, and platform have vied in the ignoble strife of coining and applying opprobrious epithets to the men who have led in this conflict. These have been mobbed, hooted, hissed, pelted with unmerchantable eggs, exposed to popular violence, and to every indignity and danger; politically, socially, *religiously*, ostracized; denounced as Infidels, Socialists, Jacobins, and whatever else might be considered odious and contemptible. If, stung by such envenomed arrows, they have sometimes turned upon the foe, and hurled back the charge in words somewhat expressive, and not always too carefully chosen, who can wonder? I remember when I was a boy, William Allen, a noble fellow, son of a Presbyterian slaveholding minister of Alabama, who had been a student of old Dr. Beecher in Lane Seminary, and who gave up time and wealth for this cause. One morning I observed that his cloak was very much spattered with eggs. I proposed to scrape them off; but he coolly remarked that it was no sort of use, as he would only get as many more at the next place.

Wendell Phillips, the most magnificent orator of the country, Calvinistic in theology, though often denounced as an infidel, is followed to his home by a hooting, howling mob, his life protected by friends and the police;

but who disturbs Mr. Van Dyke, while uttering his diatribe against Abolitionists in Brooklyn? He expends a good deal of superfluous patriotism over a book which he saw in Scotland, whose frontispiece was a picture of a man with a fierce countenance beating a naked woman. Now, I can say to Mr. Van Dyke that a member of his own denomination in full communion, boasted to me of doing that very thing. I can give him name and address if he desires it. He abuses the American Anti-Slavery Society without measure, and then displays his blundering ignorance by asserting that "Its president is a chief justice of the State of New Jersey." This will be news to Mr. Garrison. Who is this chief justice who occupies the honorable position of president of the American Anti-Slavery Society?

He closes this head with this soothing and Christ-like declaration: "I believe in the liberty of the press, and in freedom of speech; but I do not believe that any man has the right before God, or in the eye of civilized law, to speak and publish what he pleases without regard to the consequences. With the conscientious convictions of our fellow-citizens, neither we nor the law have any right to interfere; but the law ought to protect all men from the utterance of libellous words, whose only effect is to create division and strife. I trust and pray, and call upon you to unite with me in the supplication, that God will give Abolitionists repentance and a better mind, so that, in time to come, they may at least propagate their principles in decent and respectful language."

Here is his third statement: "*Abolitionism*" (namely, the belief that slavery is morally wrong) "*leads in mul-*

titudes of cases, and by a logical process, to utter infidelity." We may safely challenge the world upon this proposition: it has never been matched. The assertion that the belief that slavery is morally wrong, leads, by a logical process, to utter infidelity, is too absurd to merit a reply, and is worthy of one who could declare, as Mr. Van Dyke does, that " when Paul stood upon Mars' Hill, he was surrounded by ten thousand times as many slaveholders as there were idols in the city." Athens, at this period, was crowded with idols beyond the power of computation. The Roman satirist, Petronius, declares that it was easier to find a god in Athens than a man, but Mr. Van Dyke makes the ratio to be ten thousand slaveholders to a single idol. Pausanias, who had some acquaintance with the condition of things, declared that, replete as the whole of Greece was with objects of devotion, there were more in Athens than in all the rest of the country. This statement would give the city, at that time, a population of some hundreds of millions. To such an extent did they abound, that Pliny declares " that many volumes would but contain something, since no man can speak of the whole." Yet Mr. Van Dyke says ten thousand slaveholders to every idol. Poor man! he is so delighted with slaveholders, and his mind has so long dwelt upon them and their divine institution, that he sees them swarming in every direction. The declaration is important in this connection, inasmuch as it shows that he is no infidel, and by no means affected with incredulity. But to return to the proposition: it is absolutely incredible how any man in his senses could have ventured such a monstrous declaration. Why, my friends, I do not believe there is a score

of you here to-night, however much you may differ from me on certain aspects, who believe slavery to be right. Did it ever occur to you that you were on the broad road to infidelity? in fact, that you are already suspended over its yawning abyss by a hair, more attenuated than that which held the sword of Damocles? that the only hope for you is the balm of a pro-slavery gospel, dispensed by the physician of the First Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn? To make belief in American slavery as a divine institution the *punctum saliens*, the starting-point of a life of faith, its denial the gate that leads to utter perdition, — that, too, by a minister, — exhausts my astonishment. But it is here, and must be met. Well, then, to go no farther back, American abolitionism is the daughter of British; the discussion and accomplishment of West-India emancipation originated, to a very great extent, the anti-slavery movement of the United States. Were the Abolitionists of Great Britain infidels? Wilberforce, Clarkson, Sharpe, Stephen, Stanley, and all the men of that generation, or any part of them, or did they ever become infidels? Did not the churches of Great Britain, with one united voice, concur? and do they not believe with us, and against Mr. Van Dyke and his associates, that slavery is a moral wrong?

In the year 1857 an address was prepared and sent by the Protestants of France to the churches of this country, upon the subject of slavery: in this address they declare, "With respect to ourselves we feel it incumbent upon us to say publicly, that there is not one partisan of slavery among us. There is not among us one single Christian who is able to reconcile with the

law of love and holiness *the possession of man by man* (they evidently were ignorant of Mr. Van Dyke's husband-and-wife illustration), the sale in the market-place of immortal beings, the barbarous rupture of the family tie, the suppression of marriage, the inevitable multiplication of immoral relations." Nearly six thousand signatures of French Protestants were attached to this address. We have yet to learn that the Protestants of France are *infidels*. Similar addresses were in preparation in Switzerland and Germany; but whether they were completed and sent, we are not informed. The address of the French found its way into but few of the journals of this country, and the great mass of professing Christians are yet ignorant that such a document is in existence.

Is our author ignorant that there are in our own land Presbyterian churches, with a ministry numbering more than seven hundred, and a correspondent membership, who declare slavery a sin against God, and admit no slaveholder to their communion? Has he forgotten the entire Methodist Church, which, however inconsistent in practice, has never gone so far as to embody the doctrine of the "immaculate conception" of slavery into their creed, but the opposite? Or the New-School Presbyterians, who have never expunged, as the Old School have, the early testimony of the Presbyterian Church against slavery as man-stealing? How has he overlooked the great mass of Congregationalists, Wesleyans, the Free-will Baptists, etc., all of whom assert its sinfulness, and deny that it has any sanction, either in the Old or New Testament? I do not say that these denominations have done their whole duty, or any thing like it,

upon this subject; but they are all included in the definition which he has given of abolitionism, — the belief that slavery is morally wrong. I affirm that the man who gives such a definition, and then proceeds to assert that this belief leads by a logical necessity to infidelity, and attempts to prove it, utters a viler slander against the Church of God than any infidel of this or any other age has ever mouthed, is himself guilty of infidelity of the very worst and most dangerous character, and that such assertions from the mouth of orthodox ministers will do more to produce infidelity than all the harangues of all the infidel conventions that will be held until the days of the millennium.

But how does he attempt to establish this gross assertion? "One of its avowed principles," he says, "is, that it does not try slavery by the Bible." Out of his mouth he shall be condemned. He calls Dr. Wayland an Abolitionist. I ask, does *he* test slavery by the Bible? He calls Albert Barnes an eminent Abolitionist: does he test it by scriptural principles? But, forsooth, these men assert that the *matter* of the Scripture is to be taken into account in arguing the question of inspiration, and therefore are infidels. Such an impure system as slavery or polygamy, they declare, would be an argument against the Bible as from God, if it was found to sanction such crimes. This Mr. Van Dyke pronounces infidelity. Into the question which this declaration involves, I have no time to enter. Mr. Van Dyke, however, is sworn to the confession of faith. He will find the following language in the *Larger Catechism*, question fourth: "The Scriptures manifest themselves to be the word of God, by their majesty and *purity*, by the

consent of all the parts and the scope of the whole, which is to give all glory to God," etc. His knowledge of the American Anti-Slavery Society, of classical literature, and of his own church standards, appears to be equally extensive and profound.

Was Judge Jay an Abolitionist? Has Mr. Van Dyke ever heard of his work on Hebrew servitude? Some go so far as to call Dr. Cheever an Abolitionist: has Mr. Van Dyke ever seen his book, "God against Slavery"? Has the name of Rev. William Goodell come to his ears in the history of this controversy? Do Reformed Presbyterians, United Presbyterians, Free Presbyterians, etc., test slavery by the Scriptures? A more reckless assertion, based upon a more contemptible quibble, was never made: the plea of ignorance can alone save him from the charge of dishonesty.

Again: he declares that, where abolitionism prevails, infidelity is most rampant. Where abolitionism prevails, the people are also most intelligent, — in New England, to take his own example. Suppose his charge true, which it is not, let him show the connection. I advise Mr. Van Dyke to benefit his soul by attending the "Boston Anniversaries" next May; I mean, of course, the *religious* anniversaries, such as he would approve; not, of course, that of the American Anti-Slavery Society, not of the Church Anti-Slavery Society. Let him look upon the multitudes of earnest, intelligent, and conscientious Christians, who throng these assemblies from all parts of New England; let him hear the enthusiastic addresses from the representative men of her three thousand ministers; then let him visit New England, where every village has its neat white church well kept

and well attended. Taking up his pilgrim staff, let him then traverse certain sections of Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, etc., visit the old waste places of his own church and of other churches, and then come home and preach upon New-England infidelity. He knows, however, — or, if he does not, I do, for I was born upon the New-England hills, — that infidelity, so far as it has prevailed, has been the child of Unitarianism and Universalism, and has not in any sense originated in the anti-slavery enterprise. Theodore Parker was a *Parkerite* before he was an Abolitionist: his theological opinions were in no sense the result of his views upon this question, and the very same may be said of others.

But to see the absurdity of this third statement, compare Massachusetts with South Carolina. I beg pardon of Massachusetts. Compare, then, if you choose, a congregation of those whom Mr. Van Dyke calls infidels, listening to Dr. Channing or Theodore Parker, developing their system of natural religion, with an audience in Columbia or Charleston, hanging with delight upon the lips of Rev. Mr. Prentiss, expatiating upon the glories of that benevolent and divine institution, "The Foreign Slave-Trade." I beg a thousand pardons of the infidels. The infidelity of New England is infidelity in advance of South-Carolina orthodoxy. The Southern States of this Union are the great strongholds of Satan's kingdom. The seats of irreligion, impiety, and all wickedness, have breathed the pestilential taint of that moral impurity all over the land, and have done, and are doing, a thousand-fold more against the cause of Christ than all the infidels that New England

has ever produced. Hear the French Protestants once more upon this point. "Are you aware of the language which is addressed to us from all sides? This is it: 'Protestantism accommodates itself willingly to slavery. In the United States, this odious institution reckons numerous defenders among the Christian bodies. It is preached for, it is prayed for, and for it every effort is made to conquer new territories. And this slavery for which so much is done, is the sale of families in detail; is the rupture of the marriage-tie; is the annual prostitution of men, women, and children, selected for this odious purpose from the man-farms of Virginia and Kentucky; is, in a word, a monstrous fact, which is not only revolting to religious minds, but which outrages the first principles of humanity. And American Protestantism accepts this fact. They find it to agree with the gospel; and, doubtless, the Protestants of Europe think as they do; otherwise, they had long ago uttered a loud cry of grief and reprobation." Did not intelligent Protestants in Syria declare, last winter, that the news which came from the United States of the banishment of the free colored people from their homes, of Mr. Fee, and others, from Kentucky, and of Northern men of all classes who were peacefully pursuing their avocations, had done more to injure Protestantism in Syria than all the Jesuits ever sent out by the Propaganda of Rome? Missionaries in all parts of the world declare that they are constantly met with a reference to slavery in the churches of the United States, as an argument against our religion. From all parts of the Christian world comes up a united testimony as to the immense evil which this system is doing to the cause of

evangelical religion, — a testimony which is met by the defenders of the faith in Brooklyn, declaring all who will not accept it as divine, and who are laboring for its subversion, to be infidels. The men whom Swedenborg says he saw in the other world, who were dead, and did not know it, were wise in comparison with these defenders of this atrocious wickedness. But what of those men who have engaged in this enterprise, and come during its progress to deny the inspiration of the Scriptures, and those doctrines which we agree in esteeming fundamental to Christianity? There are a few such, though I believe you could count them all upon your fingers. I ask, however, what occurred in the great Reformation from Popery? Did all who abandoned Rome, all who did good service in the cause, become evangelical Christians? The objection is stolen. Rome has urged it again and again. It is her standing argument against the Reformation. What is the reply? Not the Reformation, but the corrupt system against which the Reformation was a protest, is chargeable with the infidelity. My reply is, not the anti-slavery movement, but a pro-slavery religion, against which it was a tremendous re-action, made these men infidels. From the churches came the strongest opposition, from the pulpits the bitterest denunciations of them and their sacred cause. This course of treatment produced its natural effect, and in some few instances led to the extremes of practice and of language against all religion, which the best friends of the cause deplore, and do not defend. Romanism produced the infidelity of France: German Rationalism is the unclean spirit from the stagnant marshes of a corrupt Protestantism. The pro-

slavery church in this land is the fruitful mother of unbelief. As in the days of Christ and of Luther, the worst foes of Christianity are those of its own house. Once more, I fear, within the walls of Zion will the battle of Christianity have to be fought; but, blessed be God, it will be the last conflict. The morning cometh. Messiah is on the march. I hear the thunders of his chariot-wheels in the crash of falling tyrannies; the wail of despotisms, as they sink, like the cities of the plain, never to arise. American slavery is doomed. Its foundations are heaving: its pillars tumble, like those of Dagon's temple, "with horrible convulsion to and fro," destined soon to fall, and bury in its ruins pro-slavery churches and pro-slavery ministers beneath the remembrance, ay, beneath the contempt, of men. This is my answer to his third proposition.

The fourth and last proposition which our author lays down is this: "Abolitionism" (the belief that slavery is a sin, morally wrong) "is the chief cause of the strife that agitates, and the danger that threatens, country." This statement is both true and false, — true, in a sense which he did not intend; false, in the sense in which he wishes it to be understood. Christianity is in earnest, in deadly conflict with all forms of wickedness, with every manner of oppression, — a conflict which knows neither truce nor compromise until the battle is fought out and the victory won, until the banner of the cross floats in triumph over every shore, and "voices are heard in heaven proclaiming, 'Now is come salvation, the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ.'" The language of Christianity is, "I will overturn, overturn,

overturn it, and it shall be no more, until he come whose right it is, and I will give it him."

It has been the cause of much disturbance for well-nigh two thousand years; it has "set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law;" it has rent families, nations, churches; produced more bloodshed, famines, persecutions, pestilences; destroyed art, trade, commerce, manufactures; overthrown proud cities, and turned fat lands into barrenness. "Think not that I came to send peace on earth. I came not to send peace, but a sword." Messiah will smite the nations with the rod of his anger until they submit, and give the glory to his name which is due. But who is to blame? God's merciful and beneficent scheme for the amelioration of the condition of society and the salvation of men? Or the wickedness and deceivableness of unrighteousness which rejects the proposed mercy? Had men not persisted in embracing and believing and promulgating the truth, we would never have heard of the persecutions of the early Christians. Had the Waldenses submitted to that lawful authority which was over them, there would have been no bloody slaughter amid those gloomy Alpine fastnesses. We should never have heard that noble outburst in their behalf of the great soul of John Milton, —

> "Avenge, O Lord! thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
> Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that rolled
> Mother with infant down the rocks."

Had there been no Huguenots in France, there would have been no massacre of St. Bartholomew. The world would have been saved the appalling tragedy. Had there been no Puritans in England, the fires of Smithfield never had been kindled. Had the Covenanters of Scotland been a little more yielding and inclined to compromise, twenty-eight thousand men, women, and children would not have died for the word of God and the testimony which they held: there would have been no English or American Revolution.

Were there no Abolitionists in this country, that is, none who believe slavery a moral wrong, and who are determined to act upon that conviction, we would have neither strife nor agitation at the present time. All this is fully admitted; but what then? Why, then let us adopt the advice of Messrs. Van Dyke and O'Conor, fold our arms, shut our crazy mouths, or open them only to shout hallelujahs to despotism, and vex the air with our huzzahs for the great Diana of American slavery, and accord to the Dred Scott decision, "that black men have no rights which white men are bound to respect." Let us invite Senator Toombs to Bunker Hill, and wave our hats while he calls the roll of his slaves at the base of the monument above the ashes of the men who died with the declaration of the great Virginian upon their lips, "Give me liberty, or give me death." Let us, in the language of one who should have been called any thing else than wise, "permit slavery to pour itself out without restraint, and find no limit but the Western Ocean;" or in the more pious but less expressive phraseology of the saintly Palmer, the man to whom the soul of Mr. Van Dyke is knit by the Spirit and Word of God,

as the soul of Jonathan to David, "grant it the right unchallenged by man to go and root itself wherever Providence and nature may carry it." Accepting the advice of this follower of one who came to proclaim deliverance to the captive, and the opening of the prison-doors to them that are bound, repeal our liberty-bills, until, wherever the stars and stripes are seen to wave, there shall be no hiding-place for the flying fugitives. Put into our creeds and confessions of faith, as the first fundamental principle of all true religion, the doctrine that slavery is right, and denounce, as the most damnable of all damnable heresies, the belief that it is sinful and morally wrong; lay the very foundations of our churches upon the crushed and bruised body of the slave, and cement them with his blood; declare every church not founded upon this rock, and not adorned with a slaveholding ministry and membership, a mere conclave of fanatics, and not worth a farthing candle. Then will the souls of those eminent evangelists of slavery and disunion, Drs. Thornwell and Palmer, be made to sing for joy, and the hope of evangelizing the world (the North included) once more dart its cheering beams into the darkness of their present desponding and discouraged condition. That delectable community which they call South Carolina will return to the fold from which she has wandered, bringing those evangelists of the slave-trade, Dr. McVicars and Rev. Mr. Prentiss, with her. Agitation will cease, quiet will be restored, and peace will plant her olives upon the hills. King Cotton will ascend the throne from which he has been cast down. Our Northern summers will be made bright by visits from our Southern friends and their bands of happy

slaves; our winters less cheerless by the hope of their return. Surely we are all ready. Who could refuse such requests from pious lips, with the promise of such blessings?

Slavery, I affirm, is the cause of the strife that agitates, and the danger that threatens, our country: this every wise man knows, and every candid man confesses, to be true. The strife will cease, the danger will be averted, when the last fetter has fallen from the last slave, and liberty proclaimed throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof, and not till then. Build your house upon the shifting sand, and hope that when the rain descends, and the storm beats, and the floods come, it will not fall. Make your home on the slopes of Vesuvius, and expect that it will not be rocked by the earthquake, or swept by the fiery flood when it rolls from its burning crest, but do not expect that a nation can have peace which enslaves men; that a kingdom will stand which violates God's law; that a people can prosper, who spoil the poor, and oppress the stranger; that you can avert the wrath of Heaven with sermons against abolitionism, or turn back the arm of the Almighty when it is stretched out, with prayers in which there is no confession of guilt, or promise of repentance toward God; or that your compromises and exhortations to peace will avail when Jehovah rides forth upon the whirlwind, when "the Lord thunders in the heavens, and the Highest gives his voice, hailstones and coals of fire."

But has slavery been the meek and quiet lamb during these years which its apologists would make us believe? They would make one think that the terrible lion of anti-slavery had stood with his tremendous paw

upon its neck, with open jaws, blood-red tongue, glaring eyes, and erect mane, ready at any moment to slay and devour, while the meek creature did nothing but bleat out piteous supplications for life. I affirm that slavery has been the aggressive power, and that slaveholders have accomplished, by their own madness, what Abolitionists, without their assistance, would have failed to effect. There is a painful misrepresentation of facts throughout Mr. Van Dyke's discourse, which we must, in kindness, conclude is the result of a pitiable ignorance of the history of events. I can conceive how a man, who had read nothing but "The Herald" or "The Observer," or some of their echoes, might reach such conclusions as those stated under this fourth head; but I cannot conceive how a man abreast of the times, or having any tolerable acquaintance with the history of the last twenty years, could make such statements. I affirm that slavery has been the aggressor, and that the victory has generally been upon that side. In proof of this I appeal, —

To the speeches of all the leading men of the South, from Calhoun to Wigfall, in Congress and upon the hustings, to the tone of her influential press, with which, thanks to the honesty and candor of "The Anti-Slavery Standard," we are pretty familiar.

To the imprisonment by South Carolina of free citizens of Massachusetts, guilty of no crime but a colored skin, their selling into slavery to pay their jail-fees, and banishment from the State of the legal gentleman, Mr. Hoar, who had proceeded thither for the purpose of endeavoring to obtain justice for them by an appeal to the courts.

To the admission of Texas into the Union, and the consequent war with Mexico, in which life and treasure were lavishly expended in order to add additional slave-territory to our already too much extended domain.

To the enactment of the Fugitive-slave Law, which affixes the severest penalties to obedience to God's law and the plainest dictates of humanity, and visits with heavy punishments the performance of a duty which ninety-nine out of every hundred will discharge, the law of the country to the contrary notwithstanding.

To the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, a measure proposed by Douglas, then a pliant, now a cast-off, tool of the Slave Oligarchy, and carried by Southern votes, — votes of the very men now talking about sacred compacts, and that, too, when not a single compact which the North has ever made, has been, or is proposed to be, violated.

To the attempted assassination of Charles Sumner, "the noblest Roman of them all," upon the floor of the Senate Chamber by Southern bullies.

To the atrocious Dred Scott decision, making slavery national, and freedom local, capping the climax of all judicial iniquity by the declaration that black men never were, are not, and cannot be, citizens, and have no rights which white men are bound to respect.

To the terrible scenes enacted upon the plains of Kansas, until it was as though the seven plagues of Egypt had been mingled with the seven vials of Apocalyptic wrath, and poured out upon the unhappy territory.

To the banishment of free people, white and colored, from Southern States, together with the whippings,

hangings, and burnings which have so aroused the Northern mind during the past year.

In fine, to the whole history of the conflict in which this despotic power has been attempting to seize the Government and control it for the accomplishment of its own infernal designs.

This is my answer to the charges, arguments, statements, and perversions of this remarkable discourse, — a discourse which marks the lowest point that the Northern pulpit has ever reached. Yet I rejoice that it has been preached. It will open blind eyes, and carry its own refutation where my words can never reach. Moreover, I am relieved at the thought that we have touched bottom: there is surely no lower deep. I do not expect to hear the slave-trade advocated, even by Mr. Van Dyke, — at any rate, not in Brooklyn: as to what he would do in Charleston, I am not so positive. However this may be, from this point we must certainly ascend, — remain stationary we cannot.

But I am asked, what is my remedy for present evils? When a man who has maimed himself in an attempt to take his own life asks me what I am going to do about it, my reply will be, I exceedingly regret your folly and wickedness, but must decline assuming any responsibility for the act, while declaring my readiness to do all in my power to benefit or relieve him.

My remedy is to stand firm; refuse all compromise; do our whole duty; think, speak, act, just as at other times, and leave the men who take the trouble to furnish the remedy: timidity, not firmness, has been the curse of every great and good cause in which it has been permitted to enter.

Be patient, forbearing, forgiving, kind: this is Christ-like, is divine. Seek the best interests, the highest good, of all; but do not swerve a hair's-breadth from the path of duty for the sake of averting evils, which, like the stone of Sisyphus, must evermore return to plague and molest us.

As Nelson said at Trafalgar, "England expects every man to do his duty." This is the hour in which God and liberty expect every man to do his duty, assured that, as always under the divine guidance and protection, the path of duty will be found to be the path of safety. Amen.

THE THREE PILLARS OF A REPUBLIC.[1]

FELLOW-STUDENTS OF THE PHILO AND FRANKLIN LITERARY SOCIETIES:

MY presence before you this evening will sufficiently express the gratification which your united invitation has afforded, my deep sense of the honor which your partiality has thus conferred upon me.

The occasion which has called us together is festive. I am aware that this hour is esteemed sacred to the Muses, and ordinarily devoted to the discussion of some theme related to those lofty pursuits in which you are here engaged, and which tranquillize the feelings while they expand the intellect, and ennoble the soul.

I am compelled, however, to-night, by an imperative sense of duty, to turn aside from these inviting themes, and to speak upon subjects which possess, from the circumstances of the times, a deeper interest, and more vitally affect our welfare.

The aspect of affairs in our beloved country is that of a cloud rent and torn by conflicting storms, or of a ship driven of the wind and tossed; it is the crisis of a nation's fate; every moment is fraught with destiny: we mingle trembling with our mirth. Rebellion, widespread, atrocious, and sanguinary, rocks our Government

[1] Jefferson College, Aug. 6, 1862.

from foundation to pinnacle, and with desperate frenzy aims at the nation's life. The skies above are lurid with the fires of war; the air is filled with the hurtling hail of battle; the earth trembles beneath the tread of armed hosts as they rush with impetuous speed to the scene of conflict, or mingle with fierce and fiery courage in the gory and tumultuous agony of the deadly struggle.

> "The midnight brings the signal sound of strife;
> The morn, the marshalling in arms;
> The day, battle's magnificently stern array."

There is a skeleton with us at this banquet: a bloody hand dips with us in this dish. Even now while we speak, there goes up to heaven a wail like that which arose from the land of Egypt in that dreadful night in which "the Lord smote all the first-born, from the first-born of Pharaoh that sat on his throne to the first-born of the captive in the dungeon,"—a very great mourning, like "the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddon;" Rachel weeping for one hundred thousand of her children sacrificed to the bloody Moloch of war, and refusing to be comforted because they are not. Memory, stimulated and assisted by the hallowed associations of this time and place, evokes from the mists of the vanished years the familiar forms of beloved associates and instructors, some of whom remain until this present, but some have fallen asleep. From these, too, I must reluctantly turn aside to speak upon themes which, in this momentous epoch, press with peculiar urgency upon the attention of all thoughtful and earnest minds. I cannot, however, pass in silence the name of that illustrious man who presided with such distin-

guished ability over this institution while it was my privilege to be a student within its walls, and who, occupying a conspicuous place of influence, has faithfully, heroically, and successfully withstood, in family, in church, and in state, the tide of treason that for so many months surged and swelled and roared like an angry sea around him. I refer, of course, to Rev. R. J. Breckinridge, D.D. LL.D.

> "As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
> Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,
> Though round its base the rolling clouds are spread,
> Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

The thoughts which I design to present, I shall arrange after the manner of my profession, under three distinct heads, which I designate The Three Pillars of a Republic; viz., Religion, Law, and Liberty. I do not propose to discuss these topics in the abstract, nor with any pretensions to an exhaustive treatment, but with special reference to the condition of affairs in our country, and in view of the fact that I address ingenuous and ambitious young men who must exert a powerful, perhaps a controlling, influence upon her future destiny. These, young friends, are indeed eventful times. This is a great transition period — a grand historic epoch, like the period of the Reformation, the English, French, or American Revolutions. It depends upon the manner in which we conduct ourselves whether the sun of our country's glory shall burst through these clouds of war, ascend to its meridian splendor to shed beneficent light upon ages and generations to come, or sink, never to rise, amid storms of revolution into a rayless night of

anarchy and blood. If God in his mercy will vouchsafe to us the wisdom to know the grand opportunity which he has now put in our power, this period will be the dawn of a brighter day of peace, prosperity, and happiness than has yet shed its holy light upon this or any other land, — a period to which we may apply the words of the immortal Roman poet, —

"Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo."

We cannot come out of this war at the door at which we went in. Revolutions never go back. As well suppose that you can cause the stars to return upon their courses, as to suppose that you can now restore the former condition of affairs, — the "*status ante bellum.*" We are fighting to put down rebellion, but not, unless God has deprived us of reason, — on the well-known principle of the heathen maxim, that the gods first madden whom they design to destroy, — to bind ourselves anew to that body of death from which we now begin to be delivered. We shall have at the close of this struggle, if we conduct it aright, not "The Constitution as it Is, the Union as it Was," but all of the Constitution that is valuable and that guarantees liberty; Union in a much higher and nobler sense than that word has ever borne; the union, not of light with darkness, not of Christ with Belial, not of Liberty with Slavery, but of Free States in one grand Empire, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the great Lakes to the Gulf: a country of which the patriot may be proud; one that he may love; one for which, if need be, he may lay down his life; one in which all men shall enjoy the right to life, liberty, and the pur-

suit of happiness without distinction of name, race, or color. The miserable men who unsuccessfully attempt to disguise their Secession sympathies with the cry, "The Constitution as it Is, the Union as it Was," only demonstrate how deeply they are sunk in the abyss of political corruption, how malignant and fierce is their hatred of liberty, how abject their love of oppression, and how little they know of that God who rules not alone in the army of heaven, but among the inhabitants of earth. The old geological strata, rent and torn by the earthquake, melted by volcanic fires, and abraded by the floods, were reconstructed, without the loss of a single particle, by the Great Architect into different forms, more useful and more beautiful, but never restored to their original condition. So the Divine Architect and Ruler of Nations takes care in these political revolutions that nothing valuable be lost, although he never restores communities thus convulsed to their original state. Of all calamities which could result from this infamous rebellion, restoration to the former condition of subserviency to the slave-power is most to be deprecated.

"Take any shape but that,
And my firm nerves shall never tremble."

But let us be hopeful. Mythology relates that Venus was born of the foam of the sea, and that, having been wafted by the west winds to the Isle of Cyprus, where grass and flowers sprang up in profusion beneath her feet, she was conducted to the assembly, and received into the number of the immortals. Thus may our country emerge from these troubled billows of war, to be crowned with a more radiant beauty, to dispense

more abundant blessings, and to enter upon the path of enduring prosperity and power. War is God's husbandry for making nations more fruitful. After the winter come the spring and summer; after the storm, the bow and the sunshine. I am aware that in discussing the theme which I have selected, I am liable to come in conflict with certain political and ecclesiastical parties, consequently with the prejudices — perhaps with the honest convictions — of those who are connected with them. As to this, I have only to say that I shall endeavor to speak as a Christian and a patriot, and that, while it is my sole object to present the truth according to my own conceptions of it, I shall, as always, endeavor to be true to my own convictions, and neither disguise my sentiments nor turn aside from the direct path for fear of offending any.

Has the time not come for bold and fearless speech? Have we not had enough, and more than enough, of that treason to God and to truth which sought to mask itself under the specious name of Conservatism, — I hate the word, and especially in the mouth of young men; for, as Beecher says, "God help the nation whose *young* men are conservative," — and to overwhelm all who should attempt to expose its hypocrisy by the use of those opprobrious epithets in which its infernal vocabulary abounds? The reign of terror is, however, fortunately passing away. He must be a weakling indeed who can now be frightened by the epithets, *fanatic*, *fool*, *madman*, etc., which have been so freely used in these past years, or be awed into silence by that word which seems to combine within itself the seven-fold terror of all the others, — Abolitionist.

The American engineer who was employed to construct the great railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow, was directed to make out a diagram of the road, and lay it before the Emperor. In due time it was completed, and presented to his Majesty for inspection. "What is that?" said the haughty autocrat, after looking at it curiously for some moments. "Please, your Majesty," said the confounded engineer, "that is the road." — "Road!" exclaimed Nicholas, "it looks more like a snake. What are all those curves for?" — "Sire," replied the engineer, "those curves are to save the cities contiguous to the route." The Emperor, taking a pencil and placing it firmly at a point on the paper, says, "That, sir, is St. Petersburg;" then, drawing a straight line energetically to another point, "and that is Moscow; *make me that road.*" — "But what," interposed the engineer, "will become of the cities?" — "Do not know, sir; let the cities take care of themselves." It is time to inaugurate an era of free speech, and cease to pursue the old tortuous path for fear of affecting the interests of some church, society, or party which never had any right to exist, — which is even now nigh unto cursing, and fit for nothing but to be consumed by God's judgments. Let them take care of themselves. But let us see to it that we are faithful to truth, and true to our own convictions of justice and righteousness. "The great dome of our Federal Capitol rests upon a circle of pillars. It is a beautiful symbol of our moral and material greatness, which must ever rest upon a circle of free institutions, each subsisting for some beneficent purpose, by its own inherent laws in entire harmony with, and lending additional strength to, its neighbors."

The first which I name, Religion, is first also in point of importance and necessity. This is a prime support of national greatness and perpetuity. No government, much less one that is wholly dependent upon the morals of the citizens, will long exist without it. By religion in this connection, I do not mean merely the religion of the individuals composing the State, but national religion acknowledged in the Constitution, embodied in the laws, and entering as an element into all those institutions which are the outgrowth and the exponents of the national life. Nor do I design to employ the term in its widest sense, its most general signification. I do not mean by it the polytheism of ancient Greece and Rome, the worship of Boodh or Allah: I do not understand by religion the Mariolatry of Popery, the materialistic pantheism of ancient India and of modern Germany, the sentimental idealism of English essayists and reviewers, nor yet that specious and pretentious thing in our own country recently described as a "fantastical paganism," arrogating to itself the name of religion, of which slavery is the enthroned idol, which is known in the South by the intensity of its zeal in the cause of treason, in the North by a contemptible silence, a detestable neutrality, what John C. Calhoun would call a masterly inactivity. As the ancient Jew prayed toward Jerusalem, and as the modern Frenchman is said to pray toward Paris, so the priests of this pro-slavery idolatry pray with their faces turned toward South Carolina, prove slavery to be a divine institution from the Scriptures, and never allude to the present conflict for fear of sullying the purity of their robes with the mire of politics. Whenever you find a Northern minister who

is silent in these times of national calamity, and who prays ambiguously, so that no mortal can tell whether his sympathies are with the North or with the South, you may be sure you have happened upon a rank Secessionist, and one as richly deserving the halter as the veriest traitor of the Confederacy.

This spurious religion has done more than all other causes combined, to debauch the public sentiment of the country on the great question which lies at the root of our present troubles. I fearlessly charge upon it the guilt of that blood which is pouring out like water, and hold it responsible for the suffering and anguish with which our distracted land is afflicted. By religion I mean the religion of the Bible, — that religion of doctrine, of fact, and of worship, revealed to us in the Scriptures, proclaimed to us by Christ and his apostles, and by all the holy prophets since the world began, which is alone able to make individual man wise unto salvation, and to preserve society from corruption and decay, — a religion comprised in these two great commandments, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind;" and the second is like unto it, "*Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.*" This is that religion which, in opposition to all sceptical systems from Celsus and Porphyry to Buckle and "The Westminster Review," we affirm to be essential to the existence of society, and the main pillar of all permanent government. This doctrine, I am aware, — although I confess the consciousness of the fact does not give me great uneasiness, — will not be accepted by godless politicians and time-serving ecclesiastics who take for their motto — the one as a

shield for their shameless corruption, the other as an apology for their cowardly silence — that false maxim so trite in this country, "Religion has nothing to do with politics." This phrase issuing like an unclean spirit from the mouth of French infidelity at the time of our national organization, although as great a falsehood as was ever uttered by the Father of Lies, has been accepted by us as the bright consummate flower of all political and religious philosophy, and has exerted an immense influence in the work of demoralization which has just culminated in this atrocious rebellion. Religion has every thing to do with politics. Man can never break those cords which bind him, in all relations of life and under all circumstances, to the throne of God; nor find any sphere of action exempt from that dread review to which all men and all their actions will be subjected at the judgment of the great day.

A nation is a moral person; has, or ought to have, a conscience; sustains relations to the immutable and eternal; is a plan of the divine mind; lies directly under the eye of God, and is accountable to him. There is for nations, as for individuals, an immutable morality. Any departure from this standard is as sure in the one case as in the other to incur the penalty of the divine judgments. This follows necessarily from the position which the State occupies, and the duties which it discharges. "*Diis immortalibus proximi sunt magistratus*," — it is supreme next to God, holds in its hand the power of life and death, transacts for man in many of his highest and most important interests. How absolutely insane, then, is that heresy which would seek the perpetuity of the State in the absence of all reli-

gion, — "the living among the dead." The existence of a nation depends, as all admit, upon its virtue, — the prevalent state of morals; but there is neither virtue nor morals without religion. As well expect a soul without a body, a shadow without a substance. But give to a nation an imperishable faith, and you render it immortal. The patriot's prayer for his country, "*Esto perpetua*," is answered, and proof against all the ravages of decay: she must stand as long as time shall endure. Society is not a monster, ever producing and ever again devouring; not a whirlpool, ever throwing up nationalities from its dark abyss, merely to be again ingulfed and destroyed. That theory which conceived some irresistible cycle in human affairs, compelling the rise and fall of empires as in the ancient world, is exploded and rejected by all devout and philosophical minds. Ancient and modern kingdoms have fallen, not because of any dark or fatal necessity compelling their destruction, but because they were built of wood, hay, and stubble, upon the shifting sands of expediency, and not upon the immutable rock of justice. They perished, not on account of religion, but for the want of it; the lack of a pure faith, which might have prevented decay, or arrested it when once begun. We refuse, then, the profane maxims current in the mouths of political speculatists: "Religion has nothing to do with politics," "The State has no God," "Law knows no Bible." Lamentably true, we admit, as a matter of fact, but false as the Koran as a declaration of principles. We prefer to say with Plutarch, "Religion is the bond of all society, and the pillar of all legislation;" with Montesquieu, "Religion is the support of society;" with Washington, "Of

all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports;" with the immortal Burke, "We know, and, what is better, we feel inwardly, that religion is the basis of civil society, and the source of all good and comfort;" with the scholarly Huntington, "Society is the sphere of the kingdom of Christ on earth."

I am presenting no impracticable or imaginary theory. I am supported by an array of the greatest names — of orators, statesmen, jurists, theologians, and philosophers — from the times of Cicero until the present. But what reference has all this to the present crisis? Are we not a Christian nation? and are we not nevertheless in the furnace of war, heated in God's wrath seven times hotter than is wont? I answer, in sorrow, *No*. We are not in any true sense of that term a Christian nation. Be assured, friends, the curse does not come causeless. "Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?" These thunders of war are the voice of him at whose awful rebuke the pillars of heaven tremble; reproving, from the high imperial throne of the universe, a sinful nation for its rejection of his name and authority. The tramp of these armed hosts is his avenging footsteps as he walketh to and fro, making inquisition for the blood that crieth to him from the ground. This battle of the warrior, that is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood, is the robe of vengeance with which Jehovah has arrayed himself, and come forth from his place to punish a guilty nation. "Who ever perished, being innocent? or where were the righteous cut off?" No nation ever suffered such calamities, which was not guilty of stupendous crimes. We do not affirm that as

a nation we are wholly destitute of the Christian element. There is much in our country which is the direct result of its influence. There are certainly here a large number devotedly attached to Christian principles. Our great benevolent and educational institutions are largely moulded and controlled by Christianity. Its powerful and permeating influence is everywhere felt. Nevertheless, as a government, we are not merely profoundly *laic*, as Guizot would say, but absolutely infidel and atheistic. Our Government is no more Christian than it is Jewish or Mohammedan. There is no recognition of God in its Constitution, no allusion to his name, authority, or law, not the most remote allusion to that great fundamental truth which, as the General Assembly in its late deliverance upon this subject truly declares, must underlie all our claims to be considered a Christian nation; viz., that there is one mediator between God and man.[1] This judgment of war is not, we trust, for our destruction, but our reformation; that we may come out of the furnace ennobled and purified. But if we would avert Heaven's righteous wrath in the present, and secure its favor for the future, we must have an acknowledgment of God in our Constitution; we must get the Bible into the statute-book; we must redeem holy time from secular purposes; we must have Christ acknowl-

[1] For a full discussion of the infidel and atheistic character of our Constitution, I refer the reader to Princeton Review, Art. II., October, 1859; editorial in The Independent, Sept. 26, 1861; address by Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D.D., published in The Protestant Churchman, Nov. 23, 30, 1861; sermon on the Bull Run disaster, preached in the North Church, Hartford, by Rev. Horace Bushnell, D.D.; sermon preached by Rev. Dr. Vinton in Trinity Church, New York, Friday, Jan. 4, 1861. I regret that want of space prevents me from laying before the reader extracts from these able discussions, in which the positions that I have here assumed upon this important topic are most ably presented, established, and illustrated.

edged as Prince of the kings of the earth, assured that there is no future for nations so long as they rebel against him and trample upon his authority. I am not pleading for a religious establishment, much less am I advocating the claims of any sect; but I demand, — in the name of God I demand, — that while attempting to put down the slaveholders' rebellion by force of arms, — that as a means to this end we put down our own rebellion against the Lord and his anointed — that as a nation we "kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and we perish from the way when his wrath is kindled but a little."

We have pursued material greatness during the whole period of our national existence. We have attained it, and it has burst like a bubble in our grasp. We have been feeding on ashes. We have planted the vine of Sodom: the grapes are gall, and the clusters are bitter. We have sowed the wind, and now we reap the whirlwind. We have grown rich on the fruits of our oppressed brothers' unpaid toil: two millions a day are thrown into the bottomless abyss of war. This must go on until we have paid back, with interest, every dollar which we have made by the accursed traffic in human flesh.

We have been proud of our great improvements, scientific and mechanical. To-day Confederate soldiers are massed by means of the railroad. Jeff. Davis and Beauregard converse by telegraph. West Point graduates turn their murderous swords upon the country that educated them. "The Charleston Mercury" has been printed by one of Hoe's patent presses, so also is the not less treasonable sheet "The New-York Herald," — and "The New-York Observer," for aught I know. Is

it not time that we begin to look to moral and spiritual improvement and advancement, as having an important bearing upon national existence and glory? This, however, we shall be told by some miserable huckstering political hack, — who is ready at any moment to sell truth, and betray liberty, and ruin his country, for the thirty pieces of silver, which a brief tenure of some petty office would secure, — is visionary and impracticable. We are told, with a sneer, that the millennium has not come yet, and that it is too soon to begin to shape our policy with reference to that particular state of society; that we must be *practical*, take things as they are, and men as we find them. Let it be observed, however, that all the corruption that infests, all the misery that afflicts, society, are the legitimate offspring of that course of policy which these excessively wise and eminently *practical* men pursue; that all advancement which nations make in the higher civilization, is secured in the very face of their most determined opposition; that every great and good enterprise is carried forward in the very face of their malignity and hostility. James Buchanan was one of these *practical* statesmen. He succeeded in ruining his country, and bringing himself into that condition to which we may apply the words of Mrs. Browning, —

"Not dead, only damned."

Be assured, young gentlemen, there is an imperishable crown to be won by some statesman of the future, in the path which I have here indicated. Study profoundly, you who aspire to the highest dignities and honors of the State, all the social, political, and religious

elements of your age and country. Be not day-dreamers, be not founders of Utopias, but ever keep before your minds the idea of a great Christian State. So far from being impracticable, this alone is possible; for this alone exists in the decree and promise of God. He who lays the foundation, as well as they who erect the structure, will be enshrined in the grateful remembrance of mankind, and take his place high up among the number of the immortals who cannot die.

The greatest, wisest, and best, who have investigated and written upon the science of government, declare that we have not yet reached the solid rock; that all that has been done thus far is mere experiment. So must it continue to be, no matter amid what disappointment of hopes, and wreck of nations, until we build our institutions upon those principles that are eternal as God himself, immutable as the pillars of the everlasting throne.

The second great pillar of a republic is order established by Law.

Of law, we must say with the sublime Hooker, "Its seat is the bosom of God: its voice is the harmony of the world." Plato places man's knowledge of law side by side with his recognition of Deity, as one of the prime evidences of his superiority to the irrational creatures. Other creatures are governed by instinct: man alone is the intelligent subject of regular and systematic law. True, in a very important sense, all things are subject to law: the world is *uni*verse, not *di*verse; Cosmos, not Chaos. The majestic form of law is seen in every department of God's vast empire — causing, guiding, and controlling. "In the uniform plane," says Humboldt, "bounded by a distant horizon, where the

lowly heather, the cistus, and waving grass deck the soil; on the ocean shore, where the waves softly rippling over the beach leave a tract green with the weeds of the sea; everywhere, the mind is penetrated by the same sense of the vastness and grandeur of nature, revealing to the soul, by a mysterious inspiration, the existence of *laws* that regulate the forces of the universe." "God," says McCosh, "acts everywhere in nature by natural agency according to natural laws." As science advances, new realms are added to the dominion of law — as rebel States are subdued one after another and restored to the Union by the advance of the Federal armies — until now the whole domain of nature is seen to be subject to its sway; or, if there still be any department in which its operation cannot be traced, this is not because, as Plato conjectured, matter is not always susceptible of receiving the impression of the divine idea, but because of the imperfection of our powers or the present state of our knowledge.

I do not now, however, employ the term in this general sense, but in that more specific one in which law has been defined to be a "rule prescribed by the supreme power of a State to its subjects for regulating their actions — particularly their social actions." I speak of that law whose prerogative is well defined in the lines of Sir William Jones, —

> "Sovereign law, the State's collected will,
> O'er thrones and globes elate,
> Sits empress, crowning good — repressing ill."

Other things being equal, that State is most secure, prosperous, and powerful which has the best code of

laws, most sacredly respected and most wisely administered. Especially in a republic is such a system and administration of law essential. In such a government, law is next to religion the prime safeguard and support. Without this, all things are insecure. Life is full of anxiety — becomes wretched, squalid, and undesirable. The land relapses into a wilderness — society into barbarism. Remove the barriers which law opposes to their progress, and society is swept as by a flood with every form of vice and crime.

The present rebellion is an infamous revolt against all law, human and divine, and as such should be suppressed at whatever cost of blood and treasure. History records no such causeless, unnecessary, unprovoked conspiracy against lawful authority as that which has infected with destructive and delirious madness the Southern States of this Union. Men on whom no wrong has been inflicted, from whom no rights have been wrested, from whom no concession has been withdrawn, with whom every covenant has been but too faithfully kept, and who have enjoyed a monopoly of the most honorable and lucrative offices of the State, are arrayed in arms against the government which has thus nurtured, cherished, and protected them, and which they had sworn in the most sacred and solemn manner to support and defend; desiring, not, according to the hypocritical pretence of all the devil-possessed since the days of Christ, to be let alone, but the entire subversion of the Government — the annihilation of Republican institutions on this continent.

In its avowed purpose of nullifying the Declaration of Independence; founding a government on slavery,

as its corner-stone; dividing its subjects into two classes, — the rulers and the ruled; consigning the one to complete, perpetual, and hopeless bondage, fit for nothing but to pamper the pride and minister to the lusts of the other, — this rebellion is the most gigantic conspiracy against the rights of man and the authority of God that the world has ever seen. Who has not exclaimed, in view of its success, in the slightly altered words of the English poet, —

> "Where is thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod,
> That smote the foes of Zion and of God?
> That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron car
> Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar?
> Where is the storm that slumbered till the host
> Of blood-stained Pharaoh left that trembling coast,
> Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
> And heaved an ocean on their march below?"

We must beware, however, of that fatal mistake which supposes law to originate in the will of the people, and to derive its authority from the mere fact of its enactment by the supreme power of a country. Law has its foundation in God, and is authoritative only in so far as it is the expression of his will. That is not law which the State makes law, as that is not property which the State makes property. All human enactments depend for their authority upon their conformity to the law of nature and the revealed will of God, by which that law is confirmed, illustrated, and completed. All that man can do is to discover and declare in form that law which God has given for the regulation of society. With the discharge of this duty,

his functions as a lawgiver cease. He is not the source of power. There is but one Lawgiver: that is God. Human enactments which contravene his law are null and void. Cicero scouts as insane folly — considers it of all things the most absurd — to suppose that the rule of justice is to be taken from the constitutions of commonwealths, or that laws derive their authority either from the will of the people, the edicts of princes, or the decrees of judges. Burke exhausts his powers of argument in confuting, the thunders of his eloquence in denouncing, the wickedness of supposing that laws are valid merely because promulgated by some human tribunal. He declares that it is not in the power of any man, not in that of the whole race, to alter or repeal any of the laws which the Lawgiver of the universe has given for the rule of our conduct; that no argument of prescriptive right, none of policy, or of preservation of a constitution, can for a moment be pleaded, either for their enactment, or their observance when once they have been enacted; that human laws may affect the mode of application, but have no power over the substance, of original justice. All those laws, therefore, which create artificial distinctions among men, — which oppress the few for the advantage of the many, which do not secure to all men the enjoyment of equal rights, — are unauthorized by God, and, consequently, have no proper validity. Laws are for the poor, the weak, the defenceless. The rich and powerful can take care of themselves. They are for the cottage — the palace can do without them; for the peasant rather than for the peer.

Just here we strike at one of our great national in-

iquities — one of those sins which are at this moment bringing down upon us the righteous judgments of Heaven. The storm has long been gathering. Now that it has burst, it would be wise to remove the cause, and not, as Victor Hugo says, "blame the thunderbolt." There has existed in this country, and enforced by all the power of the Government, an infernal code, compared with which that of Draco was merciful, — a code which places a class, now amounting to four millions, beneath the iron heel of the most atrocious tyranny that the world has ever seen, depriving them of every right that man holds dear, and compelling them to the endurance of every outrage from which human nature shrinks and recoils, — a code which future ages will read with astonishment and with wonder at the barbarity of the age in which it was enacted and tolerated. These laws are not confined, unfortunately, to the rebel States. To say nothing of the Border States, Northern States, infected by that frenzy which slavery has infused into all the veins of the nation, retain even now, in the very face of these terrific judgments, those infamous enactments, properly styled "black laws," upon their statute-books. One has repealed her Personal-liberty Bill. Another, outstripping her sisters in the race of infamy, has sanctioned, by vast majorities, constitutional clauses which forbid men, guilty of a skin not colored like their own, the privilege even of a home upon her soil. We still permit a Taney to defile the place of justice in the Supreme Court of the United States; leaving it in his power to fetter liberty by his infamous decisions, and insult God and outrage humanity by that infernal dictum, "Black men have no rights that white men are bound

to respect." The Fugitive-slave Law is still executed in the District of Columbia. But a short time since, a slave, escaping from his pursuer, ran up the steps of the Capitol, and clung with fettered hands to one of the pillars which support it; was there seized by the tormentor, dragged from that temple sacred to *liberty*, and thrust back into the hell of bondage from which he was attempting to escape. It is absolutely little short of hypocrisy for us to complain of the barbarism of the South, while we continue to tolerate such enormities. It is the savage spirit of slavery that violates the grave — that last sanctuary that even the heathen respect; that shoots captive soldiers for looking out of the windows of the foul dens in which they are imprisoned; that fires upon flags of truce, and upon scalded wretches striving to save the remnants of a miserable life from drowning; and it is the same spirit in kind, although not quite so malignant in degree, which prevents us from repealing at once this whole system of inhuman and brutal enactments, which robs and oppresses a race because the sun has looked upon them and they are black. How can we expect the avenging angel to sheathe that sword which is now extended over the land, while there is neither repentance nor reformation?

> "Neque
> Per nostrum patimur scelus
> Iracunda Jovem ponere fulmina."

A band of traitors, carrying with them a few honest and not a few weak-minded men, as the fiery nucleus of the comet carries the tail, tell us that all this agitation of these subjects now is imprudent, dangerous, exaspe-

rates the South, and prevents the restoration of peace. There is one way of securing peace: only one. It is not the rosewater plan: it is to crush rebellion by the force of arms; but, in order to accomplish this, we must have the God of battles upon our side. The only way in which we can secure him as an ally, is by forsaking the sins which have provoked his wrath. As well attempt conciliation with a volcano or a whirlwind, as with this rebellion. "Leviathan is not thus tamed." No. Expect to bind the ocean with a chain, or lash its sullen waves into submission, but be not so mad as to suppose that you can subdue this rebellion in any other way than by the employment of all the means which God has put in our power. When we have aroused such a moral sentiment in the North as shall demand and compel freedom from all complicity with slavery, — the repeal of every enactment which is based upon a distinction of color, — then, and, in my judgment, not till then, shall we successfully put down this terrible conspiracy. We are still, as a nation, in rebellion against the government of God; and we must abandon this wickedness ere we can expect success in our cause, however manifestly just and right. If we could sweep away this whole system of unrighteous law, I would have more confidence in that single act of justice as a means of crushing the rebellion than in the most numerous and best-appointed army that we can call into the field. That nation which believes that there can be any obligatory law for such a crime as slavery, and which continues to act on such a belief, is sunk in the depths of infidelity and atheism, and, without speedy repentance, is lost. The only right which slavery possesses is

the right of extinction; it should be considered a fugitive and a vagabond on the face of the earth: and every man that meets it should possess the legal, as he possesses the natural and inherent, right to kill it. Slavery has no rights which any man, white or black, is bound to respect.

The third great pillar of a republic is Liberty. The enjoyment of liberty is, of course, essential to the very idea of republican government. A government which does not secure the largest amount of personal freedom compatible with security and order to all under its supervision, is a republic only in name, not in fact. The condition of things in our own country is peculiar and anomalous. The free States are democratic republics. In them free institutions spring up spontaneously, and flourish vigorously: in them man's capacity for self-government has been proved upon a large scale, and found eminently practicable. The slave States are aristocracies — the meanest, I grant, of all aristocracies — not an aristocracy of intellect, not one of blood, not one even of wealth, odious as that is, but an aristocracy in which the members take precedence in proportion to the number of human beings that they are able to buy, hold, sell, or breed. There free institutions are exotics: they are only introduced to languish for a time, and ultimately expire. In the slave States nothing has been proved but the fact frequently before demonstrated, — the essential tendency of slavery to curse with blight and barrenness the soil on which its foul footsteps are planted, and to degrade and madden, brutalize and barbarize, the community which practises the unnatural enormity.

The British — meaning by that term not the liberal and enlightened few in the British Isles who have clearly understood this controversy from the first, and who, of course, are intelligently and heartily with the North, but meaning by it the great mass of their aristocratic, trading, and manufacturing classes, their influential press, at the head of which, in spite of all disclaimers, stands "The Times," and their leading statesmen, such as Palmerston, Russell, and Brougham — are speaking of our present struggle as the trial of Democracy, and holding it up as an example of the failure of Republican institutions. It is needless to say that such a view of the case is utterly false and absurd. That which we have attempted, and which this gigantic conflict proves a disastrous failure, is the union of slave aristocracies and free republics in one federal compact. We see before our eyes a demonstration, written as with a sunbeam, of the utter incompatibility between freedom and slavery — the absolute impossibility of States partly free and partly slave cohering in one great empire under the same form of government. Of course, we would not attempt to convince these European aristocrats of their mistake. Any hope of opening eyes so blinded by self-interest, by pride and by prejudice, would be wholly chimerical. We say of them, as David of Shimei, "Let them curse on." If, however, they expect to derive any additional support for their rotten tyrannies, or to see the experiment of self-government prove a failure, from the present convulsion, the sequel will prove how far they have miscalculated, how wide of the mark has been their judgment of the true issue. No, gentlemen, it is not freedom, but slavery, that is on trial.

With shameless effrontery it has appealed to the ordeal of battle. The verdict GUILTY has been pronounced upon it. More than half a million men in arms stand ready at that word of command which cannot with safety be longer delayed, to give its carcass to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field. Disguise it as we may, this conflict is with slavery. This, and this alone, is the "*fons et origo malorum*" to our distracted country. If we do not put slavery down, slavery will put us down. If we do not destroy it, it will destroy us. One or the other must go under. The blindness is most amazing which does not see this; the infatuation most unaccountable which does not recognize and accept the issue. It is no use to fight with great or small until we have struck the monster to the heart whose horrible convolutions and lashings threaten the life of this great nation. So long as we leave slavery intact, and persist in defending it, we are fighting rebellion with one hand tied. Slavery is its cause, its chief support, its inspiring madness. It feeds and clothes the rebel armies; it performs all the oppressive work in the camp and on the march; it fights also in the ranks, for the rebel soldier is not such a fool as to care whether he fights with white or black, provided he conquers; and it furnishes the only possible pretext for prolonging this inhuman strife.

The duty to which God calls the nation to-day is immediate, unconditional, and universal emancipation. To this he has long called us by the voice of his Word, and by the faithful men who have foreseen the present danger, and attempted by warning, entreaty, and remonstrance to avert the storm which has now burst in such appalling fury upon us; but more loudly now in

these terrific judgments does he thunder in our ears, "Let my people go." If we disregard this command, all that we have yet suffered is but the beginning of sorrows, the first big drops that prelude the storm, the first shadows of that darker night that is yet before us. If we obey, this stupendous conspiracy will vanish like the mists of the morning before the light of the sun, dissolve, and like an unsubstantial pageant faded, "leave not a rack behind." A Decree of Emancipation, promulgated not merely as a war-measure, but as an acknowledgment of the right of all men to liberty, and as a declaration of national repentance for long complicity with the guilt of slavery, would transfer the strength of the rebellion to our side, and, as we confidently believe, secure the favor of Him without whose smile in vain are all our navies, armies, and munitions of war. Border-State men — that ill-omened incubus that has rested like a nightmare during this conflict upon the administration, and disturbed it with dreams of imaginary perils — declare that we must not emancipate and arm the slaves, because they would turn upon and massacre their masters! Wouldn't that be a calamity just now? Who does not shudder at the thought of a few thousand rebels being giving up to the musket, sword, and gibbet? But they would kill the innocent and defenceless women and children! This is an assertion wholly unsupported — another one of that enormous system of lies on which slavery rests, and by which it aims to preserve its hateful life. Colored soldiers would be like other soldiers — no better, no worse. But suppose emancipation would lead to insurrection — let this, which we by no means admit, be for

the moment granted — then, I say, it is better, far better, that every man, woman, and child in every rebel State should perish in one wide-spread, bloody, and indiscriminate slaughter; better that the land should become a Sahara — be as when God destroyed the Canaanites, or overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah — than that this rebellion should be successful. Infinitely more precious to me are the lives of Northern soldiers, the inalienable rights of man, and the interests of humanity, than the lives of Southern traitors. I confess it, my sympathies are not just now enlisted in imaginary evils that might befall the homes and families of guilty rebels, but in the actual woes, the sorrows and desolations, of Northern homes, the suffering of the innocent women and children of the North, whose sons, husbands, fathers, and brothers are cold and low in death, cut off by the sword of the traitor and rebel. I have no words to express the loathing and scorn of my soul for the whining, canting, snivelling hypocrisy that is so tender of those whose tender mercies we have proved, and found them to be cruel. The wan faces of the heroic men who return wounded and maimed from the field of battle; the groans of those who fall, pierced through and through with the dagger which slavery has drawn; the tears that I see shed in the house, on the street, and along all the lines of travel, for some beloved one, who was, but is no more; the noble fellows, scarred and maimed until there is scarcely enough of body left to hold the proud and daring spirit, — these are the things that move my pity, and touch my heart. My concern is, just now, how to save the innocent, the loyal, and the true. I confess myself somewhat indifferent as to the present

fate of the rebel, the traitor, and the criminal. If they would not be crushed by the falling fabric, let them stand from under. If they would not be ground to powder, let them remove from the path upon which are rolling the wheels of a righteous Providence. But we must not emancipate and arm the slave, for that would be *unconstitutional!*

"But, oh! for him my fancy culls
The choicest flowers she bears,
Who *constitutionally* pulls
Your house about your ears."

From whom comes this cry of unconstitutionality? Who are they who are so profoundly exercised for the safety of the Constitution? The followers and lackeys of the men who have been plotting and planning the subversion of the Government for the past ten years. Chief among this band of Constitutional patriots we find the name of Clement Vallandigham, a disgrace to the mother who bore him, to this our honored "Alma Mater" that educated him, and, above all, to the noble State, a part of whose citizens he misrepresents in Congress. We cannot delay to particularize these worthies, of whom Vallandigham is the head, and Ben Wood the tail: suffice it to say, they have raised this cry of Constitution merely as a covering wherewithal to disguise their treason.

"Oh for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
To blast them in the hour of might!"

I freely admit that there are unfortunate concessions to slavery in the Constitution of the United States. The

patriotic men who framed that able instrument made a fatal mistake in allowing slavery a place in that document. They expected it to die; but they should have made sure of it by strangling it in its infancy, and while they had the power. I also admit that in time of peace the power of abolishing slavery belongs of right to the States; but in war all this is reversed. And now that the slave States, as such, are in revolt, and threatening the very life of the nation, it is Constitutional to adopt any measure that safety demands; and especially, as John Quincy Adams long ago demonstrated, is it Constitutional in such an emergency to abolish slavery. To say that there is any thing essential to the existence of the nation which yet we may not do, because unconstitutional, is an absurdity that no sane man can for a moment tolerate. Is it Constitutional to save the life of the nation? Is not the nation more than the Constitution? Was not the Constitution made for the nation, and not the nation for the Constitution? The Constitution is nothing but a paper — a mere parchment — good for nothing except in so far as it answers the great end for which it was framed. The moment it fails to do this, we not only may, but should, cast it aside, and make another. If it were true that the Constitution stands in the way of the salvation of the nation, then at once I would cut the Gordian knot, tear the Constitution to tatters, and trample it under foot. What sort of a Constitution is that which binds the nation hand and foot while the hosts of treason and rebellion overrun and destroy it? This insane cry about the Constitution is a most foolish idolatry. It has worked abundant mischief already, and will accomplish still more if we do

not open our eyes to see that it is preposterous folly. There are times in which law may be broken, and in which it becomes a sacred duty to override constitutions. This is beautifully illustrated by Huntington in his admirable work, "The Divine Aspects of Human Society," by an incident in Italian history, copied from the lectures of Mr. Greenough, the eminent sculptor. It is so applicable at the present crisis, that it appears to have been framed for the express purpose of illustrating it.

"When the great obelisk, brought from Egypt, was erected by Fontana in the Square of St. Peter's in 1586, it was determined to make that gigantic undertaking an incarnation of the knowledge and resources of Rome. They arranged the tackle, and prepared their hands for the delicate and perilous work. To make all safe, and prevent the possibility of accident from some sudden cry or alarm, a Papal edict was proclaimed by Sixtus V., promising death to any man who should utter a loud word until the engineer gave the signal that all risk was past.

"As the majestic monolith moved up, the populace closed in, the Square was crowded with admiring eyes and beating hearts. Slowly that huge crystallization of Egyptian sweat — fit emblem of the toil-wrought column of a civilized state — rose on its basis — five degrees — ten — fifteen — twenty. Ah, there are signs of faltering! No matter. No voice. Silence! It moves again — twenty-five, thirty, forty, forty-three. It stops. Now there is trouble. Lo! those hempen cables, that, like faithful servants, have obeyed the mathematician, have suddenly lugged out an order from God not to hold the

base steady any longer upon those terms. The engineer, who knew the handwriting of that order, trembled. The obedient masons looked on each other, silent, and then watched the threatening, hanging mass of stone. The unspoken question was, Which way would it fall? Among the crowd, silence — silence everywhere; and the sun poured down upon the stillness and the despair. Suddenly, from out that breathless mass of men rang a cry, clear as an archangel's trump, '*Wet the ropes!*' The crowd turned to look. Tiptoe, on a post, in a jacket of homespun, his eyes full of prophetic fire, and his whole figure wild, and lost in his irresistible emotion, stood a workman of the people. His words flashed like the lightning, and struck. From the chief engineer to his lowest servant, that lawless cry had instant obedience. Water was dashed upon the cables. They bit fiercely into the granite. The windlasses were manned once more. The obelisk rose to its place, and took its stand for centuries."

Gentlemen, our country hangs in such a perilous position. Friends ask in fear, and foes in scorn, Which way will it fall? Command or no command, law or no law, Constitution or no Constitution, let us shout, *Wet the ropes!* FREE THE SLAVES! Then will our country be rescued from her perilous position; this foul blot will be erased from her escutcheon; she will ascend grandly to her place, and stand through the centuries, an object of respect and admiration to the world!

TO HIS EXCELLENCY ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.[1]

We visit you, Mr. President, as the representatives of the Reformed Presbyterian, or, as it is frequently termed, "Scotch Covenanter," Church, — a Church whose sacrifices and sufferings in the cause of civil and religious liberty are a part of the world's history, and to which we are indebted, no less than to the Puritans, for those inestimable privileges so largely enjoyed in the free States of this Union, and which, true to its high lineage and ancient spirit, does not hold within its pale a single Secessionist, or sympathizer with rebellion, in these United States.

Our Church has unanimously declared, by the voice of her highest court, that the world has never seen a conflict in which right was more clearly wholly upon the one side, and wrong upon the other, than in the present struggle of this Government with this slaveholders' rebellion. She has also unanimously declared her deter-

[1] This address was the joint production of Dr. Sloane and his brother-in-law, Dr. A. M. Milligan, who presented it together to Mr. Lincoln in person. It was kindly received; and the President expressed his satisfaction that the first part of the distinctive principles of the Reformed Presbyterian Church was so near realization, and his hope that he might assist in carrying out the second portion as well. It seems probable from the condition of the manuscript, that the first half of this address was written by Dr. Sloane, and the second half by Dr. Milligan.

mination to assist the Government by all lawful means in her power in its conflict with this atrocious conspiracy, until it be utterly overthrown and annihilated.

Profoundly impressed with the immense importance of the issues involved in this contest, and with the solemn responsibilities which rest upon the Chief Magistrate in this time of the nation's peril, our brethren have commissioned us to come and address you words of sympathy and encouragement, also to express to you views which, in their judgment, have an important bearing upon the present condition of affairs in our beloved country; to congratulate you on what has already been accomplished in crushing rebellion, and to exhort you to persevere in the work, until it has been finally completed.

Entertaining no shadow of doubt as to the entire justice of the cause in which the nation is embarked, we nevertheless consider the war a just judgment of Almighty God for the sin of rejecting his authority, and enslaving our fellow-men, and are firmly persuaded that his wrath will not be appeased, and that no permanent peace will be attained, until his authority be recognized, and the abomination that maketh desolate utterly extirpated.

As an anti-slavery church of the most radical school, believing slavery to be a heinous and aggravated sin both against God and man, and to be placed in the same category with piracy, murder, adultery, and theft, it is our solemn conviction that God by his Word and Providence is calling the nation to immediate, unconditional, and universal emancipation. We hear his voice in these thunders of war saying to us, "Let my people go." Nevertheless, we have hailed with delighted satisfaction

the several steps which you have taken in the direction of emancipation. Especially do we rejoice in your late proclamation, declaring your purpose to free the slaves in the rebel States on the first day of January, 1863, an act which, when carried out, will give the death-blow to rebellion, strike the fetters from millions of bondmen, and will secure for its author a place high among the wisest of rulers and the noblest benefactors of the race. Permit us, then, Mr. President, most respectfully yet most earnestly, to urge upon you the importance of enforcing that proclamation to the utmost extent of that power with which you are vested. Let it be placed on the highest grounds of Christian justice and philanthropy; let it be declared to be an act of national repentance for long complicity with the guilt of slavery. Permit nothing to tarnish the glory of the act, or rob it of its sublime moral significance and grandeur, and it cannot fail to meet a hearty response in the conscience of the nation, and to secure infinite blessings to our distracted country. Let not the declaration of the immortal Burke in this instance be verified: "Good works are commonly left in a rude and imperfect state through the tame circumspection with which a timid prudence so frequently enervates beneficence. In doing good we are cold, languid, and sluggish, and of all things afraid of being too much in the right." We urge you by every consideration drawn from the Word of God and the present condition of our bleeding country, not to be moved from the path of duty, on which you have so auspiciously entered, either by the threats or blandishments of the enemies of human progress, nor to permit this great act to lose its power through the fears of its timid friends.

There is another point which we esteem of prominent importance, and to which we wish briefly to call your attention. The Constitution of the United States contains no acknowledgment of the authority of God, of his Christ, or of his law as contained in the Holy Scriptures. This we deeply deplore, as wholly inconsistent with all claim to be considered a Christian nation, or to enjoy the protection and favor of God. The Lord Jesus Christ is above all earthly rulers. He is King of kings, and Lord of lords. He is the one Mediator between God and man, through whom alone either nations or individuals can secure the favor of the Most High God, who is saying to us in these judgments, "Be wise now, therefore, O ye kings! be instructed, O ye judges of the earth! serve the Lord with fear. Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that trust in him. For the nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted."

This time appears to us most opportune for calling the nation to a recognition of the name and authority of God, to the claims of him who will overturn, overturn, and overturn, until the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ. We indulge the hope, Mr. President, that you have been called, with your ardent love of liberty, your profound moral convictions manifested in your sabbath proclamation, and in your frequent declarations of dependence upon Divine Providence, to your present position of honor and influence, to free our beloved country from the curse of slavery, and secure for it the favor of the great

Ruler of the universe. Shall we not now set the world an example of a Christian State governed, not by the principles of mere political expediency, but acting under a sense of accountability to God, and in obedience to those laws of immutable morality which are binding alike upon nations and individuals?

We pray that you may be directed in your responsible position by divine wisdom, that God may throw over you the shield of his protection, that we may soon see rebellion crushed, its cause removed, and our land become Immanuel's land.

ADDRESSES

ON

NATIONAL REFORM, TEMPERANCE, FREEMASONRY, EVOLUTION, YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS, PREACHING, AND THEOLOGY.

THE MORAL CHARACTER AND ACCOUNTABILITY OF THE NATION.[1]

The principle involved in the very statement of the theme which has been assigned me is one of vital importance to the existence and prosperity of the State.

That a nation is possessed of moral character, that it is, therefore, a subject of moral law, and consequently accountable to God, is not theory, but fact; not hypothesis, but science. When I say, not theory, but fact; not hypothesis, but science,—I do not mean that the truth is so demonstrated as to be beyond the reach of ingenious objection and cavil. It is conceded, I presume, that the Copernican system of astronomy is demonstrated; and yet it is not many months since I heard a man in the cars declare that the question as to whether the earth revolved around the sun was one upon which a great deal could be said on both sides, and for his part he did not believe that it did. Harvey testified that there was not a physician in Europe, over forty years of age, who accepted his doctrine of the circulation of the blood; and yet it is generally conceded, we believe, that it is a demonstrated fact. That all men do not admit that a nation is a moral being, and accountable to God, does not prove that it is not an established principle of moral and political science.

[1] Cincinnati, Jan. 31, 1872.

The denial of the moral character and accountability of the State is of the nature of atheism: it is practically a denial of God's providential government — leads to the subversion of morals, the annihilation of all rights, the overthrow of rational freedom, and the destruction of the State itself.

A nation is a creature of God. In the language of Franklin, "If a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, much less can an empire rise without his aid." It is not of man, nor of the will of man, but of God; created not by physical, but by moral, forces; not in the sphere of his material, but of his moral, government. We have the highest authority for comparing a nation to a mountain; but other forces than those which have upheaved the "Everlasting Hills," Alps, Andes, or Himalayas, are employed in the creation and perpetuation of great nations.

Since the times of the old Hebrew prophets a tree has been the standing emblem of a political power; yet it requires influences other than those which nourish the pine and the palm, the cypress and the cedar, to produce an enlightened and free Commonwealth. There is no greater fallacy than that which imposes upon the mind with ingenious analogies between that ethical organism called a nation and the perishable physical organisms of the animal or vegetable kingdom. These are aggregations of material particles united by physical laws. They must perish eventually by the very law of their existence; but a nation is composed of moral entities, united by moral laws, has all the elements of a perpetual life, and may continue as long as the sun and the moon shall endure. It is possible, not in the indi-

vidual, but in the nation, to realize the dream of perpetual youth. "The State has no soul" is the dictum of an atheistic political theory. On the contrary, we say, with the famous French priest, Père Hyacinthe, "What I admire most in the State is its soul." Moral principles are the soul of a nation; these are the informing spirit that mould its various elements into a compact unity, and that bind them together with bands stronger than steel. Eradicate or weaken these, and the elements of decay at once seize upon it, and the vultures of ruin hasten to batten upon the carcass.

Truth, justice, honesty, virtue, patriotism, love of man, and fear of God, are the forces that constitute and preserve a great nation: these are the pillars of the republic. These are the towers and the bulwarks of the State. While these remain, no weapon formed against her shall prosper, and she will condemn any tongue that rises in judgment against her. In these is the hiding of her power: by the possession or lack of these is a nation characterized and its work determined.

That physical causes operate to a greater or less degree in moulding national character, few would care to dispute. All the great epochs of history, however, testify that while they may affect, they cannot determine, either the character or the course of nations. How often have nations, by the operation of some moral or spiritual power, been born as in a day; the whole current of their national life been changed; breathed upon, as in the vision of Ezekiel, by the Spirit of the Almighty, and started with the speed of the racer on a new career toward a new goal. Notably is this illustrated in that great birth epoch, the Reformation of the sixteenth

century. Europe was in darkness. "God said, Let Luther be, and there was light." The changes were so stupendous, and yet so sudden, that the historian can find no simile so appropriate as that by which Christ describes his second advent: "As the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even to the west, so shall the coming of the Son of man be." The physical conditions remained the same; but new moral and spiritual influences were working with a wider sweep, with a more intense activity, and with a grander power.

Wherever the new life came, there was the same sudden awakening, the same marvellous transformations, the same display of resistless energies and unconquerable heroism. Holland witnessed on her fertile dike-defended plains as splendid examples of self-sacrifice, as stern a struggle for civil and religious liberty, as Switzerland in her Alpine fastnesses, or Scotland on her wild moorland wastes, or amid the deep recesses of her heath-clad hills. Infidel communism — and communism is the logical consequent of all theories of government which do not hold the State to be of divine origin — can create a mob frantic as the victim of delirium in its struggles against lawful authority; but Christian morality alone can create and preserve a great, free, and enlightened nation. Could any madness be greater than that of the men who shriek like howling dervishes against any national acknowledgment of God, ere yet the glow of burning Paris has passed from yonder heavens? Americans, look across the sea, and behold in France the results of theories that exclude God from the government of nations, and refuse obedience to his law. We quote the words of a great master of

language: "We must needs have the brush that painted the Apocalypse to portray those scenes which recall the destruction of Nineveh and Babylon. Reason is staggered before them. They are in history what those primeval convulsions of the earth were in nature. We now know what socialism may give birth to. In its train may be seen the giants of modern chaos heaping one upon another burning ruins. At one moment Paris, under the burning canopy which covered it, threatened with new crimes and new terrors, the screeching shells tearing through its roofs, seemed like a city under a curse. After these fearful nights came days still more terrible, when, in our streets, strewn with the dead, and traversed by thousands of prisoners, another fire was lighted in the hearts of men, — that of fear, kindled with fury; when the dregs of the human heart were stirred up; when cowardice, united to cruelty, and not satisfied with implacable justice, called for summary vengeance. This was an hour when all the birds of evil omen cursed the very name of liberty; but it was also that solemn, decisive hour when a nation, face to face with the evils that are devouring it, should question itself, examine its own conscience, and fix the responsibility of a catastrophe which involves not alone its direct abettors. The ancient sibyl, to whom Rome shut her ears, comes to us in the form of this great calamity. She gives us warning: it is, perhaps, the last page in the volume of wisdom; but it is the page that I would read to my country, in order that modern Democracy may learn therefrom the lesson which the events of these days should cultivate."

So writes Edmond de Pressensé, a true friend of

enlightened liberty, of scenes of horror which passed before his own eyes; who could say of them, if not *quorum pars magna fui*, at least *quæ ipse misserrima vidi.* Let us remember that a brilliant devotee of the Commune in our own country has said of Henry Delacluse, one of the high priests who prepared this terrible holocaust, that he was a man after his own heart; and that that branch of the Internationals that followed Woodhull through the streets of New York a few sabbaths ago, recalling the ancient myth of Circe and her swine, was organized by one of the chief actors in these scenes of blood, who, not satisfied with banishing God from the earth, said, if he were to go to heaven and find him there, he would immediately throw up barricades.

The Oriental nations are often pointed to as examples of stable government. The facts do not accord to the theory; but their repose, such as it is, is the repose of death, the calm of the Dead Sea, the quietness of the extinct volcano. There are no States, in the true sense of the term, in Oriental countries. They have no progress, and, consequently, no real national life. They do not advance, and play no part in the world's history. India, China, Japan — what are they? Hordes, multitudes, masses, but not nations; nor can they be in their present moral degradation. Persia is a country peopled by a few millions, more or less, of human beings: all the physical conditions favorable for a great nation are there, but the moral are all wanting. There are Persian *people*, but no Persian *nation;* none possible, because, as one who knows them well recently said, "There is not a single man in Persia that is not an arrant liar, nor a single woman that has any correct idea

of true virtue." A few European adventurers conquered India; two hundred British soldiers quelled a rising war of ten millions; and in the great rebellion of a few years since, thirty-six thousand Europeans, all told, — soldiers and civilians, men and women, — crushed, in an incredibly short period, the rising revolt of more than one hundred and fifty millions.

Why is France to-day like a ship driven of the wind and tossed? Or, to come nearer home, what is the character of the masses on whose shoulders the Tammany robbers were borne to power? Who does not see that our country would go down at once in a sea of fire, mingled with blood, if the moral character of the New-York voters was spread all over the land? But what is the State? Not a mass of men, nor an organization of men, but an organization composed of moral beings, subsisting in moral relations; a tree, but a tree whose particles are moral entities, and which must partake of the life and character of the substance of which it is composed; a tree like the fabled Igdrasil of the North, "every leaf a biography, every fibre an act or a word, the rustle of it the noise of human existence onward from of old. It grows there, the breath of human passion rustling through it. Its true figure is that of a colossal man; his consciousness the resultant of the consciousness of the millions that compose this gigantic entity, this body corporate; his power their power; his will their will; his purpose their purpose; his goal the end to which they are moving, — a being created in the sphere of moral law, and therefore both moral and accountable." "A nation," says Milton, "ought to be but as one huge Christian personage, one

mighty growth or stature of an honest man, as big and compact in virtue as in body."

What is government but a system of laws? But what is law? To be binding, law must be founded in justice; but what is justice? An attribute of God, and having relation in this sense only to moral beings. "Law hath its seat in the bosom of God, and its voice is the harmony of the world," — a saying too sublime ever to become trite. Freedom regulated by law is the path along which the nation moves, and the goal which it seeks to attain; freedom removed from the lawless licentiousness that is the worst of despotisms, on the one hand, and from that despotic authority which results, ultimately, in anarchy, upon the other. But, although law comes from God, it gets its practical expression, and exerts its real power, only through the will of the political organism of the State. And in this sense it is well described: —

> "Sovereign law, the State's collected will,
> O'er thrones and globes elate,
> Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill."

Every government, by equitable laws, is a government of God: a republic thus governed is of him, through the people, and is as truly and really a theocracy as the commonwealth of Israel. The refusal to acknowledge this fact is as much a piece of foolish impiety, as that of the man who persists in refusing to acknowledge that God is the Author of his existence. When good and wholesome laws become inoperative, or evil ones are enacted, a blow is struck at the very life of the State: its vital constitution is attacked in the

very citadel of life, and its strength weakened. A strong government is one in which the moral power among the citizens is strong; that is, where there is a conviction of the majesty and moral obligations of just and wholesome laws — such laws as immoral legislators will never enact, and as an immoral people will not obey. The State is the law-enacting power; but can any conception be more preposterous than that of a power enacting laws which must themselves rest on moral principles, or, rather, be the form or expression of moral principles, while the power is itself destitute of all moral character? It is singular that any man who has once arrived at the true conception of law, as an expression not of human will, but of the Divine Justice, should hesitate for a moment to indorse the fundamental principle of this reform. I believe it is one of the fundamental principles laid down by Blackstone, that no law which controverts the law of God is binding.

But, still further, the moral character of a nation is seen in the legitimate functions of government. "Government is for the protection of property," is a favorite expression of a certain school. Certainly true, although in their mouths the greatest of falsehoods, because put forward as the whole truth; for, as Tennyson says, —

> "A lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies."

I remember that I was startled with this declaration of an eminent publicist: "Man holds communion with God in property." Yet it is a great truth. The earth is the Lord's, for he made it. The gold and the silver are his, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. The right of property is, therefore, Divine; and only a State

recognizing its own divine character and origin can lawfully regulate its acquisition and tenure. Even on the lowest view which can be taken of government, moral character is essential to its administration. Where the rights of property are most carefully guarded, and each individual secured in the fruits of his own industry, there wealth flows as the rivers to the sea. Hence the utter folly, to say nothing of the wickedness, of all communistic theories which propose the annihilation of the rights of property. Let this nation begin seriously to entertain such theories, and her wealth will vanish as surely, and little less rapidly, than those of our sister city in the melting fires of her awful conflagration. These theorists connect with the protection of property, also that of the person. What a field demanding careful study and application of moral principles opens before us in this function of government! What a range of punishments, from the petty fine to the awful death-penalty upon the gallows! Each day I pass the frowning walls of a gloomy prison, in which some hundreds of human beings are confined, some of them for the term of their natural life, on behalf of the safety of society, that they may not endanger the rights of property, or the life or limb of their fellow-men; and yet we are told that the power which thus isolates these persons, cuts them off from all that makes life desirable, even endurable, and consigns them to separation and solitude, no more to bless or be blessed by the influences of society, derives its power from the people, is accountable only to them, has no soul, has no moral character, and is responsible to no higher tribunal than the majority of citizens. If the theory claimed to be thus

embodied in the present preamble of our Constitution in the words, "We, the people of the United States, do ordain this Constitution," is true, then has society no right to put the murderer to death, no right to punish crime as such, and, indeed, is ultimately without right to protect itself against ignorance, intemperance, or any other evil which threatens its destruction.

Again, let us consider the subject of education — what a field for the exercise of moral influence! Why must the State educate? Not alone that men may be wiser, but that they may be better; that the feelings of moral obligation may be widened and deepened, and thereby the citizens be fitted to render that conscientious obedience to the State without which all laws are inoperative. No system of education divested of a moral character is conceivable. If we teach our children simply to read, we must teach them in the writings either of the good or the bad, of the moral or the immoral — indeed, you cannot teach them even the meaning of the words moral and immoral without adopting some system of morality. Here is a mighty question on which we cannot enter, but which, started in this city, must be discussed until a final settlement is reached. God grant that its final settlement may be such as to increase the moral power of the nation, and not so tend to weaken those elements which are even already all too feeble in our national life. Permit me here to say that in this question of the Bible in the schools, it is not the infatuated men whom we call infidels and Romanists, that are the most dangerous, but the enemies within the camp, the men who profess to believe the Scriptures, and who yet unite with their foes in the attempt to displace

them from our system of national education. For the former I feel a measure of pity; for the latter, contempt for their folly, and all the loathing of which I am capable for their sycophancy, cowardice, and inconsistency. The lawyer who stands forth the legal champion of the robberies of a Fisk or a Tammany ring is angel white in my estimation compared with him who, professing the faith of Christ, lends himself to an attempt to drive the Scriptures from the schools. The one strikes a blow which may be parried and weakened by a thousand influences: the other aims at the heart.

A still more practical view of this subject is taken when we consider the moral obligations of a nation as such: like an individual, it is held bound in the judgment of mankind to the fulfilment of its obligations.

Great Britain, France, and Italy owe enormous debts. The same is true of our own country. Shall the obligations of these debts be met? May the nation repudiate? If not, why not? If a nation has no moral character, and is accountable to no higher tribunal, if law is the determination of a mass of men, what is to prevent it from taking the shortest road to a release from these obligations? Or does the law, "Thou shalt not steal," bind a nation as well as an individual? Are there not such things as noble nations, magnanimous nations, mean nations, and arrogant nations? Do we not apply to nations the same adjectives expressing moral qualities which we apply to men? Has not Great Britain a national character as well defined in the minds of men as her Queen or Prime Minister — a character into which her physical character and resources scarcely

enter, but which is determined by moral qualities? Is not the United States a personality as distinct in the eyes of men as Gen. Grant or Mr. Colfax?

The Conference of Geneva is to decide a question of difficulty between Great Britain and the United States, not between the people of the two countries as such, but between them as moral persons. It is Mr. John Bull against Mr. Brother Jonathan, the American eagle and the British lion who are at variance, two moral persons who are seeking the moral decision of a moral question. What law is to rule in this arbitrament, and whence come the principles by which the tribunal which is to make the decision is to be guided? This opens up the great question of international law, which, like all laws, can bind only moral entities, and must itself rest on moral grounds. Wheaton says, "Every State has certain sovereign rights to which it is entitled as a moral being; in other words, because it is a State."

When two States, two colossal men, who strike with the force of a million armed soldiers, meet face to face in the bloody duel of war, is there no law to control them but that of brute force, the will of the stronger? Is there no question of right or justice between these two giants? Are right and justice necessarily on the side of the strongest battalions, and, when one falls beneath the superior strength of his antagonist, is there no further account? Is there no ultimate tribunal? Is there no possibility of a wrong which the avenging Nemesis may requite, on a nation as on an individual? Then is human nature a lie, then history was never written, then morality is a dream, and the throne of divine justice is the baseless fabric of a vision that melts

away more suddenly than the morning clouds that gather about the rising of the sun.

With that oldest of divine institutions, the family, the parent both of Church and nation, the State must, does interfere, that lawless lust may not return from the bestial herds to bring back the reign of barbarism. Prior in origin, it is yet subordinate in order, and must be regulated by the supreme authority. The State establishes monogamy, the marriage of one man and one woman, as the form of the institution essential to its own existence and welfare, determines the age at which it may be entered, and requires its consent and seal to the contract before admitting its validity. Laws inflicting penalties for violations of the marriage covenant are enacted by all Christian States: failure to execute such laws indicates the decay of moral sentiments in the community, and is the certain sign of the approaching decadence of the nation. The State determines what shall be the education of the children of the family, at what period its claims on the members of the family begin, when the child may assert its freedom from the family restraints, and acknowledge no authority but that of the State itself. It regulates the inheritance, assumes the guardianship of minors, on the death of one or both of the parents — becomes itself the parent in the absence or failure of parents to fulfil their obligations. It is not only as violations of the purity of the human heart, as destructive of all the happiness of which the family is the source, but as direct attacks upon the State as dependent upon the family, that we are bound to oppose all theories that interfere with the sanctity of the family, and to restrain by the severest penalties of the law any

attempt to carry them out into overt act, either by the advocates of polygamy, or the still baser advocates of free love. I say baser. Polygamy is heathenish: free love is simply brutal.

But does the State touch upon the sphere of religion? This also falls to be discussed by another during the sittings of this convention. Shall we have the Bible in the schools? The Supreme Court of the State of Ohio must now decide, and perhaps the Supreme Court of the United States ultimately. Shall we have a quiet sabbath in which to worship God, free from the rush, tumult, and confusion of business? This has been decided in the negative. Sabbath business and sabbath processions have carried the day thus far over the Christian sentiment of the community, over the rights of worship. Step by step the enemy gains; and the Christian sentiment is overbalanced by a contemptible minority of the people, because, in an unfortunate hour, they accepted a Constitution which has no clause recognizing the great moral power which has made and preserves the nation. The State composed of Christian men, the State in which Christianity is the controlling power, the State which would crumble to atoms in a moment if this influence were withdrawn, must urge its claims in a thousand points, and might as well attempt to escape from the blue canopy above us, as from the questions which its presence necessarily requires.

This is but an imperfect outline of the character and some of the functions of the power which we call a nation, but sufficient to show that it is a moral personality, created in the moral sphere of God's government, and controlling by its continual presence and power the

destiny of the millions of which it is composed, and whose interests are committed to its guardianship. If this being has no moral character, then the word has no significance: man walks in a vain show, his loftiest aspirations are the dream of a vagrant imagination, his spirit is that of the brute that goeth downward, and he may as well conclude that his moral convictions are, perhaps, deeper, but as vain, as the religion of Mr. Darwin's dog barking on a summer day at a parasol shaken by the wind on the lawn. Our appeal, however, is not to the devotees of a degrading philosophy, but to the Christian people of the United States, who believe in God, in Christianity, and in the Bible. By all such, if they are consistent with themselves, the fundamental principles of this reform must be accepted: the arrangements of details and expressions may be safely left to the wisdom of the future.

But to whom is the nation accountable? To its own citizens? But they are the State. To other nations? Only in its relations to them; and just as each individual person has the right to pursue the end of his own being, without giving account to his fellow-men individually or collectively, so the nation has a right to pursue its own independent path, accountable not to one nor to all the nations of the earth for its conduct, unless it so endanger the common welfare of mankind as to require its suppression. The nation is accountable to God alone. Before his bar it ever stands, is continually undergoing its judgments, and receiving its sentence, and lives or dies according to its deeds. A great scholar of our age asserts that no nation has ever existed in one form for a thousand years. Neither Assyria, Babylon, nor Rome,

could boast of a millennium. Why have they perished? Not because of any law that determines the rise, progress, decline, and extinction of nations; nor because the world's history moves in irresistible cycles, to which all greatness must submit; nor because society is an abyss throwing up from its depths endless transformations to be again ingulfed, a monster, Saturn-like, devouring her own children. They have fallen under the just judgment of Heaven because of the violation of Heaven's laws: they have fallen because they have refused to learn Nebuchadnezzar's lesson, that "the Most High God ruleth in the kingdom of men, and that he giveth it to whomsoever he will." Many a Sarmatia has fallen unwept, but no one without a crime. We have but to give loose rein to the powers of evil that do already work in our own country with fiendish energy and Satanic aspect, and the result is soon accomplished. "All national greatness," says Neander, "depends on the tone of public feeling, and this, again, on the power of religion in the life of the people." And again, "The times in which unbelief has prevailed are, as history teaches, uniformly times of earthly calamity; for the moral depravation which accompanies unbelief necessarily destroys also the foundation of all earthly prosperity."

The nation is of God, is a creature of moral law, and a subject of the divine government: change the names, and the burden of Tyre, of Edom, and of Ammon, may be written of any nation that follows in the same path of wickedness; phenomena are transient, but principles are eternal. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away." "For three transgres-

sions and for four, I will not turn away the punishment thereof." "Fire, famine, and slaughter" are the avenging fires that follow in the pathway of national atheism, political corruption, and crime. The curse does not come causeless. Who are punished, being innocent? and where were the righteous cut off?

We have crushed out the head of the hydra that once threatened our national existence. There is the same irrepressible conflict between the theory of government which we advocate, and that of the various foes that now threaten the nation's life.

The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but they are mighty, through God, to the pulling down of the strongholds of sin and Satan. We do not forget, however, that Christ has said that he came not to send peace on earth, but a sword. A nation, like an individual, reaches its goal through conflict, through agonies of war and strife. If she is to come forth triumphant, her garments will be red as are those treading in the wine-press.

We follow the Master. The banner of the Captain of our salvation is before us. The leader of this army hath upon his vesture and upon his thigh a name written, "King of kings, and Lord of lords;" and we know that the final issue cannot be doubtful. He is called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war. Though his vesture be dipped in blood, he goeth forth conquering and to conquer. The armies that are in heaven follow him. He will overturn, overturn, and overturn until his power is established, and the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ.

Mr. Chairman, I believe we have held no convention on this subject without hearing the roaring of some wild beast, threatening blood. Well, sir, we are the followers of the Prince of peace. We propose to carry forward this discussion in the arena of fair argument. But, sir, we have heard such threats before, and we have seen them put in execution; and the result is before the world.

We follow peace, but those who make these threats may as well know that they cannot intimidate or drive us from our firm purpose. If they attempt to carry them into execution, they will be met by a resolution as determined as their own, and by a heroism that no system of unbelief ever inspired.

We are the sons of sires, who, in the face of a great moral conflict, could sing, —

"Father in heaven, we turn not back,
Though briers and thorns choke up our path;
Better the torture and the rack
Than meet the whirlwind of thy wrath.
Let tempests rage, let torrents pour,
Let whirlwinds churn the raging sea:
What is the turmoil of an hour
To an eternal calm with thee?"

CHRISTIAN LEGISLATION.[1]

THE object which has assembled this Convention is one whose importance it would be very difficult to exaggerate. The open, distinct, and avowed purpose of the "National Reform Association" is to secure such an amendment to the Constitution of the United States as shall furnish a legal basis for legislation upon those elements of our national life that are specifically Christian, — such, for example, as Christian marriage; the sabbath as a day of rest for the laboring man, and of peaceful worship for the religious man; the Bible in the schools; the judicial oath in our courts of justice; chaplains in our army, navy, and public institutions under the control of Government; special days of fasting and thanksgiving, etc.

That a free people should be somewhat sensitive respecting changes in their Constitution is at once natural and proper. The Constitution represents stable government, and stable government is essential to national prosperity and progress. It is not desirable that frequent changes should be made in the National Charter. Nevertheless, the Constitution of a free government not only may, but must, from time to time, be altered and amended according to the varying and progressive

[1] New York, Feb. 27, 1873.

changes of the national life: otherwise it will prove a barrier to national progress, and eventually provoke resistance and revolution. Plant an oak in a vase, and either the vase will kill the oak, or the oak will burst the vase. The garments of the boy of fifteen will not do for the muscular, developed man of twenty-five. The Constitution, framed for the thirteen colonies before the steamship, the locomotive, or the telegraph had appeared, will not meet the requirements of our nation to-day, into which so many new forces, both moral and physical, have entered. The only appropriate question which can be asked, is as to the importance, necessity, and practicability of the proposed amendment. If it meet some great, felt and conscious necessity of the nation, if it be clearly foreseen that its adoption will be productive of beneficent results, then it is at once the dictate, both of reason and of statesmanship, that it be accepted. That such an emergency has arisen is the profound conviction of many of the most thoughtful minds of the country. Our fathers designed to found here a great, free, and Christian republic. We have made it free from ocean to ocean, from the Lakes to the Gulf; and we are now resolved, with the divine assistance, to secure its Christian features against all the disorganizing forces which assail them, and give them the guaranty of a specific declaration in the National Constitution. There is no one element of the national life distinctively Christian which is not assailed, nor one which is not called in question, and the right and reason of its existence under the Constitution denied. These assaults, taken in connection with the alarming corruption in political life, have created a deep and wide-spread

concern for the stability of our government. The right to read the Bible in the public schools is appealed to the higher courts in the State of Ohio. The same right is denied to the schools of New York by the decision of the State superintendent. Sabbath laws are either abrogated or rapidly becoming a dead letter on the statute-book. The abrogation of the judicial oath in our courts of justice is loudly urged, and all this pressed on the ground of constitutional right. The conflict is upon us: the issue is made. The necessity for making constitutional provision against infidel demands is as urgent as it was a few years ago for making such provision against slavery. The view which we urge upon this subject is no new thing. Five years after the adoption of the present Constitution, Rev. Dr. John Mason of this city — perhaps the greatest pulpit orator of America, the intimate friend and eulogist of Alexander Hamilton, according to the statement of his son to the present speaker, the most prominent of the framers of the Constitution — used these words: "Should the citizens of America be as irreligious as her Constitution, we have reason to fear lest the Governor of the universe, who will not be treated with indignity by a people any more than by individuals, overturn from the foundation the fabric we have been rearing, and crush us to atoms in the wreck."

It is proper, also, to remark that this movement rests upon the profoundest principles of political philosophy, as well as upon the pure precepts of Christian morality, and is, therefore, thoroughly logical and consistent with itself.

That government is a divine, and not a human, insti-

tution, is affirmed by all political writers whose opinion is of any value upon the subject. To name them is to name all those who have obtained eminence in political science in our own country: Lieber, late of Columbia College; Tayler Lewis of Union; Professor Seelye of Amherst, the scholar and thinker of New England; Mulford, the author of that able political work, "The Nation;" O. A. Brownson, author of "The American Republic," not to mention others of equal ability on these subjects, some of whom are with us in this Convention.

Governments are not made: they grow. They are not of man, nor of the will of man, but of God. They arise under the operation of God's providential laws, and are created as moral persons for the accomplishment of moral ends. "The nation is not a confused collection of separate atoms, as grains of sand in a heap, and its increase is not through their accumulation. It has the unity of an organism, not the aggregation of a mass."

If government be not divine, then it is merely a voluntary association, and may be dissolved, like other voluntary associations, at the will of those who are thus united; but this theory would subvert society, and lead to anarchy.

The experiment of the erratic Thoreau, had it been successful, would have proved him stronger than Massachusetts, stronger than the United States; would have proved the same as to every other individual under the government, and, of course, would have subverted its very foundation.

We are born under government — live, act our little

part, and die, under it. We have no choice in the matter. We can no more escape from it than from the blue heavens above us. With reverence it may be said of government, as of its Author, "If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand hold me." There is no divine right of kings. There are no providential rulers supernaturally raised up to govern. There is, however, a divine right of government: it is of God through the people. Hence, rulers are accountable, both to God and the people. When properly understood, "*vox populi*, *vox Dei*," is the embodiment of a political truth. This view of government is the only one that has the slightest claim to be considered philosophical and scientific, and makes our demand for a recognition of God in the Constitution not merely reasonable, but logical and necessary. The sciolists who have been in such eager haste to throw themselves in the path of this movement, have never made even an attempt at argument on fundamental principles. They are wise. Every other view of government is unscientific, disorganizing, anarchical, and despotic. We embrace the opportunity to say to these gentlemen, that platitudes about Puritanism, Jewish theocracy, union of Church and State, religious persecution, etc., are arrows that fall harmless at our feet. A cause like this, resting on fundamental principles, is not to be arrested by such feeble weapons. We take their sneers, and bind them as a wreath of honor around our brows. As to their opinions, which they utter so oracularly, I would that they understood how little we regard them.

Not a few journals which betray their utter ignorance of the principles of political philosophy, treat the arguments for this movement with combined flippancy and arrogance. And "The New-York Independent!" I have seen somewhere a story of a poor animal, on which a cruel devotee of science had been experimenting, that continued to wriggle for some three days after the brains were taken out of it. The brains were taken out of the "Independent" some two or three years ago, but it wriggles yet.

Again, governments are the subjects of God's immutable laws, whether they acknowledge the fact or not. Their unbelief cannot make void the purpose of God. The government is not the people, nor the people the government, although the one is not without the other. There is one law for the individual, and another for the government, — a judgment of the individual, and a judgment of the nation. As moral persons, they are the subjects of God's moral laws. There is no future state of rewards and punishment for nations: hence they receive their doom or their chastisement in this world. Rome advanced her conquests until she embraced the civilized world. Her victorious eagles hovered over the finest portions of three-quarters of the globe. She fell, not because of any dark or fatal necessity compelling the rise and fall of empires, but because of her own crimes. The huge and bloated carcass was rotten at the heart: barbarous invasion but completed what internal corruption had begun. The Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun thundered at her gates. Her pomp, her glory, and her multitudes went down to the dust. God's laws were violated, and God's ministers of vengeance exe-

cuted upon her the penalty. We need not go to the nations of antiquity for our examples.

But a few years have passed since we were, as a nation, the subject of one of the most severe national chastisements that has befallen any nation of modern times. We were in the full tide of national prosperity, as men judge national prosperity; but there was a gross national sin resting upon us. Suddenly the clouds of confusion gathered over us: the Lord God thundered in the heavens, and there the Highest gave his voice, hailstones and coals of fire. He sent out his lightnings, and smote us: he lifted up the waves of his wrath, and rolled them upon us. The land trembled beneath the shock of contending armies, and the earth drank in the blood of the slain. When "those war-clouds rolling dun" had passed away, three billions of treasure had perished; a million lives had been sacrificed; there was not a house in which there was not one dead; the land was filled with a very great mourning, as the mourning of Hadadrimmon in the valley of Megiddon, — Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted. Can history furnish a more striking illustration of the punishment of a nation, coming directly from the hand of God for the violation of his law? There is nothing in this supernatural; nothing miraculous. It all occurs in accordance with the operation of laws which God has established. "*Facilis descensus Averni*" is true of a nation. "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone."

Again, in the conduct of its policy, whether that policy relate to its own citizens, or to its relation to other nations, a nation is as much under obligation to obey the

law of God as the humblest of its citizens. We have had a policy toward the Indian in the past. That policy we all admit to have been in many respects unjust. We have another policy at present, — a policy of which our esteemed Chairman is an honored agent. This policy is distinctively *Christian*. The present results are several expensive Indian wars avoided, with their attendant waste of blood and treasure. We have had a policy toward the negro, — a policy toward nations with whom we have been brought into various relations, — a policy toward the Mormons, — a policy toward the Chinaman, etc. What is the standard of national conduct in all these instances? Is our own will the rule, or is there a higher law by which we should be governed, and by which we will be tried? To ask these questions is to answer them. No thoroughly informed person will deny that a nation is a *moral* person. Great Britain and the United States meet in arbitration: the question between them is one of rights; an appeal to a standard must be made; that standard is the "Law of Nations;" but of this law it may indeed be said that "it hath its seat in the bosom of God, and its voice is the harmony of the world." The "Law of Nations" is an expression of the divine justice, and rests ultimately upon the revealed will of God. The recognition on the part of a nation of its subordination to the law of God is the recognition simply of a demonstrated, accepted political truth.

There is no point upon which even intelligent persons appear to be more confused than upon the true end of government. The prevalent opinion is, that government is simply a device for the preservation and furtherance of material interests. Jefferson's view was, that its end

was to prevent pockets being picked, and legs from being broken; or, as it is more philosophically expressed, for the protection of life and property. We heard that eminent philanthropist, Gerrit Smith, when running as independent candidate for the governorship of the State of New York, say in this hall that government was simply the *watch-dog* lying at the door of the citizen to protect his property. An astute lawyer rose in the audience, and asked him what, then, was his opinion of the public-school system of the State; and he was compelled to answer that he did not believe education properly a function of government!

A moment's reflection is sufficient to convince any one both of the fallacy and inadequacy of such views. Formed in the moral sphere of the divine government, civil government must deal with the higher principles of human nature and with the higher interests of society. The family is formed according to its conception of the true character of that relation. The relation of parent and child is controlled and regulated by its laws. Every right, whether of property or of conscience, is secured or destroyed by its arrangement. Is there any interest of man which it does not affect? any department of human action with which it does not directly or indirectly interfere? Whoever reflects upon it aright will be ready to say, with Arnold of Rugby, that it is monstrous that such a power should recognize no authority higher than itself. This is a sufficient answer to the question, so often asked, why a government should acknowledge God rather than a bank, railroad, or other corporation. Government is supreme. "*Diis immortalibus proximi sunt magistratus.*" There is no other power

to interfere between it and the people. It would be eminently fitting that corporations of every kind should acknowledge God. The current maxim, that governments have no souls, indicates the corrupt sentiment that originates fraudulent "rings" and "corners." These corporations, however, are, as Blackstone says, merely "artificial persons:" they are limited to merely pecuniary interests, are subject to the sovereign power, and can be made or dissolved according to its pleasure. The government, however, is a different agent altogether: it knows no power higher than itself; it controls all, and is controlled by none. "Whom it will, it kills; and whom it will, it keeps alive." No power can interfere between it and the subject. Its sentence is final, and, save by itself, irreversible. For this reason, government by a majority recognizing no allegiance to God is a despotism as dangerous and as absolute as that of the purest autocracy the world has ever seen. On my way to this Convention, I asked an eminent lawyer, a member of the Pennsylvania Constitutional Convention, "Why do you punish bigamy in Pennsylvania?" — "Because it is a crime — a *malum in se*." — "According to what law?" — "Of course," he replied, "the law of God as revealed in Christianity." This is the precise truth. Why not, then, acknowledge the law by which our legislation is, and must be, governed? A friend to whom I put the same question, replied, that it should be punished for the good of society. But who is to judge? In Mohammedan countries polygamy prevails, not, in their estimation, a *malum*, but a *bonum*, *in se*, — a useful institution, necessary to the good, perhaps the very existence, of society. Is it not plain that our legislation proceeds on

principles purely *Christian* — that to deny this fact, or to act on the denial, would subvert modern society? Thus, it is manifest that this movement is not only *theoretical*, resting upon fundamental principles, but eminently *practical*. The law of marriage makes all the difference between Western and Oriental civilization. Polygamy, as an institution, rests in Mohammedan countries upon the Koran, but in Christian countries upon the rule of Christ, "They twain shall be one flesh." If our government is to know no distinction of religion, why shall we discriminate against the Mormon or Mohammedan on a principle which his religion does not forbid, nay, into which it enters as an essential element? To deny that we have a right to legislate on Christian principles is to deny a principle upon which our legislatures and courts are acting every day. The theory which we oppose, if logically carried out, would reduce men to a herd, and society to the wildest anarchy.

We are justly proud of our liberties, but whence have they come? From an ancestry thoroughly imbued with Christianity, men who shed their blood like water to secure the right to read the word of God, and to worship him according to its requirements. "O Liberty, what crimes have been committed in thy name!" said Madame Roland, as from the scaffold she raised her hands to Heaven. Let us remember that these crimes have been committed in the name of infidel liberty, not of a liberty regulated by the law of Christ. The open Bible Père Hyacinthe affirms to be the secret of the power and glory of America and Britain. Every step of progress which a nation makes is by taking up some Christian principle into the national life. French

communism is the ideal of those who stand in the front ranks of our opponents, — a horror which so alarms the French people of to-day that they willingly submit to almost any government which gives them security against its atrocities. The more a nation has of Christianity the freer it becomes, is a fact which admits of no exception since the days of Christ; and yet one would think, to hear certain newspapers talk, that it was of all other things to be dreaded and shunned. A decade will not, in all probability, pass, until it will be seen that this contest is a struggle for civil and religious liberty against atheism and infidelity, those dire foes not only of God, but of man. I do not wish to exaggerate the evils of the hour. A great calamity has fallen upon us. We hang our heads with shame. Is there no remedy? Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Are not the leaves of the tree of life for the healing of this nation? I am aware that men say, "Look at your Christian statesmen!" That some of those implicated in these recent disgraceful transactions have made some sort of Christian profession, is currently reported; that they were among the most trusted of our public men, all admit. When I was in Chicago, after the great conflagration, I saw how the apparently strongest and most durable structures had melted like wax in that awful furnace, — those that remained standing crumbled and defaced, as though smitten by all the storms of ruin for a thousand years. What must have been the intensity of that conflagration in which they perished! When we see men go down like those whose names, for very pity, we cannot mention, we may infer how great the temptation to which they have been exposed, and find an addi-

tional argument for the necessity of applying a radical remedy to the existing state of politics in our country. There is no charm in words, but there is omnipotence in principles. Our amendment would elevate government into the sphere of a high moral duty, and remove it from the domain now occupied by the stock exchange and the speculators' "corner." Its tendency must be to raise up a class of public men influenced by moral considerations, and accepting office as a duty to be discharged, rather than as a door of admission to an opportunity for the accumulation of boundless personal wealth.

What other remedy is proposed that has not, again and again, been tried and failed? Is it not time to make one earnest and united effort to infuse a new power into government, that may transform politics from a reckless game into a sacred trust?

There are other questions of a more immediately practical character pressing themselves upon us at this very moment, and from which there is no escape. Is President Grant to succeed in his effort to abolish polygamy in Utah? Are we to fold our hands, and tamely submit to the expulsion of the Bible from all our schools? Shall the oath be banished from our courts of justice? Shall we resist and antagonize, in all lawful ways, the open, determined, and diabolical effort now made to destroy every Christian element which yet remains in our government, and by constitutional enactments secure them to us and our posterity forever, while we lay the foundation for still further progress in the same direction?

Of all questions, these are the most practical, as they are the ones which press themselves with the greatest

urgency upon our immediate consideration. That we shall succeed in carrying this amendment, does not admit of doubt. The ablest thinkers of the nation are with us. As a question of talent, the weight is upon our side. The great majority of the best people of the nation are with us. They only need to be awakened to the importance of the issues which are made, and they will rise as the waves of the ocean when the storm descends upon it, and whelm beneath the tide of Christian sentiment the audacious demands of an impious and alien atheism. This place[1] calls up strange recollections. I have stood on this platform when this hall was filled with a raging, howling, blaspheming, pro-slavery mob, whose violence it took one hundred policemen, with the chief of the police at their head, to restrain; and in less than two years the streets of this city echoed to the strains of splendid regiments armed against slavery, kindled to the white-heat of a burning patriotism, as they sang, —

> "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
> His soul is marching on."

God is with us: it is his prerogative to work with many or with few. It is not for us to know the times or the seasons which the Father hath put in his own power. We will succeed, whether in the near or the distant future. The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. The kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ.

[1] Hall of the Cooper Institute.

INTEMPERANCE IN THE UNITED STATES A HINDERANCE TO SPIRITUAL LIFE.[1]

The Church of the Lord Jesus Christ is an aggressive power, an army marching under the banner of her king and head; her enemies are the principalities and powers of darkness; the conflict which she wages admits of neither truce nor compromise; there is no discharge in that war; she must go on conquering and to conquer until she brings forth battle unto victory. With weapons which are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds, she antagonizes every form of evil, and seeks to bring every thought and imagination of man's heart into subjection to the law of Christ. The Church is a divine organization commissioned to oppose, overturn, and utterly destroy the kingdom of Satan, to set up that kingdom whose dominion is righteousness and peace, and thus secure to men of every kindred and tongue the blessings which the Son of God became incarnate and died upon Calvary to procure. She wages an irrepressible conflict, not only with the Protean forms of sceptical and atheistic unbelief, but with those insidious and pervasive social vices which are eating, as doth a canker, into the very heart of society, and which are the Marah fountains whence flow the bitter

[1] Pan-Presbyterian Council, Edinburgh, July 9, 1877.

waters of shame, crime, despair, and death. It is proper that some should sit apart, and "reason high" upon those profound questions which relate to the very foundations of the Christian faith; but others must descend into the arena of tempted, sinning, suffering, dying men, and battle face to face, hand to hand, with those forms of evil which slay their tens of thousands, where mere intellectual error cannot number even its hundreds of victims. As a heinous in against God, the foe of society, and the baleful enemy of pure and undefiled religion, an almost unanimous suffrage assigns the foremost place to the vice of intemperance. In our judgment, intemperance is not properly correlated with other social evils, inasmuch as it is the legitimate and prolific parent of all the others: it is not only a violation of the Divine law, but the cause of the breach of every precept of the Decalogue. With impious hand this gigantic criminal dashes both tables of the law to pieces, and tramples them beneath its feet. We do not exaggerate: intemperance leads the horrible train of all the vices, it marshals the armies of these aliens in their warfare against the Lord and his anointed, and is the most powerful and the most dangerous enemy with which the Church is compelled to grapple. It is proper that this great Conference, designed to be, to some extent, the exponent of the moral and spiritual power of one of the grand divisions of Protestant Christianity, should assign it a place in its deliberations. I am to speak of intemperance in the United States as one of the hinderances of spiritual life. It is estimated that there are in that country one hundred and sixty thousand establishments for the sale of intoxicating drinks, that these are con-

sumed to the value of five hundred million dollars, that there are not less than five hundred thousand drunkards, and that of these at least fifty thousand annually go down to a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's doom. These figures are indeed appalling, yet they do not furnish the data for an adequate conception of the magnitude of the evil. Consider the loss of food in the consumption of the grain from which these intoxicating liquors are produced, of labor in those engaged in the manufacture and sale of them, and especially in those who use them to excess, the poverty, crime, disease, madness, and death which are the inseparable concomitants of indulgence in intoxicating drinks, and we have an aggregate of wickedness and misery impossible to estimate: we become lost in the attempt to trace the thousand channels into which this river of death pours its floods of "torrent fire."

Especially do we find this colossal iniquity confronting the Church on every field which she enters, in every department of her beneficent labor, and, more than any other single cause, neutralizing her self-denying labors on behalf of our sinful and suffering humanity. Those who are engaged in any way in the traffic in intoxicating liquors are, to a great extent, inaccessible to the gospel; they seem instinctively to feel that their pursuit is inconsistent with the life of a follower of Him who came to seek and save that which was lost; they repel that influence which would of necessity withdraw them from that occupation by which they have their gain, and accordingly the traffic is, to a very great extent, in the hands of the ungodly.

Conversions from the ranks of those who use intoxi-

cants to excess are painfully infrequent. "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." It is the almost unanimous testimony of those ministers who have had experience in great cities, that of all their labors they have had least fruit from that expended upon this class. Alcohol appears to be one of the most powerful agents in benumbing the moral faculties, and thereby carrying its victim beyond the reach of gracious influences. It withers with its scorching breath all the nobler propensities of the human soul, and quenches the spirit, while it inflames and intensifies the lower and more debasing passions. "Be not drunk with wine wherein is excess." Our Redeemer is mighty to save. Nothing is too hard for God: nevertheless, it is the testimony of the largest experience, that there are but few conversions from habitual drinkers of any grade, and none from those who drink to excess, except where the habit is immediately and permanently abandoned. The connection between temperance and revivals of religion in the United States is close and inseparable. The first great temperance movement originated in connection with a season of special outpouring of the Spirit of God. Temperance revivals, and revivals of religion, have gone hand in hand, from the times of Nettleton to those of Moody. To be filled with the Spirit is the very opposite of being drunk with wine. "The spiritual" and "the spirituous" are diametrically opposed. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, *temperance*." What shall we say of the thousands who are prevented from attendance on any form of religious instruction because of the indulgence of a father or a mother, or some one on

whom they are dependent, in this vice? A few years ago investigation revealed the startling fact, that a large proportion of the inmates of our jails and penitentiaries had enjoyed for a longer or shorter period the benefits of sabbath-school instruction. Further investigation explained the apparent mystery. Intemperance had succeeded the sabbath-school instruction, and in almost every instance had been the occasion of the criminal act. Much of the work of "Bible Societies," "Tract Societies," "Christian Associations," etc., is neutralized in the same way. The good seed too often falls upon a soil hardened by indulgence in alcoholic stimulants, and brings forth no fruit. Would that we could stop here! But no: this serpent enters the sanctuary, and coils its polluting folds about the very altar of God. It takes its victims, both from the ministry and membership of the Church. The fact that so large a proportion of both of these classes in the United States are total abstainers, lessens to a considerable extent its ravages in the fold of Christ: nevertheless, it is even there the greatest trouble of Israel, the occasion of many stumbling and falling. "Many through strong drink are out of the way." It is estimated that intemperance furnishes two-thirds of all the cases of discipline, and occasions manifold disturbances which do not come within the range of ecclesiastical law: besides, it has a powerful tendency to dry up, and turn into other channels, those streams of beneficence which should fill the treasury of the Lord's house. Money which should be directly employed in bringing the truth to bear on the hearts of men, must be expended in feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and ministering to the sick, who

have been deprived of the necessaries of life through indulgence in this vice. If the resources yearly wasted in various ways by this foul destroyer of the souls and bodies of men could be employed in Christ's cause, the Church would be in possession of abundant means for carrying forward all the work in which she is engaged. What shall we say of the gambling, the strife, the licentiousness, the sabbath profanation, the blasphemy, — in fine, of the whole dark catalogue of violations of the divine law, which are the legitimate fruits of this deadly upas? The more closely we scrutinize this iniquity, the greater are the abominations disclosed, as in some awful "Inferno" each descending circle is more revolting and horrible than the last.

The Presbyterian, in common with the other churches of the United States, realizes that it has a weighty responsibility in this matter, an obligation that must be met and discharged. The most encouraging feature of the present great uprising in the temperance movement in the United States is the deepening conviction in the mind of the Church that she, and she alone, is endued with the power from on High necessary and adequate to the utter extinction of this fearful curse. The impression grows stronger, that the time has come when the Church must assume a most aggressive attitude towards intemperance in all its forms and occasions. In the mean time, however, she is neither idle nor indifferent.

I. The great majority of the ministry of the Presbyterian churches in the United States, and we believe the same to be true of those of sister denominations, are total abstainers. They find, like the eloquent Guthrie, that "they must give up the hope of being Christ's

ministers to lost souls," unless they take up the principle of total abstinence. The prevalent sentiment of these churches condemns the use of intoxicants of any kind as inconsistent with the sacred office of a Christian minister. So prevalent is this sentiment, in at least some of these churches, that any one who should practise differently would find his influence and usefulness greatly impaired if not utterly destroyed. This sentiment we believe to be rapidly increasing throughout the entire Presbyterian family.

II. The truth of God's Word is boldly and effectively proclaimed from the pulpit, while large and rapidly increasing numbers of the ministry are earnest workers in the temperance cause: temperance societies are encouraged; these are, in many instances, largely composed of church members, and draw their vitality from a congregation with which they are more or less closely connected.

III. The two most remarkable recent temperance movements, viz., "The Women's Crusade," in which bands of earnest women passed through the streets of towns, villages, and cities, visiting drinking "saloons," talking, and, when permitted, praying, with the keepers, a movement which was the means of rescuing many thousands; and the present so-called "Murphy" movement, from the name of the man who has been most conspicuous as a worker in it, — have been eminently religious in their characters. The means employed have been praise, prayer, and earnest appeals to the religious nature: the power on which they have relied has been the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. These movements have derived their chief strength and support from members of the evangelical churches.

IV. The Presbyterian churches of the United States have, from time to time, taken decided action on the subject of intemperance. The "General Assembly" has in repeated declarative acts condemned in strong language the manufacture, sale, and use of intoxicating beverages as a sin against God, and wholly inconsistent with a Christian profession. The "United Presbyterian Church" condemns these practices in equally emphatic terms; her official deliverance is in these words: "The use, manufacture, and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage is inconsistent with membership in the Church of Christ." The Reformed Presbyterian Church not only condemns the use, manufacture, and sale of these beverages, but considers perseverance in these practices a bar to membership in her communion.

These facts may serve to show the general attitude of Presbyterianism toward the evil of intemperance, and accepted as earnests of future progress in the same direction. Much has been done, much more remains to be done: there is yet much land to be possessed.

Our limits will permit us to emphasize but a few points.

I. It would seem to be a duty incumbent upon the Church to determine, by a careful study of God's Word, what is its teaching upon the subject of temperance. Every proposed reform must stand or fall in proportion as it is conformed to that unerring standard which God has given us. If they speak not according to this Word, there is no truth in them. To this rule the temperance reform furnishes no exception: the Bible is a perfect rule, both of faith and practice.

There is surely clear and definite teaching upon this

subject; and the Church is the agent to define what that teaching is, and proclaim it to a suffering world. A scholarly, critical examination of those passages which bear upon this question will furnish the necessary data: from these the rule that God has given may be generalized, and, as on other subjects, a firm foundation reached. The word of God is the ultimate standard of appeal, and on its teachings the final decision must rest.

II. The Church may, on purely practical grounds if on no other, utter her protest against the prevalent drinking usages of society. That these are evil, and only evil, and that continually, no one who has not closed his eyes, and stopped his ears, can for a moment deny. As the waters of our great lakes, gathered in one united stream, are poured in thunder into the awful abyss at Niagara; so from out of these diffused drinking customs of society comes this horrid host of inebriates, who each year stagger downwards with frenzied curses, wails, and lamentations, into the abyss of everlasting perdition. Questions of exegesis apart, here is an awful result; the cause is not hidden, the need of action is immediate and urgent; and the Church, as it seems to us, cannot, without incurring guilt, delay to put forth her wisest and most effective efforts. The example of Him who gave himself a sacrifice for the sins of the world, the whole spirit of the gospel which he came to proclaim, every consideration of love and mercy to the weak, the erring, the falling, and the fallen, urge us to throw the entire weight of our example and influence against these pernicious customs. May the Lord hasten the day when from all the pulpits of Christendom shall

go up a united protest, loud as the sound of many waters and of mighty thunderings, against these usages, which are the source of such appalling misery.

III. The Church has a great work before her in educating the people in the true nature of civil government as an ordinance of God, a divinely appointed institution for the promotion not only of the physical but of the moral well-being of all the citizens. False and unscriptural ideas of the functions of the State imported from materialistic sources, and the outgrowth of an infidel philosophy, are widely disseminated, and withstand all efforts to make the laws of men conform to the law of God. False conceptions of personal liberty, such as we find inculcated in the school of Mill, stand in the path of the temperance reformation. These can only be removed by the persistent inculcation of true Christian ethics. We may not hope for the highest degree of success until we have laid the foundations of "the Christian State" in an acknowledgment of God as the supreme source of all legitimate civil authority, and the Bible as the "fountain of all moral principles for both Church and State." It is true the kingdom of Christ is not of this world, but it is both in and over this world; to him every knee must bow, and every tongue confess; all power has been given to him; in this grant civil government is included; the leaven of the gospel must pervade all departments of human society; and hence no law that contravenes the law of Christ is of any permanent obligation, or can bind the conscience. Few have as yet realized the vast influence of the State as an educator of the public mind. Large numbers accept the laws as their standard of right and

wrong; that is right which the State legalizes, and that is wrong only which it forbids; hence the inestimable value of righteous laws as a teacher of the public conscience. "He is a blind observer of the forces that govern in human life, who does not see the moral power of penal law — even when extensively violated — in teaching virtue and in restraining vice." The advocates of temperance in the United States are rapidly coming to the conviction that all laws licensing the drink traffic are in their very nature wrong, and that absolute prohibition is the only attitude which the State can assume toward this evil without incurring guilt. The Church must educate the public mind up to that high moral standard which is necessary both for the enactment and enforcement of such laws as shall the most effectually restrain this evil.

IV. If, as we have seen the highest ecclesiastical judicatories have declared, the manufacture, sale, and use of intoxicants be a sin against God, and inconsistent with a Christian profession, these practices must come in some form within the cognizance of the Church courts. How far the weight of ecclesiastical authority shall be brought to bear against them, is a serious question, to be thoughtfully considered by those upon whom this responsibility rests. We may, however, without overstepping the proprieties of the occasion, be permitted to suggest that the testimony of the Church against any evil must be greatly weakened so long as it is tolerated in any form within her pale. If Christians are to have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them, then it is difficult to see how this not *unfruitful*, but very *fruitful*, work of

darkness can be longer permitted to derive any support from the Church of Christ. Has not the time come for the Church to rise in her might, and throw the whole weight of her moral and spiritual power against this "gigantic crime of crimes"?

But, in conclusion, whatever may be the diversity of views upon this subject, the greatness of the evil is a point on which we must surely be entirely agreed. Let us, then, lift up our prayer to that God who giveth liberally, that he would so endow us with the spirit of wisdom that we may be directed to the best means for the accomplishment of the end which we all earnestly desire, the extinction of intemperance and of every other evil that opposes pure and undefiled religion, the final and full establishment of the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

FREEMASONRY.

It is Mr. John Foster in his essay on popular ignorance, I believe, who employs an illustration of this kind: An officer was sent out to take a fortress; he failed: his excuse was, that it was mud; if it had been wood, he might have shattered or burned it; if it had been stone, repeated blows would have crumbled it; but the thing was mud, and the balls simply struck in it, without doing it any injury.

Something of the same difficulty is encountered in dealing with Freemasonry: it has no basis of truth on which it rests: it is supported by no argument; it has no results to which it may point as a support to its pretensions; there it stands, repeating with damnable iteration its high-sounding phrases, with unblushing repetition its exposed falsehoods, and putting forward its arrogant pretensions with as impudent an assurance as though its utter hollowness and baseness had never been exposed.

It is a fortress of mud, resting on the ignorance, infatuation, and prejudice of its dupes, on which argument is lost. How shall we deal with such a sham?

When we read of the numbers which this institution claims, we are reminded of the cynical remark of Carlyle, "These islands contain thirty millions more or less of inhabitants, mostly fools."

The number which this sorceress charms to her polluted embrace is a sad commentary on the wickedness and folly of our fallen humanity. Were it not that we are bound to be co-workers with Christ, in the deliverance of the race from the bondage of sin and Satan in all its manifold forms, we might turn away with scorn in the heart, and contempt on the lip, from the infatuated dupes of this degrading idolatry. "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone."

"For this purpose was the Son of God manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." The followers of Christ are his agents and his instruments; and, wherever they see a strong hold of the Prince of Darkness, they must and will attack it.

The devil of Masonry cries out as loud as those in the days of Christ, to be let alone; but it cannot be let alone: we must follow it into all its lurking-places, and compel it to come out into the light of day. Can any man who is freed from its influence, fail to see that Masonry, from its very nature, must be a dangerous institution, comprising, as it does, men of every grade of character, bound together by terrible oaths, meeting under the veil of secrecy, withdrawn entirely from woman's influence, safe from any exposure of word or act by the press, subject to the irresponsible will of those who occupy positions of authority, — is there any one so besottedly foolish as not to see that such an institution is fraught with elements of danger to the community?

The very conditions of its existence make it an institution to be shunned by the wise, and to be dreaded by all the good.

Look over the rank and file of any Masonic procession; reflect that whatever may be the general character of these men, there is not one in that number who had enough of conscience to prevent him from swearing in the worst possible form in which language could express it, that he would keep forever inviolate the secrets of every other associate, and that before, and without knowing what these secrets may be, and then believe, if you can, that there is no danger in such institutions. Select the most virtuous men you know; let every principle which they possess be an accepted truth, and then bind them together with an oath of secrecy, and withdraw them from the wholesome check of public opinion on their conduct, and the inevitable effect sooner or later would be demoralization.

I would not be associated with any number of men that live on such terms, nor trust to them in this form the keeping of my conscience: the most sacred institutions on earth, the family and the Church, would prove a curse if such were the conditions of their existence.

What, then, must we think of the character of an institution in which godless rebels like Gen. Albert Pike, and murderers of the stamp of Gen. Sickles, are the great lights, and accepted leaders. Will not every good man who reflects say, "My soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honor, be not thou united"?

The crafty, ambitious, and unprincipled as leaders, the simple as followers, a sufficient number of professors of religion for decoy-ducks, and you have the constitution of the lodges, as it appears to my mind.

I am well aware that Masonry assumes the form of an

angel of light, that it roars you as gently as any sucking-dove, that the claws are carefully concealed beneath the velvet skin, and that its eyes are as mild as those of a lamb.

But do we not know, that, when aroused, it longs for blood, that those gentle tones are turned to the ruthless growl of the most relentless calumny and slander, and that those mild eyes gleam with the very fires of hell?

Not a week has passed since a good man told me that when a boy he was in the village of Caledonia, N.Y.; he went into the shop of a respectable carpenter in the village; the man came into his shop; said he, "I have just now seen a sight that made my blood run cold." It was Morgan as he was carried away to his imprisonment and death, — a crime yet unatoned for and unrepented of, and chargeable at this hour upon the institution of Masonry in these United States.

There is a legend of this kind prevalent in many countries of Europe: When a knight was slain in the wars, a fiend would assume his form, and wear his armor; coming to his domain, the deceived ferryman passed him over the river; the deceived porter opened the gate, servants admitted him to the castle, and the wife believed him to be her returned lord: not until a child dead, or some other horrible calamity fell upon the house, was the deception discovered, and the fishy eye and cloven foot of the fiend perceived. A Morgan murder, Masonic banners borne before the bloody ranks of the Commune in Paris, — these disclose the fiend.

The secrecy of any combination of men is *prima facie* evidence that their purposes are hostile to society, and at once they must become an object of suspicion to their

fellow-men. If not, why secret? Why dig deep to hide their counsel if good? The associations of men which are beneficent, are open as the day: they come to the light, that their deeds may be made manifest.

That these organizations have consciously an object hostile to society, we do not affirm; but that this is the tendency, and that when the temptation is thrown before their masters, they will turn them in that direction, their general character, membership, and entire conditions lead us to suspect and believe. Masonry professed to be a moral institution, and also religious. That there is a strange mixing and mingling of the sacred and profane in the ceremonies, is true, and one of the most severe of the charges we bring against it. Readers of Scotch history are familiar with the name of Grahame of Claverhouse. The instrument of a tyrannical and persecuting government, he swept over the hills of Scotland like a destructive pestilence, shooting down the best and truest of her sons as remorselessly as he would the moor-fowl of her wastes, himself ready to perform any act of more than ardent cruelty, from which even his hardened followers shrank. A writer in "Blackwood" a few years ago made him a saint; and the proof of it was, that he read the Bible and said prayers in his family. After a day spent in blaspheming and murder, Claverhouse sat down in his family to the Bible and prayers.

This exemplifies my conception of the religion of Masons: it attempts to sanctify its disrobing, blindfolding, swearing, and horrible profanities, by a free use of the Bible, prayers, and moral precepts.

Masonry profanes the body, degrades it as all heathen

and idolatrous rites do. The garb in which a candidate is admitted into the lodge, is one in which no self-respecting person would ever be seen among his fellow-men. A Mason told me, that, if all the penalties which he had imprecated upon himself were inflicted, his body would be annihilated. To imprecate such unnatural and horrible punishments is of the nature of suicide. It is putting life in hazard and without cause, and it is of the nature of self-murder. The man who, for the sake of notoriety, stands on some giddy height, walks the tight-rope across the chasm of Niagara, or attempts to jump from Table Rock into its gorges, does not so foolishly nor so wickedly expose his life as the man who takes the disembowelling, throat-cutting oaths of the Masonic lodges. These oaths bring staggering burdens upon the conscience; they go on increasing in the intensity of their imprecations, until at length eternal damnation is invoked; and in one degree, prolific in these diabolical incantations, the candidate, drinking from a human skull, invokes upon himself the personal punishment of his own sins, and in addition the sins of the person whose the skull was, in case of infidelity to these obligations, or a double damnation provided he do not faithfully keep these unlawful oaths.

And this is the system that receives the sanction of members and ministers of the church, which "The Independent" calls simply a raree-show in a disguised attempt to conceal its own subserviency to its spirit, against which there is not, so far as I know, a single newspaper published among the larger Christian denominations that utters any faithful testimony.

It has sealed the pulpit with a silence deeper than the

grave, and threatened us with its vengeance if we dare to lift our voice in protest against its injuries.

When we come to examine the Masonic oaths, it seems impossible to restrain the temper, so as not to speak words unbecoming to Christian calmness and moderation.

I am reminded of an anecdote of the eloquent Scotch preacher Guthrie. On a certain occasion in the city of Edinburgh, he said the charge of bad temper was brought against the Abolitionists of America. He then painted the system of slavery in glowing colors, — describing its impieties, cruelties, and outrages, as he alone could. Then, bringing down his foot upon the platform, he said, "I would not give a feather for the man who could keep his temper when speaking upon such a subject." He must be a strongly constituted man who reads the oaths of the Masonic ritual, and then reflects how many are deceived into these hideous bonds by designing knaves, and not burn with a holy indignation.

To swear that you will keep inviolate the secrets of men of whom you know nothing, to keep secret acts perpetrated perhaps thousands of miles away, although the deed might make your blood run cold, is the act of a fool. To swear to do this under no less a penalty than to have your throat cut, or your bowels torn out, or your skull opened, is the act of a madman.

We are opposed to Freemasonry because of the wicked and unholy character of the obligations which those who associate themselves with it are obliged to take. We affirm in regard to them, without fear of contradiction, that they are at war with our Christian religion, and at war with our social and political institu-

tions. It is a matter of wonder that men of understanding can take upon themselves such obligations as are taken in this order. J. Q. Adams once said that no decent butcher would cut up a hog in the way these oaths provide for the killing of a man for a violation of his Masonic obligation. The State and Church alone have power to impose oaths; and when these societies administer them, they usurp functions which do not belong to them, and are guilty of impiety.

A great mistake is entertained very generally in regard to an oath; that is, that any person under any circumstances, and for any purpose, may apply the binding obligation of an oath, — as, for instance, that persons may bind themselves together for the most wicked and mischievous purposes, as firmly as the husband and wife are bound by the marriage bond; that the pirate captain and his crew are as firmly bound together by it as the members of a Commonwealth and their ruler.

This is a very great and very dangerous mistake. To understand this matter properly, we must remember that an oath is a divine institution or ordinance, and that it derives all its solemnity and binding force from the fact that, when it is properly administered, God himself becomes a party to the compact which it is intended to seal. The whole power of an oath consists in the certainty that God will punish its violation.

When is swearing the exemplification, and when is it the profanation, of the divine ordinance of the oath? I answer, when it is taken in accordance with the divine institution, it is the one; when otherwise, it is the other.

No organization that has not a divine institution, and authority from God to make him a party to its forma-

tion, has any right to use his name, or employ an oath, as the bond of its existence. Any such use of the oath is therefore unwarranted, and consequently a prostitution and profanation, not a proper administration, of it; and consequently the sin is in the making, not the breaking, of it.

Blackstone, book ix. p. 137, says, "The law takes no notice of any perjury but such as is committed in some court of justice having power to administer an oath, or before some magistrate, or proper officer invested with similar authority, in some proceeding relative to a civic suit or criminal prosecution."

Dr. Junkin on "The Oath," p. 193, says, "Before any association of men should dare to tender the oath, they must be able to show that God is a party to the compact under which they are associated, and that, by virtue of that compact, they may exercise sovereign authority. No society has a right to call upon God to be a party to the covenant of the oath until they show that they are ordained of God." But this no merely voluntary society can do. And we therefore conclude that all oaths administered by the authority of such are extra-judicial, and an abuse of the ordinance.

Masonry is nothing but a system of imposture from beginning to end. It claims great antiquity. Yet, as has been stated by the gentleman who preceded me, it is only a little more than a hundred and fifty years old. It comprises certain rites and ceremonies which have been introduced into it, and which have come down from antiquity, which are as old as the oldest paganisms. But this is no proof of the antiquity of the order. The material of this building we now occupy is as old

as creation, yet in its present form it is new. So it is with Masonry. It is a new institution constructed with old materials. It is neither ancient nor old, as is generally claimed by its advocates. Masonry is also a very gross mingling of sacred and profane things, of Pagan worship and Christian religion. It can be clearly shown from the authenticated publications of the order, that some of the Masonic ceremonies are taken from the vilest rites of heathen worship, and imposed upon the human mind as something of value and importance. When once within the order, it is hard to escape from it, as has been time and time again asserted by the few who have escaped. We charge also that it is selfish from first to last; and, because of its selfishness, we believe it unworthy of any support. Why is it that so many of our young men enter the Masonic order? Is there one here to-night who is a Mason, who will truthfully answer this question? Is it not for the purpose of advancing their social, political, or business success? The very object they desire to accomplish is frequently defeated by the very measure they use. And I say that a young man who endeavors by the aid of his own force and intellect and determination alone, to obtain these ends, is much more certain to secure them in that way than through the medium of Masonry, which is thoroughly selfish, and unworthy our support. Let the young men beware of this selfish alliance. Let young men bravely take up the battle of life, and carve their own advancement in the world.

And yet Christian congregations will not listen to the gospel preached by one who has not stooped to this wickedness, or who will not bow down to this graven

image; and churches raise to the highest positions in their gift the men who are steeped to the lips in this impiety. This is the institution which has coiled itself around the church, and is crushing out in many cases all vital piety.

But my strongest opposition to Masonry is because of its rivalry with religion. It steps in before the church, and is a false and idolatrous religion, — a religion without a Saviour, and therefore a delusion and a snare to all who engage in it, or rest their hope upon it.

What shall we say of the pretension of Masonry to be a saving institution? I do not understand how it is possible for a man to be a Christian, and not be disgusted to loathing with the lingo of Masonry about fitting a man for the lodge above, nor, indeed, for that matter, for a man of sense to bear the frothy inanities of Masonic literature.

It would seem as if men could hardly have fabricated a system that would have been more directly counter to the express declarations of the divine Word: "There is none other name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved." "No man cometh unto the Father but by me;" and yet it is almost universally accepted among Masons, that, if they live up to the requirements of their order, by so doing they will attain to heavenly blessedness. With them, sir, it takes the place of the religion of Christ.

But what do we hope to accomplish by opposing this order? Why, we will battle for the right, and trust to God to overthrow the wrong. This is a gigantic system of oppression. The end of it will come, and truth and

right must prevail. We know in our heart of hearts that these associations are evil, and they must be overthrown. Free, open, and candid discussion will overthrow them, or cause them to shrivel into insignificance; and this is what is needed by the American people.

THEORIES OF EVOLUTION.

The theme which has been assigned us in the present course of lectures, is one of the most important named for discussion.

It indicates that we have to do with theories, not with facts, — theories which are in no sense scientific, except that they have been originated, and are largely held, by certain classes of scientific men.

The subject points us to a peculiar but potent fact, that many of the devotees of science in our day, as if weary of the slow and toilsome but useful principles of observation, investigation, and experiment, have fled to the cloud-land of speculation, and are indulging in hypotheses and dreams as wild as those of the old astrologers or alchemists.

Weary of trudging alone the paths of laborious study on the solid land, they ascend like aeronauts to the skies, and are borne hither and thither by every wind of theory and speculation that blows.

This has been observed by the more sober and cautious; and an earnest attempt is made to bring science down from these cloudy heights, and confine her once more to her appropriate and noble task of enlarging the sum of useful knowledge by earnest work.

We must have noticed a very false impression which has been made to some extent on the public mind,—

namely, that the theologians and the men who give themselves to the study of nature are arrayed in two hostile armies, and are waging with each other a deadly and irreconcilable warfare; that between that queen of science, which has the Word of God for its subject, and those sciences which occupy themselves with the works of God, there are irrepressible conflicts, which can only end in the destruction of one or the other.

This impression is suggested by a small coterie of infidels, who, in their eagerness to snatch up any and every weapon available against Christianity, betray a much greater anxiety to break away from the bonds of moral obligation, and to drive God from the universe, than to enlarge the bounds of knowledge, and advance science; but it is wholly false, and to be rejected with scorn and contempt.

We call upon any scientific man to discover any new fact, or make any generalization founded on a sufficient inductive basis, and we pledge ourselves to find a larger number of theologians who will accept it as true than can be found in any other class of thinkers whatever.

Those who study reverently the word of God know that it bears the impress of divinity; they know as well that the heavens and the earth are the works of his own fingers, and that what he has traced on the pages of the inspired volume he will not contradict in the volume of creation.

We do not propose to place ourselves in antagonism to science, nor to scientific truth: on the contrary, we rejoice in all that modern science has accomplished. We hail its future triumphs, and will place no barriers in the paths of its beneficent progress.

With unsubstantial and unsubstantiated theories, which claim a prescriptive right as against the truths of God's Word, the deepest consciousness of the race, and the established facts of nature, we claim the right to deal, to expose their fallacies, point out their dangerous tendencies, and warn the unwary and unsuspecting against their hasty adoption.

The term "development theories" expresses a comparatively recent phase of speculation, and embraces a large number of hypotheses, some of them consistent and reasonable, others antagonistic and irrational.

If by development, or evolution, which is now the more usual word, is meant that the idea of all created things existed originally in the Divine Mind, that in the realization of the idea in objective reality God has proceeded upon a preconceived and pre-ordained method; or, in other words, that objective creation is the evolution of an eternal plan, — then, certainly, to this hypothesis no objection can be taken.

On the contrary, it is in accordance with the most devout view that we can take of God and his works, that all which we see in the starry heavens above us, in the plants, animals, minerals on the earth beneath us, is the unfolding step by step of this divine and eternal plan.

When Kepler had completed one of his most magnificent demonstrations, he wrote on the manuscript these words: "I thank thee, O God! that thou hast directed me to these; for, while I pursue them, I think thy thoughts after thee!"

With any development doctrine which postulates a Creator, a designing Mind, an ever-present, watchful, and

controlling Providence, we have no controversy at present, only with those which attempt to "construct the universe with Deity left out, an obligation hanging like a rope without a fastening," and which may, therefore, be characterized as atheistic in their tendencies.

The interest of these theories centres at present upon their attempted explanation of the origin of species, plants and animals, but especially that of man. Was every thing created by God after its kind, as the Bible affirms, and the ablest and most reliable scientific men of our day maintain? or have species originated by the operation of some unknown and unknowable force, or from influences which are in no respect distinguishable from mere chance?

Was man with his erect form, his lofty intellect and endowments, his moral and religious faculties, created in the image of God in knowledge, righteousness, and holiness? or is he merely an improved brute, the lineal descendant — and I use Mr. Darwin's own words — "of a hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in its habits, and an inhabitant of the Old World"?

Such is the question presented, and the mighty issues involved in it will be seen at a glance by every intelligent mind.

These theories may easily be presented by referring them to their more prominent advocates.

Species originate in the operation of a force which is a mode of the unknowable, is the theory of Herbert Spencer. They originate in purely physical causes, by a process which may be termed "natural selection," or "the survival of the fittest," carried forward by insen-

sible gradations through some thousands of millions of ages, is the theory of Darwin. Huxley agrees, except that he substitutes occasional long and sudden leaps for the gradual variations of Darwin. Wallace agrees with Darwin, with the important exception that he excludes man from the process.

Another class of scientific men holds that species have been developed by an internal force operating through indefinite ages, and conditioned by external circumstances. Of this latter class, Lamarck, a naturalist of the last century, stands at the head; while, within the last ten years, it has been presented ably by Sir George Mivart, a theist and Roman Catholic, and a naturalist of England; it differs from the theory of Darwin by postulating an internal tendency, and, as presented by Mivart, demanding an additional cause, which he does not define, to complete the process.

Of these various forms of development theories, that of Darwin is the most prominent, has been the most widely accepted, has been brought out by its author in the use of the widest range of knowledge of natural phenomena, and is the one which gives vitality to all the rest, on which they seem to hang as parasites, and in whose destruction they will find their own death.

That we should go into an examination of all these varied theories, is, we suppose, not expected. We shall confine ourselves to arguments against any theory of development which holds that all which we see is the result of natural causes, and seeks to banish God from the universe which he has made, — which seeks to construct a universe without a Creator. With every scientific man who holds a theory of evolution in harmony

with theistic principles and the word of God, if there be such a one, — and we do not deny its possibility, — we again declare that we have no controversy.

Our argument must be against those who deny the interposition of Deity, and declare it unscientific to postulate a Creator.

I. No theory of evolution can account for the origin of things. The Bible declares in words as simple as sublime, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." This one sentence in the very beginning of the Scriptures contradicts directly or impliedly every form of atheism and infidelity rife in this age. All atheism is confronted by it, for it declares the being of a God; and all materialism, for it affirms that the universe had a beginning, and that matter is not eternal. The explanation of the origin of all things, given us by the Scriptures, is, that, at the fiat of God, all things began to exist, "sprang forth from the void and formless infinity," simply by the word of his power. No matter how far back in time the evolutionist may carry his theory, he reaches a beginning, as much a beginning if of billions of ages ago as if but of six thousand, and presenting a barrier as impassable in the one case as in the other. We may accept, without any violation done to faith, the wonderful nebular hypothesis of Laplace: we may go back beyond the geological epochs to the primitive star-dust and the whirling atoms of the primeval chaos. We may gaze in admiration on that scene where, in the language of Whewell, our world and its sister planets "flew like sparks from the awful anvil of the Great Architect when the solar system lay hot and incandescent thereon." Have we therefore got rid

of the idea of creation? Who made the star-dust? Whence came the incandescent vapor that has cooled and hardened into compact worlds? Whose wisdom planned, and whose watchful eye guarded, and whose omnipotence guided, the stupendous process as it went forward to its ultimate result in the completion of systems like that to which our world belongs?

We do not delay to argue that matter is not eternal. The series of changes through which science demonstrates that our earth and system have passed, points to a beginning: the human mind, in one of the most fundamental of its laws, demands a cause for that which exists, and refuses to pause at the command of ignorance, nor rest until the barrier has been passed, and an adequate cause has been found.

Force is the world with which Mr. Herbert Spencer and his school conjure; force is sufficient to account for all, doubtless; but what is force, we ask? We know nothing of force but as an attribute of mind: so that existent matter, whether as a form of force, or as the subject in which forces inhere; and force, whether separable from matter, or as an inseparable concomitant of matter, — equally demand the prior existence of spirit. So that we are driven by the very laws of thought themselves to the theistic view of the origin of all things and to the explanation of the inspired Word. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth."

Besides, what sort of force must this be that has cooled the earth and solar system out of the primeval star-dust? Relatively, at least, it must have been omnipotent. The force that has produced such marvellous results that all the human family that have ever observed

them, save a few philosophers of ancient and modern time, have seen in them the evidence of foresight and design, must have been omniscient. And the results of all leave such marks of beneficence that only an insane pessimist philosopher can fail to discover them, indicate a force as good as it is wise and powerful. How far does such a force differ from the God of the Bible, the Creator, Upholder, and Preserver of all things? But the first prime miracle of creation accepted, all is easy.

II. No theory of mere development can account for the introduction of life into our earth. Suppose the doctrine of evolution partially true, whence came the first life of plant or of animal? Of Huxley's protoplasm, it seems wonderful that it should ever have done more than to excite a smile. It has been laughed out of existence. Mr. Darwin, with what seems to us an inconsistency fatal to his entire scheme, admits the existence of at least one primordial germ; but, having called in some sort of creator to produce this one living germ, he permits him to retire, and explains all else on the principle of "Natural Selection," or "The Survival of the Fittest." It is not necessary to call Darwin an atheist: it is only necessary to endeavor to obtain a correct idea of his theory, and mark its tendency. After reading with some thought what has been written upon the subject, we must agree that the tendency of Darwinism, notwithstanding the admission to which I have referred, is atheistic. The theory which postulates one, or even more, living germs, and then attributes the whole process by which the world of infinite series, and marvellous adaptations of means to an end, is produced, to the

operation of mere chance, must be declared atheistic, or otherwise the word has no meaning.

The man who sees the finger of God nowhere in all his works, and exerts his utmost power to persuade others that he is nowhere to be found, may call himself what he chooses; and we will not dispute with him, but we must tell him to his beard that his doctrines are atheistic.

But has Mr. Darwin, postulating one or more primordial germs taken out from this beginning, a consistent theory of the origin of life upon our planet? To this, if we are to follow our own common sense and the highest scientific authority, we must give a decided negative. Agassiz, of our own country, rejected it with contempt, as his great master, Cuvier, had rejected before and demolished the theory of Mr. Darwin's predecessor, Lamarck. Sir William Thompson presented to the British Association, and published to the world several years afterward, a demonstration with which no Darwinian has ever attempted to grapple, as to the age of our world; fatal, in fact, to the theory of Darwin.

The Academy of France refused to elect him, even as an honorary member; and her most distinguished men have rejected his theory as untenable.

Barronde of Russia, one of the most eminent of living palæontologists, whose studies have led him precisely into those fields which give him the best opportunity for testing the theories of Darwin, has entered the lists, and presents such an array of facts against it that he feels warranted in pronouncing it a figment of the imagination.

Indeed, already the tide that seemed to set so strongly

in its favor begins to ebb; the theory already shows symptoms of decay; and there is not, perhaps, at this hour, a scientific man, possibly not even Darwin himself, who would commit himself to the theory without such modifications as amount to a vital annihilation of its fundamental principles.

Time would fail to enumerate and discuss the various theories of evolutionists who endeavor to account for life without the interposition of the Creator. Much of it is an unintelligible jargon, which even those who employ it do not understand.

The theory which has gained the widest notoriety, is that of spontaneous generation. The old alchemists never searched more laboriously and anxiously for the philosopher's stone or the elixir of life, than the devotees of development labor to produce life from inorganic matter. Several times has the discovery been heralded; but whether it be that death loves a shining mark, or from whatever cause, certain it is that these parentless children die young, — even before the world has been certified of their existence.

Huxley believes in spontaneous generation as a matter of scientific faith, whatever that may be, but admits that all experiments in that direction are a disastrous failure.

But suppose these experiments shall succeed, then it would be shown that there was such an arrangement in the combination of that matter which had produced life, as demands intelligence, foresight, and will; and, instead of having removed God farther off, we should only have brought him a little nearer, and would look upon this existence as emerging from the abyss of death into life, with somewhat of the same wonder with which

the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy at the creation of the world.

III. Development does not account for the different species of plants and animals. It would indeed seem that no refutation was necessary of a theory which declares that the whole organized creation, from the lowest order of plant to man, the highest order of animal, had all originated in one germ containing in it the principle of life. Nor does it seem to relieve the difficulty to increase this number of germs to three or four. Still the mind rebels against a presumption so violent, and demands proof. That the advocates of these theories have nothing to say in their favor, would not be in accordance with facts. They have much to say, and much that is ingenious and plausible.

They point us to the great varieties that we everywhere see in the individuals of the same species of men and domestic animals and fowls; many of these varieties having originated in the efforts of men, being the direct result of human agency.

And the question is asked, if such results have been produced in a comparatively short period by the agency of man, may not all this diversity which we witness have been produced in the long periods to which geology points, by the operation of causes which we observe to have a tendency in the same direction? But the principles of embryology demonstrate that it is an impossibility in nature that one species can ever pass into another; that the God of nature has so settled the characters of each species back in the remote depths of its origin, beyond the intervention of man or other agency, that like must produce its like.

When we make our appeal to history, the Egyptian monuments carry us back at least four thousand years; and yet in all this period, there is not only no passage of one species to another, but we find the species of men, dogs, cats, oxen, horses, birds, and wild beasts, as they are to-day. Variations might be seen, but no passage from one species to another, and no threat of any departure from the fundamental type.

We have a much older record, — that of the rocks. How old this record is, we need not determine. It is enough that evolutionists claim for it an indefinite age, and reckon its years by numbers so great, that they cease to have any significance for the human mind.

What is the testimony of the rocks? In them we find embedded the remains of many thousands of plants and animals; and among these we find the same varieties, within certain prescribed limits, that we find on the earth, but also the same immutability of species.

Whole families of animals are found as sharply defined as they are to-day, and not one intermediate link. Again and again some obscure fact has been brought forward; but, when carefully examined, it has failed to support the hypothesis, and the chasm yawns as widely as ever.

Another fact which works against the theory of development, is that the highest specimens of a type appear first, and a lower type succeeds; whereas the reverse should be the case if the theory were true.

As regards man, there is no evidence of his affinity to any animal that does or ever did exist. We have heard Aggasiz demonstrate the difference between him and the monkey to be as great as between him and the

other species of mammals; and a palæontologist of the British Museum shows that he is really more nearly allied in physical structure to our own black bear, than to the highest type of monkeys.

IV. Mere development cannot account for many of the most interesting and striking phenomena of nature.

Can any one see by what process of development, by what law of natural selection, the common honey-bee, the offspring of parents neither of whom is industrious, should necessarily be the most active and industrious of all insects? For the young of some species of animals special provision is made, independent in every way of the volition of the parent, and without which the young must perish.

Besides, there are complicated and simultaneous adaptations which are necessary to the existence of certain structures, which can never be accounted for on any other principle than on the hypothesis of a designing mind.

Mr. Darwin himself furnishes a fine illustration in a species of orchid, in which the plant is thus formed. One portion of it is in the form of a pitcher, which catches and retains the water, which is caught and poured into it by two water-secreting horns. The excess of water is carried away by a spout with which the pitcher of the plant is furnished. Now the bees visit this plant, and fall into the water; the plant being so arranged that the back of the bee, as it makes its escape by the spout, must come in contact with the pollen of the plant. This it bears with it to the next plant, and fertilizes it with the pollen borne from the first.

Why, if all things have come from one or two germs, do we find such varieties ever in similar circumstances?

Or take such complex organs as the eye or the ear, and it is simply marvellous that any one can suppose them, and especially in their correlation with other forms, to seem caused by mere chance.

One becomes weary of refuting such conjectures; and we return delighted to the words of the inspired penman, "Earth is full of Thy riches."

V. With this we close our present sketch: no development theory can account for the higher forms of the human mind.

There is a great gulf fixed between man and the brute, which can never be bridged by any theory of development or evolution.

The attempt to drive God from his works must always end in the degradation of man. Let the degrading philosophy go on until man is convinced that he is only a superior brute, and nothing but the irresistible force of the nature that God has given him can prevent him from acting like a brute.

Then may his motto be, "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." But who can endure the insane philosophy? Man with his erect countenance, with his power to know God, and to know him aright, to weigh the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance, with his power to place himself yonder where fields of light and liquid ether flow, with his thoughts that wander through eternity, is a son of God, of the fellowship of the holy ones.

SAVE THE YOUTH.[1]

The religion of Christ is an aggressive power. With weapons which are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds, it advances to the conquest of the world. Its open, avowed, determined purpose is the utter annihilation of the kingdom of Satan, and the universal establishment of the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ. "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the Devil." Christianity is engaged in a conflict that knows neither truce nor compromise with all those dire forms of evil that oppress and curse our fallen humanity. In this conflict every Christian is an enlisted soldier. By his profession of the religion of Christ, he has taken his place in this great army whose "drum-beat is heard around the world," and whose banner now floats upon every shore. This Association, which celebrates its anniversary to-night, is one of this embattled host, organized for a special work; viz., to confront and oppose and counteract those evil influences to which young men are eminently exposed in a great city. I shall not occupy any portion of your time in defending "Young Men's Christian Associations." The time for

[1] Address delivered at the anniversary meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association of Pittsburg, 1877.

such defence has passed: they do not require it, either at my hand or that of any other. Let us look at a few points which entitle this and kindred associations to the sympathy, support, and prayers of Christian people.

I. The work of this Association is pre-eminently religious in its character. Its primary and chief purpose is the salvation of the souls of men. This is the purpose which brought the Son of God from heaven to earth, and is that proposed in all that divinely revealed plan of redemption of which Christ is the Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end. For the accomplishment of this end, "God spared not his own Son, but delivered him up unto the death for us all." "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." This, then, is the highest object which even the Son of God could set before himself, a work in which he glorified his Father, won the crown of universal dominion, and will receive the gratitude of redeemed millions and the worship of adoring angels throughout eternity. What is a "Young Men's Christian Association"? Young men — Christian young men — banded together, united, organized, that they may the more effectively fulfil their Christian obligations as co-workers with God in the redemption of lost souls; not outside of the church, but in the church; not in any sense as rivals of the Church, but the Church herself, through this agency, doing the work assigned her by the Master in this great field, — the world of perishing men. Where can we see the command, "Son, go work to-day in my vineyard," more beautifully exemplified than in these bands of Christian

young men, "true sons of God," going out "into the highways and hedges," the streets and alleys of these great cities, and compelling them to come in? The end, however, must not only be good, but the means employed must be of the right character. The saddest page in Church history is that which records the introduction of great masses of baptized heathen into the Church. From that fountain flowed those bitter waters of corruption in doctrine, worship, and practice that well-nigh extinguished the light of true religion for a thousand years. If to-night I should raise a warning voice against any danger, it would be that which is now lifting its head in some quarters, — religion made easy — a short road to heaven — a system which would persuade men that they are converted while they are yet strangers to the work of the Holy Spirit in their hearts; that a feeble desire for salvation is true faith, and that their own belief that they are saved secures for them perfect sanctification and a sinless life; that their struggles are at once ended, their warfare accomplished, and the victory won. We hear much from this school of getting out of the seventh chapter of Romans. When a man gets out of the seventh chapter of Romans, he had better at once get into heaven; or otherwise he will, in our opinion, drift very rapidly in the other direction. The moment we cease to watch and strive against sin, we are liable to fall into the snare of the Devil.

The work of this Association is carried forward by the divinely appointed means, the careful study of God's Word, prayer, earnest Christian exhortation in connection with those kindly sympathies and beneficent ministrations in which pure and undefiled religion, practically

exemplified, consists. These are the weapons of the Christian warfare — weapons of heavenly mould and temper — mighty to pull down strongholds, to pierce the joints of the harness, to bring stubborn wills into captivity to the obedience of Christ.

II. This Association is a practical and impressive exemplification of vital Christianity. Faith in Christ is the central doctrine of all true religion. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." It is true that we are saved by faith alone, but equally true that we are not saved by a faith which is alone. "Shew me thy faith without thy works, and I will shew thee my faith by my works." Faith is the root, but works are the fruit of a Christian profession. It is not true that men care little for doctrine, but much for practice; they care little for doctrine professed *without* the practice; all healthy minds care much for both doctrine and practice. "Take heed unto thyself and unto the doctrine," is the apostolic injunction. To be indifferent to doctrine, is to be indifferent to the truth of God's Word; for that truth is the support and guide of all practical religion. These two have been united in indissoluble wedlock by God himself; they cannot be separated: they act and re-act upon one another. Study of the Scriptures impels to Christian activity, and this leads in turn to ardent desire for the enlightening and strengthening power of divine truth. We do need, however, to realize more and more that the Church of Christ is a body organized for *work*. It is the depository of Divine truth, but is much more, — the agency, viz., to take that truth, that incorruptible seed, and scatter it broadcast in all fields. The design of the Church is not realized in the com-

munion of saints, but in doing good to all men; and hence every effort which is put forth in that direction is in the line of the end for which the kingdom of Christ is organized. Every Christian should be a power, a living, acting force in the work of saving souls and the regeneration of the world: for this purpose is the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven; the Church endued with power from on High. The grand exemplification of the undecayed and undecaying power of Christianity in this age is found in missionary societies, sabbath schools, Bible societies, temperance societies, and other great reformatory movements designed to rescue the falling and the fallen, or to stem those evils which come rolling in like a flood upon society. These are organized forces going forth from the Church under the impulse of that divine power that flows down to her from her exalted Head, to do battle for the Lord and his anointed in the warfare with the armies of the aliens.

The Church is clothed with the very might of omnipotence. Oh that she would no longer tarry in her tents, but go forth, strong in the Lord, and the power of his might, to wage one wide, universal, and final conflict with the powers of darkness! "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?" Is his hand shortened that it cannot save? Is his ear heavy that it cannot hear? "Awake, awake, O arm of the Lord! as in the ancient days, in the generations of old!" "Thou beloved, whither hast thou withdrawn thyself?" "Come forth from thy royal chambers, thou Prince of the kings of all the earth!" "Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most mighty! ride prosperously because of meekness, truth, and righteousness!" And, oh, ye everlasting

gates, be ye lifted up, that the King of glory may come forth, while the armies that are in heaven follow him to complete the subjugation of his kingdom, and pour the tide of glory round and round our world!

III. An additional interest attaches to this Association from the class to which its efforts are specially directed. The soul of a young man is, in God's sight, of no more value than the soul of the patriarch hoary with years, or the soul of the infant of days. All souls are precious to him: they are regarded by him without discrimination. He is no respecter of persons. As a unit, however, in the social body, as a factor in the forces that shape the present and control the future, the young man occupies the higher and most important position. Much of the best as well as some of the worst work which has been done in the world has been done by young men. Apart from this they are soon to be mature men: what they are as young men, that they will be when they reach the perfection of their powers. The burden of all great affairs in Church and State, in education, trade, and commerce, must, sooner or later, rest upon them; and in these interests all the interests of society are involved. According as these are wisely organized and wisely conducted, is a people great, prosperous, and happy, or depressed, degraded, and wretched. Revolution, bloodshed, crime, poverty, anarchy, and slavery are the doom of a nation which commits its interests to the hands of the irreligious, the dishonest, and the depraved. Every consideration of interest, patriotism, and religion calls upon us to employ all means at our command to save our young men from the contamination of vicious principles and practices.

We must remember that it should not be our aim merely to rescue them from the fascinations of vice, but at the same time to instil into them high moral and religious principles. A man need not become a tramp, or a drunkard, or a criminal, in order to be a dangerous member of society. Bad principles are as dangerous as bad morals, and for the most part precede them: hence, whatever elevates the moral convictions of young men is a boon to society.

No thoughtful observer of his times can fail to see that most alarming symptoms are appearing in American society, and that there is imminent danger lest, "rotten before we are ripe," we go down into that "night of ages" from which no empire has ever emerged. It is madness to permit ourselves to be longer charmed by the siren voices of delusive and imaginary hopes. We must gird ourselves for a struggle with these satanic foes that threaten the perpetuity of our institutions — the serpents which threaten to destroy us in the very cradle of our national existence. If we do not, Hercules-like, strangle them, they will strangle us.

It seems to me that the Christianity of this age lacks courage, boldness, aggressiveness, true Christian heroism, and that it requires the infusion of all these elements: wickedness presumes upon our indifference and cowardice, and stalks abroad at noonday when it should be made so ashamed as to hide its head. Let us not deceive ourselves. This war between Michael and his angels and "the Devil and his angels" for the dominion of this world is an internecine conflict: it must go on until victory perches eagle-winged upon the banner of

one or the other of the opposing forces. "And there is no discharge in that war."

Not only are young men the hope of the nation and of the world, but there are peculiar temptations to which they are especially exposed: hence, there is the most urgent necessity that every possible safeguard should be thrown around them. What these temptations are, is sufficiently well known, — the theatre, the drinking-saloon, the gambling-den, the house of her whose paths incline to the dead. These are the maelstroms into which thousands of youth every year are drawn and ingulfed, — the "Serbonian bogs" in which whole armies of the unwary young are sunk; the descending circle by which, as in some awful "Inferno," they pass down to the nethermost abyss of ruin. Future ages will look back at our tolerance of these iniquitous, soul-ruining agencies with an astonishment and horror as deep as that with which we regard the bloody spectacular games of the Roman amphitheatre, or the inconceivable atrocities of the Inquisition.

Mythology tells of a monster which fed upon human flesh; by the hard condition of a treaty, Athens was compelled to furnish yearly seven boys and seven girls of the flower of its youth for this horrible banquet: but what was this to the youth which we furnish year by year to these monsters of intemperance and debauchery, which feed on both human bodies and human souls? Tell me what sacrifice is too great to be made, what expenditure too costly, in the effort to rescue these victims? This is a matter which comes home to every member of society. These young men are in our workshops, stores, counting-rooms, government offices — in

all places of trust. Vices are costly. How often are they led on from one step to another until they appropriate the means with which they have been intrusted! The sums lost in this way, to put it on the lowest ground, would far more than meet the expenditure of this Association. But these young men are members of our own families; and what family is secure against the inroads of these evils? A gentleman passing over a battle-field, saw a boy searching anxiously among the dead. At last, coming to one through whose heart a chain-shot had passed, he stood fixed, while his eyes filled with tears. "My son," said the gentleman, "you seem to be much interested in that dead soldier." — "Yes, sir: it is my father," was the reply. We know not how soon nor where the shot may strike a son, a brother, it may be a father. Let my son die any death rather than fall a victim to any form of vice. As the wife of John Welsh said, when the king imposed hard conditions in violation of conscience as the price of her husband's liberty, — holding up her apron, — "I would rather receive his head there," — so may any parent say with regard to his child, "Let his head be brought as that of John the Baptist to Herod, if such be the will of God, rather than that he should fall a victim of drunkenness or debauchery. Take any shape but that." But apart from such considerations is the one that we are our brother's keeper; that we are bound to do good to all men; and that, wherever we see them sinning and suffering, we must fly to their rescue. This is fundamental to Christianity, the law of its life, the end for which it has descended from heaven. Oh, what a sad and painful sight is a ruined young man! Not a ruin

like that of "Tyre by the margin of the sounding waves," or of "Palmyra, central in the desert," but the ruin of a soul created in the image of God. "What a piece of work is a man!" Man with his erect countenance! Man, who can weigh the earth in his scales, and the blazing sun in his balances; who can stand on the opposite shores of the "houseless ocean's heaving field," and talk to his fellow-men three thousand miles away; who can look over yonder where "fields of light and liquid ether flow," and tell us what are the substances blazing in those eternal watch-fires of the night. Man! with his thoughts that wander through eternity, and a soul that cannot rest until it rests in God; man! for whom the Son of God agonized and died on Calvary! is he not of the fellowship of the holy ones, and but a little lower than the angels? Who can contemplate his ruin without horror? And yet, alas! alas! from whose eyes is the painful sight concealed? Many a one have I known over whom I could have wept as Christ over Jerusalem. "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! But now are they hidden from thine eyes."

What pastor has not witnessed some one snatched away from his flock by adverse influence which he was powerless to counteract? Here is a young man, a youth of fourteen to twenty years of age; up to this time he has been an attendant upon divine service, prayer-meeting it may be, and Bible-class; he has been frank, open, and honest in word, look, and action; but now he falls into the society of ungodly companions, he is seldom seen in the sanctuary, he shuns his former acquaintances,

and especially his pastor; his innocence and his honesty are gone, his countenance changes, and he is marked with those characters which indulgence of the baser passions never fails to impress. One is reminded of Dante's awful figure, in which a fiend fastens on a man and holds him in his grasp, until, by an infernal metamorphosis, the man is transformed into the fiend. Sad sight, from which angels turn away with averted faces, but a process going forward hourly in hundreds of instances, and especially in these large cities.

Who will not hail with delight an agency which can go and speak to these young men, and warn them of the danger, rescue them from the snare of the fowler, deliver them as the prey from the mighty, the captives from the terrible?

Let us encourage by every means in our power those who are engaged in this good work. Let us invoke in their behalf the aid of the Spirit, without which no work done, even for the Lord, can prosper. Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but God alone can give the increase.

PREACHING.[1]

The term preaching expresses the precise object proposed by a "Theological Seminary." As all the rivers run into the sea, and as all the planets revolve around the sun, so all the studies of the seminary are designed to bear upon preaching. The Theological Seminary is not an institution designed for the training of scholars, orators, authors, or even theologians in the technical sense, but its design is the training of *preachers*. Whatever else it may accomplish, it should not fail in this. Scholarship is indispensable, eloquence is of great value, and a competent knowledge of theology is essential as the foundation of all, and therefore the teaching of theology in its various branches is the specific work of the seminary; but these are not the end, they are only means to a higher end. That higher end is preaching the gospel of Christ. What, then, we desire to impress upon the minds of those committed to our instruction, is, first and foremost, that they are to be *preachers;* failing in this, they fail in their life-work.

What is Preaching? The term, from the Latin *prædico*, to declare or proclaim, means primarily the public utterance of one's sentiments upon any subject of

[1] An address delivered at the opening of the Reformed Presbyterian Seminary, Sept. 12, 1876.

general interest. In the modern, Christian, and strictly definite use of the term, it means, speaking on a religious subject drawn from a passage of Scripture. The preacher is a teacher of religious truth, but a teacher of religious truth under special relations and with a special purpose. As to the special relations, he is connected with the Church of Christ. He receives from the church the right to go forth and preach the word of life publicly and authoritatively. This is the divine plan, the rule of the Head of the Church. Any departure from this rule is unwarranted, and has no promise of the divine presence and blessing. Isolated from the body of Christ, the work of the preacher is sporadic, fragmentary, and its results evanescent. He should always be like his Master, "a minister of the sanctuary and of the true tabernacle, which the Lord pitched, and not man." The preacher is, therefore, in an important sense, an organ of the church. He does not go forth independently as an individual, but as an accredited ambassador of the Lord Jesus Christ, receiving his commission from him through the instrumentality that he has appointed.

The function of preaching is also connected with others. The preacher is also a pastor. He administers the sacraments; is the spiritual counsellor of the flock over which the Holy Ghost has made him overseer; visits the sick; and performs various other services, both in seasons of joy and sorrow, for those to whom he ministers. "He gave some *pastors* and teachers." Not only is the function of preaching exercised in connection with these duties, but it is more or less modified by them; hence the divine command, "Feed the flock." Preaching will therefore be more or less affected, and

properly so, by the condition of those to whom it is addressed: they will mutually act and re-act upon one another. Whatever may be the case with men of special endowments, who give themselves to preaching alone, it is beyond controversy that Christ's work of gathering in souls into his kingdom is carried forward by men who exercise the function of preaching in connection with other duties. The history of the church justifies the divine method. Thus has the number of them that are saved been gathered into the fold of Christ, and the body of Christ been preserved and edified. "Wisdom is justified of her children." We do not enlarge on this subject, simply because time will not permit: its importance cannot be over-estimated. The word of divine truth is best spoken on the sabbath by one who has been mingling during the week, or as opportunity has afforded, with those whom he addresses, and with whose temptations, doubts, fears, afflictions, trials, piety, labors of love, zeal for the Lord's cause, he is familiar. Thus he is enabled to speak from the heart to the heart: thus he becomes one with the people, and is made to feel that his words are not alone, but are aided by many other influences in moving the people whom he addresses, and assisting them in their progress heavenward.

The preacher is not only a religious teacher, but he is a religious teacher under a special aspect. His aim is not, like that of the ordinary teacher, simply instruction, but first and especially action: the truth must be brought to bear upon men so as to move them. His object is not merely to proclaim the truth, but to enforce it practically. He aims, not merely to lodge it in the

head, but to make it an impelling power in the life. He must strive to bring it to bear so that men may not only know, but *do*, the will of their Father in heaven. Nor is this work one that is outward only, but one that is also inward. The preacher is addressing imperfect men, — men that are not yet fit for heaven, but in the preparation for which his words may be, and ought to be, a powerful instrumentality. There will be before him those who have not yet entered on a Christian life, who have not turned from the world to God, who have not forsaken a life of sin for one of holiness. He must not only aim to show them the danger in which they are, not only must he set clearly before them their lost condition, but he must strive to *move* them, induce them to flee from the wrath to come; in other words, seek to be the Spirit's agent in their conversion. This is the chief end of preaching, "It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." This gives a peculiar cast to the method of presenting truth. The word of life must take the mould which the speaker's aim, the object designed, will give it. Here is an object worthy of an angel. Nay, did not the Archangel himself, the Son of God, come down to this world to seek and to save that which was lost? What thought could possibly be better calculated to rouse all the powers of the soul into intensest action, than the thought that the work we have on hand is no less than to turn men from darkness unto light, and from Satan unto God?

But besides this, even the converted whom we address are yet imperfectly sanctified; they are too ready to be satisfied with present attainments; they are too ready

to say, I have already attained, and am already perfect. They must be aroused, reminded of the necessity of still striving to enter in at the strait gate, of pressing toward the mark. Here, again, the word is an impelling power, and must be shaped to that end. There are remaining sins that must be put away: this requires action internal and painful. "Crucify the flesh with the affections and lusts." "Mortify the deeds of the body." "Mortify your members that are on the earth." There are graces to cultivate, and lofty and noble courses of life to pursue. To induce to such courses, to lift men up out of their littleness, and their petty meannesses, and their longings after the flesh-pots of Egypt, into a higher life, to inspire them with nobler and still more elevated aims — this is the end of preaching, and this is the use which the preacher must make of religious truth; edifying, building up as the word means, building up men, edifying the body of Christ. Such is the work of the ministry.

This is a work, one would think, great enough and noble enough to satisfy the aspirations of the loftiest intellect; and so it has proved. From the times of the apostles till the present, it has allured many of the purest and greatest of the sons of men, who have found in it a field sufficient for the satisfaction of their holiest emotions, and the employment of their noblest powers. There is no field which so calls out, develops, and exercises all the highest and best elements of our nature as preaching and its associated duties. A moment's reflection must convince any one of the truth of this. Tell me what power of the mind, what good and gracious emotion of the heart, lies dormant in him who exercises

the office of a true preacher and pastor well. The work is so great that it might seem to be above the powers of ordinary mortals; and indeed it is one which, were it possible, might fill the heart of an angel with envy. Even an inadequate survey of it may lead us to inquire, "Who is sufficient for these things?" It has pleased God, however, to commit this work, not to angels, but to men. "But we have this treasure in earthen vessels that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of men." Not only are men God's agents in this work, but he has given them the promise of grace and support in its performance. "Who goeth a warfare at any time on his own charges?" The honest servant of Christ may rely on great and precious promises: "it shall be given him in that hour what he shall speak; as his days, so shall his strength be." Nevertheless, these promises must be taken with the necessary conditions, and, like other promises, are only realized in the appropriate circumstances. This is not an age of miracles; there is no miraculous interposition to be expected; and we are not so to wrest Scripture from its true intent as to affirm that the promises relating to this great work will be realized by every one, however unqualified, who may, through conceit or presumption, rush unsent and uncalled into the work of preaching.

This work is one for which qualifications, natural and acquired, are essential. As to the natural endowments, a fair degree of talent is necessary, — not great talents, but respectable. Great men are rare: the Olympians are few. The ministry has had its full proportion, and God has blessed these eminent men in the accomplishment of great things for his cause; but they are few;

they appear at rare intervals, and the cause of Christ is for the most part carried forward by humbler instruments. The ability that would make a man respectable in other walks of life, when disconnected from any particular inaptitude, may suffice also for a respectable and useful preacher of the Word. Less than this will not suffice. The great desideratum is a mind well balanced and proportioned. Crotchets and idiosyncrasies are specially to be deprecated in one who preaches the gospel. There is no sphere in life in which that quality which men term common sense is more essential, or the lack of it more fatal. We do not always find it, unfortunately; and the very lack of it seems to have been the occasion of some men pushing into a calling for which they have no aptitude.

There is one special natural qualification which requires to be emphasized here, — the capacity to address our fellow-men by oral speech in such a way as to command their attention and respect. Let it be observed that I am not insisting upon eloquence nor oratory; these are rare endowments; few, very few, possess them. If the Theological Seminary, as seems to be the absurd notion of some, must send out only eloquent orators as preachers, then it may as well close its doors at once. These are indeed "*raræ aves in ecclesia.*" What I insist upon, is the capacity to stand before a congregation of Christians, and in a plain, manly, and acceptable manner, present divine truth. The man who finds that owing to some natural defect, or unconquerable timidity, or languor of temperament, he is unable to do this, should feel that he is not called to the work of preaching, and should seek some other calling in which there

may be a better hope of success. This capacity is not found in all. Even men of superior intellect and attainments sometimes, though rarely, fail in this point. Let it be remembered, however, that it is not always the most fluent who succeed best in the end; and that there is, perhaps, no faculty that will better repay careful cultivation than the faculty of speech. All are familiar with the traditions of the efforts put forth by the prince of Greek orators, Demosthenes; or, to take a more familiar instance, with the early failures and ultimate success of the present Prime Minister of England. This may suggest also the importance of close and continuous application. There can be no excellence without *this:* no supposed natural gifts will compensate for indolence. The literary world has had its season's sensation in the life of Lord Macaulay, certainly the most brilliant and most successful literary man of modern times. Nothing strikes one more forcibly in that life than his persistent, intense, and unwearied application. He recounts, on one occasion, the classics which he had read during one period of thirteen months while in India, and which, as his biographer remarks, the annotations on the margin of his editions prove to have been read with care; and the number is greater, we presume to say, than many a one, not without reputation as a classical scholar, has read during his whole life. To what a pitch of influence the application, which made Macaulay eminent as poet, legislator, statesman, and historian, would raise a preacher of fair talents, it would be impossible to conjecture. How many a bright morning is but the prelude of a clouded and unprofitable day of life for lack of this one ele-

ment, this gift of persistent and painstaking application!

But we have seen that the end of preaching is the salvation of souls, the conversion of sinners, and the edification of believers. This postulates a heart right with God, an earnest zeal for the conversion of men. The desire for this work should be as "a fire within the bones." "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel," is the voice that should be heard at some time in the soul of every one who is looking to the ministry. There was much wisdom in the advice of an old divine to a young man, "Do not enter the ministry if you can help it." Yet I dare not speak so strongly as some on this point. There may be in the mind of a thoroughly good young man, a conflict of influences; and sometimes it may seem to him, for a time at least, difficult to determine whether he is really called to the ministry or not. He may be really led to the altar by the hand of God, although he be not so overwhelmingly constrained. Yet it is certain that if he enter upon this work without a clear conviction that he hears the voice of God, or if his mind turns with longing to some other profession or calling, he will in all probability find himself uncomfortable in his work, and spend an unhappy and profitless life. There are also often enumerated among the elements that enter into a call to this work, means, opportunity, etc. We do not deny their importance; but, as a rule, where there is a will, there is a way; and while recognizing the increasing difficulties in the path of young men, and desirous to do all in our power to remove them, we still believe that no one who has the voice of God calling him to this work will fail for lack of means or opportunity.

I have already spoken of the importance of application, application intense and continuous. The question here occurs as to what the preacher should study, to what must this application be directed? We might reply in the words of the wise man, "Intermeddle with all wisdom." Indeed, there is no department of knowledge that may not furnish useful material to the preacher, and it is a great advantage to be able to glean in a broad field: nevertheless, the world of knowledge is too vast for any one mind to survey. There is danger, that, in widening the stream, it become also shallow; although we must beware of a common sophism, that extensive knowledge is necessarily superficial: there must, however, be concentration. "Art is long, and time is fleeting."

Biblical studies claim our first attention, — the Bible in its original languages, a competent knowledge of Hebrew and Greek, and a thorough study of the original text. To neglect this, is to neglect the foundation: a student who undervalues these studies must suffer in consequence during all the years of his ministry. Nor is the attainment so difficult as some imagine. The time and attention which many a young lady gives in order to play respectably on the piano, would put a young man in possession of a competent acquaintance with those languages in which God has been pleased to communicate to us his Word. The original Scriptures, "turn them by day and by night," and give attention to all the sciences which bear on their interpretation.

Systematic theology is essential. I do not dwell upon it, it is self-evident: a man must know the doctrines of

grace before he can proclaim them. They are not, however, to be preached in the technical language of the schools, but as they are conceived in the heart of one who has felt the truth to be the wisdom of God to the salvation of his own soul, and who is desirous to bring it to bear on the hearts of others.

Of those branches of knowledge more intimately connected with preaching, we mention the study of languages, modern and ancient. As we are now so dependent on the Germans for our theological learning in almost every department, I think every student should seek sufficient acquaintance with that noble language to enable him to go to the originals, and not be compelled to depend entirely upon translations. The ancient classics are valuable in many ways. The process of translating from one language to another, is second to no other means in acquiring a command of a clear, pointed, and forcible style. Besides, they are so perfect in form, that no one can be imbued with their spirit, without insensibly acquiring a taste which will be an antidote to loose and discursive discourses. Philosophy in its higher departments is invaluable, especially in the defence of the gospel against the sceptical assaults which in each age are made upon it. History is the record of God's providential dealings with the nations of the earth, and records the unfolding of the plan of him who has ascended far above principality and power, and is made head over all things to his body the Church. Natural science is the revelation of God in nature. "The heavens declare his glory, and the firmament showeth his handiwork." Here are fields of knowledge and of study, that the longest life will scarcely be able to survey, much less to exhaust.

These all, however, are collateral and auxiliary. *Preaching* does not find its matter in any or all of them, but in the Word of God: divine truth is its subject-matter, and nothing else. The Scriptures are the armory from which all our weapons are to be drawn, — weapons which, though not carnal, are mighty to the pulling down of strongholds. The history of the church furnishes many examples of men, who, without learning, except the power to read the English Bible, and, as in the case of the evangelist Moody, not even that, if we mean to read it correctly; but who, thoroughly saturated with Bible truth, and full of zeal for the conversion of sinners, have preached the gospel with wonderful power and astonishing results. The same history furnishes also painful examples of men full of learning, and freighted to the very gunwales with a ponderous theology, who have made no impression, and whose learned disquisitions have fallen upon men's ears with as little effect as the wind that blows. But let me, young friends of the seminary, assure you that if you will shake off all indolence, give yourselves earnestly to the studies of the institution, and especially lay up stores of Scripture knowledge, and make yourselves thoroughly acquainted with the doctrines of grace, and then go forth with hearts full of love to perishing sinners, and with a burning desire to bring them to Christ, that you can not and will not fail of being efficient and successful preachers of the Word.

In conclusion, permit me to congratulate you on the profession you have chosen. Great and manifold are its advantages. It leads you to pursuits that have a close affinity to the nobler faculties of the mind, and therefore

possess a charm for the great majority of thinking men. Even a Tyndall and Huxley must needs dabble in theology. How wisely, is a question that at this late hour we cannot discuss. In the eight years that have passed since I entered on the duties of the professorship, I have heard of no student complaining that the studies of the seminary were not congenial. I believe the rule is, that, although they sometimes be taxing, they are, nevertheless, delightful. That the work of the ministry has its own trials, we are fully aware, and readily admit: nevertheless, it keeps us all our life long in the green pastures and by the still waters, beneath the open sky, surrounded by the refreshing breath of heaven. It keeps us at the same time separated from much of the meanness and wickedness of this world, with which others are necessarily conversant, and which must bring pain and distress to a pious and sensitive mind. It carries with it the answer of a good conscience. This is the Lord's work; here we are about our Master's business; we are in his field and vineyard; we know, that, if we are conscientious laborers, his approving eye is upon us. "We have meat to eat that the world knows not of." Doing good, both to the bodies and souls of men, brings its own reward; and this reward the conscientious minister shall never miss. The field you have chosen is, then, one of the noblest character, and furnishes opportunity for the exercise of the highest powers, and opens the way to the largest influence. Of all men, the able, earnest, and faithful minister exerts the greatest influence. By such men has the destiny of the world been shaped from the days of Paul to the present hour. I congratulate you also that you have devoted yourselves

to the ministry in a church which, although small among the tribes of Israel, "says to the sanctuary, Be clean; and to the throne, Kiss the Son;" which maintains a testimony for the whole of divine truth, stands up for the purity of divine worship, and refuses to bow the knee to any organization, however great and popular, that does not bow to the authority of the Lord Jesus Christ. We have not yet comprehended the greatness nor the grandeur of the national reform movement. It opens a field for sanctified talents in the cause of Christ that might satisfy the loftiest aspirations. To bring this youngest born, but already one of the mightiest, of the nations of the earth to acknowledge the law of God and the supreme authority of Christ over the nations, to make it a kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ, is the high and the ennobling task to which you are devoted and consecrated. Enter, then, with zeal and with ardor upon your work. In the day of battle you shall lack neither bows nor arrows. The Lord of hosts is upon your side: you need not fear what man can do; the victory is certain. And at the end of the day you shall have an entrance administered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, and receive the crown of glory which fadeth not away.

THE THEOLOGY FOR THE TIMES.[1]

"The Theology for the Times," the theme on which you have requested me to speak, is one whose difficulty appears to be in proportion to its importance. The problem which it proposes for solution appears to be this: What are the moral and religious truths specially demanded by the state of society in our day? and how shall they be presented, in order to secure the highest end, the glory of God in the salvation of the world?

This is a question which will be variously answered, toward the solution of which we can, perhaps, make our relative approximations, but which certainly demands a much more thorough and effective treatment than it has generally received, or is likely to receive from the present speaker.

Theology has its source in the word of God. That word, like its Author, is unchangeable, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, without variableness or shadow of turning, the perpetual and inexhaustible fountain of all moral and religious truth. But, while the Scriptures are unchangeable, theology varies with the varied circumstances of the times, the state of society, the

[1] An address delivered at the semi-centennial of the United Presbyterian Theological Seminary, Alleghany City, Penn., 1876.

progress of intelligence, the phases both of belief and unbelief, and the prevalent modes of thought; and hence our theme implies that theology must adapt itself to the different epochs of the world's history.

These variations, however, are within certain limits. Theology is fluent, like the river, but not uncertain and transient, like the clouds that float above it: the body of doctrine remains, the old landmarks are not lost; the changes are only those of the same truth, always old, yet ever new, adapting itself to the varying conditions of the times.

I. The theology of the present must, for substance, be the same as that of the past. In all science, the present is the heir of the past. Other men have labored, and we have entered into their labors. There is no new thing under the sun. The foundations of the great temple of knowledge are deep in the past. This is especially true of the science of theology. Its source is the word of God. In its present form, it is the result of the study of the Church of Christ for nineteen centuries. Intellects as subtle and as profound as have ever appeared on earth, have been employed in its elaboration; and it is not to be supposed that any genius greater than Augustine, Anselm, Calvin, or Edwards, will arise to give the world a new system fundamentally different from that which we already possess. The oldest here is often the truest; and those who, through desire to appear original, leave the known and beaten paths, often wander into a trackless waste, and find "no end, in wandering mazes lost."

To maintain the opposite, would involve the assumption that the Scriptures are darkly obscure, an enigma

which the study of more than eighteen hundred years has failed to solve. The fact is, that the first seven centuries settled the great fundamental doctrines of the Church's faith, and laid the foundation of that system which is, for substance, the accepted theology of our own age.

The old truth remains: her throne is adamant, and can never be shaken. The doctrines concerning God, the person and work of Christ, the Holy Spirit, and the life everlasting, are, as in former times, the body of that truth which is the wisdom of God, and the power of God unto salvation to them who believe. There is, perhaps, a special necessity for emphasizing this point in our day, when there is so manifest a tendency to ignore the strong doctrines of the old theology, and to confine religion to a subjective sentimentalism, which, indifferent to the truth, consists only in ecstatic feelings and raptures.

II. The theology for our times must be the expression of the Christian consciousness of the times. The truth is evermore the same: nevertheless, men vary, both in the method of conceiving and expressing the truth. There has always been a class who have objected to all formal statements of divine truth, and who would confine us rigidly to a scriptural phraseology. This has been a favorite notion with errorists in all ages. Errors flourish best in a mist. They dread clear thinking and close definitions. They stand, therefore, in antagonism to scientific statements of divine truth. According to the Roman-Catholic Church, doctrines have been formed under the immediate supervision and guidance of the Holy Spirit; and their statements must, therefore, like

the words of the Holy Scriptures, remain unalterable from age to age. A Roman-Catholic professor of Germany had doubts about reading lectures on the history of doctrine, on the ground that the name implied a process of change and development inconsistent with the continual supervision of the Spirit.

A very peculiar view is that of the German Schleiermacher, that profound genius who has left the impress of his thoughts, not only upon Germany, but upon the world. He finds the source of theological truth, not in the Scriptures directly, but in the Christian consciousness. Theology is the scientific expression of the facts of subjective experience. These may be modified and shaped by the Scriptures, for consciousness is the source of truth to which the Scriptures are subordinate. The true Protestant and evangelical doctrine is, that, the Bible is the source of all theological truth; that, while this truth remains the same, man's conceptions and modes of expressing it will vary with the peculiar circumstances of each epoch; and that, therefore, theology will be modified as to its form by the Christian consciousness of the times.

There assembled at Bonn, in Germany, a few months since, a convention of delegates from the Greek, the Old Catholic, and the Anglican churches, with the proposed purpose of preparing a basis of union for Christendom. The absurdity of an insignificant handful of Old Catholics, a few bishops of the fossilized Greek Church, and a portion of the Romanizing wing of the Episcopal Church, proposing to unite Christendom, was sufficiently apparent. The results were quite in accordance with the anticipation. A few stiff scholastic

formulæ from the writings of John of Damascus, a mediæval theologian of the eighth century, were presented as a basis of union for Christendom in the nineteenth century!

The theology of the first centuries was expressed in forms that were adapted to the intelligence, the education, the modes of thought, and general culture and civilization, of the age. The writers of that period are great mines from which many a stone has been quarried, and many a gem taken, to build or adorn the systems of succeeding ages; but we might as well attempt to infuse life into the ichthyosaurus and the megatherium, and expect them to live in the changed conditions of our earth, as to attempt to express our religious thought in the forms of that period.

The mediæval theologians had their peculiar method. Stiff, formal, subtle, and scholastic, they remind one of the old armor-clad knights which they show you in the Tower of London. There they are, man and horse, clad in complete steel, covered with coats of mail from head to foot, and grasping spear and battle-axe. Tremendous fellows in their day! That day was different from ours; and their armor, offensive and defensive, is no longer of service in the day of battle. When the Reformation came, the new life manifested itself in freer forms of thought, and in more fluent forms of expression. The Reformation was a great outpouring of the Spirit; and the new life imparted new vigor to the old truths, and clothed them with new forms. The battle of the Reformation was a contest concerning principles vital to man's happiness, both in the present life and the life which is to come. Its early struggles

were for justification before God by faith alone, the supreme authority of the word of God, resistance to indulgences, and other Romish corruptions and abuses. The victory was virtually gained before the reformers could turn their attention to the work of systematizing truth. Then, as the crystal forms under the calm water, the confessions and systems of the Reformation era began to appear, a new day had arisen upon the earth, the old truths appeared in a new light, and the Christian consciousness found expression in the writings of the great teachers, of whom Calvin is the chief.

Thus the theology of our day must adapt itself to the culture, the progress, and the intelligence, of the age. Those old and ever-recurring problems which relate to God, to the origin of all things, to the method of creation, to man's position in the scale of being, and his relations to God, must be handled in the light of the science of the philosophy of the age. Those who are conversant with the facts and speculations of modern science, will necessarily deal with these questions in the light of that knowledge. We cannot accept Turretin's argument, made in the light of the science of his day, that the earth is the centre around which the sun revolves; nor be satisfied with the arguments for the existence and personality of God which were sufficient previous to the day of the modern pantheism and materialism.

The age, although in some respects superficial, is nevertheless intelligent, and is by no means destitute of minds capable of dealing profoundly with the great problems of existence, life, and destiny; and calls for

men who can cast a longer line into the abysses of thought than those

> "Who go sounding on
> A dim and perilous way,"

unilluminated by the light of divine truth. Our times are eminently characterized by a practical spirit. In a sort of unconscious way men are calling for practical truths rather than speculative dogmas. What they wish, so they tell us, is not theory, but practice. We hear much from the people about practical preachers and practical sermons. Let us hear and learn. This indicates the felt need for the presentation of truth in such forms as to bear on life and conduct. Bacon is said to have brought philosophy down from heaven to earth; and our times demand theological instruction which can descend from the empyrean, and apply great truths to the every-day affairs of life. However high we may reason upon "fixed fate and foreknowledge absolute," we must not remain upon these Olympian heights, but descend to the lower sphere of common thought and common life. The Christian life of our day is characterized by fervor of spirit. This power sometimes degenerates into mere gush, excitement, and sentimentalism: nevertheless, "fervent in spirit" is a characteristic of true piety; and our teaching should not only catch the glow, but intensify it. "Theology on fire" is the demand of our times, divine truth coming forth from a soul kindled into flame by the Spirit of God. Warmth is a prevailing feature of the great London preacher, who in our day preaches the fundamental truths of the gospel with great boldness and plainness of speech, yet

upon whose lips do so many delighted thousands hang from sabbath to sabbath. Spoken from a heart touched with the fire from the altar, they go direct to the hearts of those who hear. This is the secret of the power of the great revivalist of our time, — fervor and unction; hence these wonderful results of which we have all heard, but of which, perhaps, the half has not yet been told. There is much anticipation of a great revival of religion in our country in the immediate future. God grant that these anticipations may not be disappointed! But if we are to witness it, and if it is to be a genuine work of grace, it will be brought about by the truth of God's Word, declared in fidelity, and carried home to the heart by the power of the Divine Spirit.

III. The theology of our time must be aggressive. We have dropped from our theological terminology the good old word *polemic*. If we do not bring back the word, we at least would not be the worse for a little more of the thing. We would have our theology a little more warlike than it is at present. Our seminaries should train men as soldiers, to fight the battles of the Lord. This is not just the millennium. That "piping time of peace" will come, but it is not yet. We have not done with controversy. We cannot yet beat the sword into a ploughshare, nor the spear into a pruning-hook. On the contrary, it seems as if the enemy were gathering for one last final onset upon the cause of Christ, and that the day of final decision were near.

The fact is, that we are just now in the midst of one of the hottest conflicts that has ever been waged with unbelief, — a conflict from which Christianity is, as we think, emerging victorious, but one in which the best

thinking of our times has been taxed to its utmost capacity. Theology covers, be it remembered, the whole range of speculative thought, and of practical duties as well, and, of course, must come in conflict with false systems and with wicked living in all its forms.

It is bound to teach the true principles of civil society, the origin of civil government, and the basis on which it rests. It is pleasant to be supported in this view by Dr. Hodge of Princeton, in his great work. Speaking of the laws of men, he says, "They have no power or authority unless they have a moral foundation; and if they have a moral basis, so that they bind the conscience, that basis must be the divine will. The authority of the civil rulers, the rights of property, of marriage, and all other civil rights, do not rest on abstractions, nor on the general principles of expediency. They might be disregarded without guilt were they not sustained by the authority of God. All moral obligation, therefore, resolves itself into the obligation of conformity to the will of God, and all human rights are founded on the ordinance of God, so that theism is the basis of jurisprudence as well as of morality." In support of this view he quotes Stahl, the greatest living authority on the philosophy of law. This view of civil society brings theology at once in conflict with all opposite theories, and with all institutions that are founded upon them. Just now there is much need for the practical application of these principles in our country, that the destructive, demoralizing, and revolutionary tendencies of other theories may be counteracted, and the republic saved. Can any man, observant of his times, fail to see that Romanism, that old foe of human liberty, is again rearing its horrid front,

and that a fierce struggle with this anti-Christ is pending? Theologians, two hundred years ago, gave it that deadly wound which has not been healed; and the time is near when they must come to the front, and attack it again with those weapons which are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds. It seems admitted, both by its friends and its foes, that the struggle with it in Europe can only end in blood; and we are firmly persuaded that that result will only be averted in this country by a timely exposure of its principles and purposes. If the evil of intemperance is so great as to threaten not only the morals, but the very safety, of the nation, then, again, the law of God must be applied, and the religious teachers of the nation must declare the whole truth. Are secret, oath-bound associations forbidden by the law of God, foes to the Church, and dangerous to liberty in a republic? Then another field is opened for an aggressive movement against these numerous and rapidly increasing organizations. In fine, our times demand, as it appears to us, a bold bringing to bear upon them the power of that truth which is the wisdom of God, for the regeneration of the world that lieth in wickedness. Of course it is not meant that a crusade should at once be instituted against these various evils, only that in the proper time, and with the Spirit of wisdom and love, the truth should be declared, and these prominent evils of the day opposed.

We have been in armories and arsenals where the implements and instruments of war are arranged in beautiful order, — the cannon in rows, the cannon-balls in beautiful mathematical piles, the guns in tasteful stacks, and the polished swords in varied order; these things in

this position make a very beautiful show; but, when the enemy appears, they must be taken from their places, and used in the conflict. We would have well-ordered confessions and systems, arranged and polished, but not for mere show, but for actual use in the great moral and religious conflicts of the day.

SERMONS.

THE WORD.[1]

"Preach the Word."—2 Tim. iv. 2.

The theme presented in this clause of the great apostle's charge to Timothy, has suggested itself to my mind as eminently appropriate to the present occasion.

The gospel ministry, whether viewed with reference to the Divine warrant upon which it rests; the influence of the Holy Spirit, upon which its efficiency depends; the transcendent importance of those truths which comprise its subject-matter; or the momentous issues suspended upon their reception or rejection,—rises in dignity and importance above all other functions exercised by man.

Any theory of preaching which fails to assert its superiority to all other institutions, or which would subordinate it to any other agency whatever, we reject, as not only essentially defective, but impious and dishonoring to God, in its attempt to degrade that ordinance which himself has instituted, for the accomplishment of his highest and holiest purposes among men. As we have seen some lofty mountain summit rising so far above its fellows that they seemed to have been formed by the Creator merely to enhance, by the com-

[1] Preached at the opening of the Reformed Presbyterian Synod in Allegheny City, Penn., May 24, 1859.

parison, the grandeur of its ampler proportions, so does the preaching of the Word rise above all other instrumentalities of moral and spiritual power, — shining among them, not as the "moon amid the lesser fires of the night," but like the sun, in whose glory that of the stars is obscured, in the splendor of whose burning their feebler radiance is quenched.

Luther is said always to have trembled when entering the pulpit, — not, as we may well suppose, from any fear of man, but from a profound conviction of the greatness of the responsibilities involved in the work, and from an overpowering sense of the presence and glory of God in his temple. Similar impressions have rested upon the greatest spirits that have ever engaged in the work. "They have seen thy goings, O God; even the goings of my God, my King, in the sanctuary."

That the office of the ministry has been sometimes degraded by the incompetency of those who have assumed its sacred functions; sometimes by efforts, but too lamentably successful, in many instances in the past and in the present, either to curtail its proper sphere, or to prostitute it to other than its legitimate ends, — no one will assume to deny. At the same time, it may be confidently asserted, that to no other instrumentality is the world indebted for so many and so beneficent results. Tyrants have heard its voice, and been compelled to listen, to tremble, and obey; corrupt civil and ecclesiastical organizations have bent to its power, as the rush to the storm; giant forms of oppression and wrong, smitten by its truth, have fallen to arise no more; while, from the weltering seas of earthly tumults and commotions, forms of social, civil, and religious order

have arisen, as the world from chaos at the command of the Creator.

We must not forget, however, that preaching derives its chief importance from this amazing fact, that it is the instrumentality employed by the Holy Spirit in the work of saving our fallen and ruined race. "When, in the wisdom of God, the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe."

Your attention and indulgence are solicited, while I present a few thoughts upon the two following topics: —

I. What is the Word to be preached?

II. How is the work to be performed?

I. The Word is the whole will of God, as it has been revealed to man, for his salvation, in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments.

"*All* Scripture is given," says Paul, "by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished to every good work." The Scriptures, as then revealed, and now completed, comprising that vast system of all-comprehending and connected truth which is the sum of God's revelation to our sinful and fallen race, is that Word which we are solemnly charged, before God and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing, and his kingdom, to be instant in season and out of season in proclaiming to men. We have but one theme: our sphere is not, however, therefore either narrow or limited. This Word is one as God is one, — with no superior and no equal,

his essence simple and undivided, his perfections infinite in nature and number, perfectly inexhaustible by any finite intelligence, man or angel. "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?" One as the universe is *one*, — in its divine Author; in its harmony and beauty; unity in the midst of endless variety and diversity; in its manifestation of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God.

Of this Word, Christ is the sum and substance, the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end, — Christ in the adorable mystery of his divine person in his mediatorial character, offices, and work; in his supreme, universal, and eternal dominion and glory. To reveal him, holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost; to foreshadow his incarnation, were the tabernacle and the temple erected; to direct the eye of faith forward to the great sacrifice, which, in the end of the world, would take away sin, while instructing the worshipper in truth, bearing upon his present spiritual interests and necessities was that gorgeous and impressive, but burdensome, sacrificial worship instituted and observed. To determine definitely and accurately the relation of his great work to the world in its various stages of progress, — the connection between Providence and Redemption, — has the stream of history been accurately traced and mapped in the Scriptures. To animate the souls of his followers with hope, and stimulate to energy and activity in his service, have rapt prophets written of the future triumphs and glories of his kingdom. The atonement which the Son of God made for the sins of an elect world, is the great central point around which all these

connected and collateral ideas are arranged in the order of their importance and connection with it; hence, the great theme of the gospel message is Christ and him crucified, — the glad tidings of great joy unto all people in the proclamation of which the silver trumpet is blown. That he might make reconciliation through the blood of his cross, Christ was set up from everlasting, divinely appointed, constituted, furnished, and, in the fulness of time, sent into the world. "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me to preach glad tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

This was the message which he committed to the apostles and their successors until the end of time: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature;" accompanying the proclamation with the most tremendous sanctions, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned."

From these and many similar declarations of the Divine Word, it is manifest that the love of God, revealed to man in the work of redemption by Christ, is the theme of the gospel, and that all which does not bear upon, or is not in some manner connected with, this, is excluded: "For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified." The apostle, however, evidently did not design to separate this highest knowledge from all others, or to present it in a disconnected or isolated aspect, but merely to assert that this was the principal thing, and that, as a minister of this truth, other knowledge would be esteemed valuable only

as it assisted in its elucidation, and would be held tributary to this purpose. In this period, when knowledge is so greatly increased, it becomes an object of the utmost importance to determine what relations, if any, other departments of thought sustain to the Scriptures, and, consequently, to that office which has for its object the exposition and enforcement of their truths.

1. What is the relation which science — using this term in its technical sense for nature-science — sustains to the Bible? This question has occupied, of late, much of the attention of thoughtful and earnest men, and is one which it is neither possible nor desirable to ignore. Nature and revelation are both volumes from the hand of the same intelligent Author, both imparting — the one in a form more limited and obscure, the other in a manner definite and ample — much relating to his character and perfections. "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork." Further than this, we agree with McCosh, and others who have labored successfully in this department, that there is a *Typology* in nature as in revelation; that the great idea that struggled for the birth through the various periods and stages of existence, was realized in Christ; that Nature adds her tribute to the many crowns that adorn his brow; and that in Christ "creation and the Creator meet in reality and not in semblance." There is also a profound harmony which the Scriptures recognize between the natural and the spiritual worlds, that "Nature which from her seat sighing through all her works, gave signs that all was lost," when our first parent ate the forbidden fruit, only awaits an interpreter to proclaim "through all her works" that the tempter has been

foiled, and paradise regained through Christ. The only confirmation which this requires is a reference to those lofty spiritual truths, which, in the days of his flesh, he evoked from her simplest productions and processes — "the things on earth are only copies of the things in heaven."

If there are any unable to trace, or unwilling to admit, these more recondite relations between the two volumes, there is enough upon the surface, patent to the most simple, to place the matter beyond the region of doubt; for the two records not only teach in many instances the same truths, but they touch each other in so many points that none can be so blind as not to perceive the connection. The visible universe furnished the inspired penman with their most magnificent and sublime imagery, and conveyed to them, through the medium of the senses, their most lofty and animating conceptions of Jehovah. The first chapter of Genesis furnishes the only rational, not to say inspired, cosmogony that the world has ever possessed. Many of the declarations of Scripture can only be verified by a reference to the natural features of the "Land" in which the "Book" was written, involving its geography and geology. In the explanation of the one hundred and twenty-fifth Psalm to which we listened on yesterday morning, our brother must needs refer to the "topography" of Jerusalem.

In addition to all this, and much more which might be adduced to the same purport, none are so ignorant as not to know that some of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, such, for example, as "the unity of the human race," may be not merely illustrated, but abundantly confirmed, by arguments drawn from the sciences.

Between these two great volumes, containing, as they do, the entire sum of God's revelation to man, there can be neither contrariety nor contradiction. A complete understanding is only necessary to a complete harmony: and while it is impious for the mere physicist to attempt to array the facts of science against revelation, it is weak for the theologian to array his exegesis against well-established scientific truths, or tremble for the ark of God before mere theories which stand like an inverted pyramid upon a very limited induction of facts, or, as is frequently the case, upon mere hypothesis; or wage war against any branch of science merely because illegitimate inferences may have been drawn from its facts.

If Ethnology, following in the pathway of nations, can fill up the "*hiatus valde deflendus*" in all history, and confirm the account of the inspired record as to the time and manner in which the nations were divided in the earth after the Flood, every one after his tongue, after their families in their nations; if Geography with her line and measuring-reed can corroborate the declarations of Scripture as to the boundaries and divisions of Canaan; if Astronomy can impart enlarged views of Him who has laid the deep foundations and set up the lofty pillars of the universe, who binds the sweet influences of Pleiades, and looses the bands of Orion, brings forth Mazzaroth in his season, guides Arcturus with his sons, and stretches out the star-spangled curtain of the heavens like a tent to dwell in; if Geology, by "boring into the solid strata of the earth," can throw any additional light upon the stupendous mystery and miracle of creation; if Anatomy

and Physiology can demonstrate that God has made of one blood all nations of men, — by all means let their assistance be invoked, and this testimony added to the great mass which establishes the authority and divinity of the Scriptures.

The relation of science to the ministerial work is one of entire subordination. She must appear with veiled face, and as an outer-court worshipper, when summoned to the shrine of the God of Israel: "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther." "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." The higher knowledge always subordinates that which is inferior. Science is the handmaid, not the mistress, of religion.

2. Between theology and philosophy, there is a very close and intimate connection. Consequently it becomes a matter of much importance to determine what value is to be attached, in preaching, to those branches of knowledge which belong more especially to the department of speculative thought. Theology begins where philosophy ends, — that which is ultimate to the one is fundamental to the other: of course this can refer only to that true philosophy which has always perfectly harmonized with Christianity, and proved in all ages a powerful auxiliary in the battle with untruth. There can be no doubt, however, that many of these speculations, esteemed eminently philosophical, have proved barren of useful results; and that the great system of gospel truth exists wholly apart and independent of them.

The pulpit is a field from which gospel-hearers expect to gather the golden grain of living and eternal

truth; not an arena to which they resort in order to be delighted by a display of mental gymnastics, or the fierce combats of intellectual gladiators. To feed with the dry husks of metaphysical speculation those who are hungering and thirsting for the bread and water of life, is to dispense stones instead of bread — to give a serpent instead of a fish. To persons of ardent piety and spirituality of mind, such discussions are cold, cheerless, tasteless, absolutely intolerable — broken cisterns, clouds without rain, pits without water. Attendance upon them is the mere "toil of dropping buckets into empty wells, and drawing nothing up."

The preacher's views upon the origin of ideas, the limits of knowledge, the nature of virtue, the foundation of moral obligation, natural ability, freedom of the will, the existence and province of conscience, with many other similar and kindred questions, will necessarily exert a most important influence over his modes of thought and instruction. True it is, as some one has said, "Tell me your view of the nature of virtue, and I will tell you to what school of theology you belong." These topics force themselves upon our consideration. They are worthy of profound attention; but they are seldom, and many of them never, suitable themes for the pulpit. The scribe well instructed will not permit them to usurp the place of those grander and more momentous truths which constitute the burden of his message. We must, however, be careful to draw the distinction between the use and abuse of metaphysical power and knowledge in the preacher. All truly great preachers, we imagine, have been, to a great extent, metaphysicians: they betray profound acquaintance with

the philosophical systems of the day, great knowledge of the human mind, and capacity to turn such knowledge to account in the detection and overthrow of error, and in the elucidation and establishment of truth. Of this, Calvin, Howe, Edwards, Hall, Chalmers, are eminent examples.

In this age, when old errors are appearing in so many and varied forms, — old, dead, and long-since buried philosophies raised from the grave, their bones scraped, re-washed, and presented anew to the world, — acquaintance with the great systems of speculative thought, both of belief and unbelief, appears an essential element of ministerial qualification.

He who knows little or nothing of Spinoza, Descartes, Locke, Hume, Kant, Hamilton, Comte, Fichte, Hickok, etc., may be a very good practical preacher, perhaps, — whatever that may mean, — but can scarcely be esteemed a competent defender of the faith. Such knowledge, however, will always be held subservient to the one great end, — the establishment of the truth, as it is in Christ, — "as the vessels of the Egyptians were dedicated to sacred purposes by the Israelites."

Philosophy, like science, must wait at wisdom's gates. "Stand thou here, while I go there and worship."

3. Politics — politics and the pulpit: is there any connection or alliance between these? To this we must give a decided affirmative. The Bible is a great political work; it was given to man as a perfect rule of faith and manners; it deals largely with nations as such, and abounds in precepts for the regulation of national life and conduct. The function that deals with the Bible, cannot be divorced from politics. If this blatant outcry

against political preaching meant nothing more than that discussions upon the bank, tariff, internal improvements, etc., were unsuitable for the pulpit, and a profanation of sacred sabbath time, few, we presume, would undertake to debate the point; although we might ask, where the necessity? By whom, when and where, has the sacred desk been thus profaned? Only one such discourse, labelled a sermon, do we remember ever to have met, — that delivered by a Unitarian, upon a New-Year's Day.

From whom do these fierce denunciations of political preaching issue? From the Buchanans, Toombses, Choates, — men steeped to the lips in all the moral corruptions and profligacies of "Old Hunker" politics, who wish to remain undisturbed in their iniquity, and cry out to a faithful ministry, as the men possessed with the devils to Christ, "What have we to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of God? art thou come hither to torment us before the time?" From corrupt and time-serving ministers, men who are clear upon dancing, sitting in prayer, the use of tobacco, and other kindred evils; who pass acts of Assembly, write, print, and circulate tracts by the thousand upon them. But the great and prolific parent of all sins, the "sum of all villanies," "the most atrocious system," to use the language of R. J. Breckinridge, "upon which the sun ever shone," must be passed in silence, unrebuked and uncondemned, and its open apologists and propagators welcomed to platform, pulpit, and communion-table, as the most precious of God's saints, and the very salt of the earth.

From south-side Adamses, who esteem the inter-

change of slaves between the United States and Africa — that is, their introduction, through all the horrors of "the middle passage," by thousands, to the *Christian* influences of the rice and sugar plantations of the South, and their return, by that *amiable* and eminently *pious* institution, the Colonization Society, by tens, or perhaps hundreds, of the more aged and infirm of those "held to service and labor," or the more troublesome and dangerous of those who are so unfortunate as to own themselves — one of the grandest and noblest *missionary* ideas conceivable! From your Dr. Rices and Plummers, — men who, taking their position upon the narrow *pou sto* of that arrant falsehood, that slavery is not a "*malum in se*," are attempting to uphold a system destined, sooner or later, to fall beneath the judgments of an avenging God, and bury them, like the worshippers in Dagon's temple, below the remembrance, ay, beneath the contempt, of men! Do not say that we single out these men for the purposes of abuse: we mention them because they are representative men, and in many respects the best of their class. "Do you see that leader?" said the driver of a stage-coach in England, to a gentleman who sat on the box at his side. "Yes, sir: what of him?" was the reply. "Well, when he comes to that gate, he always shies. I must give him something to think of;" and coming down with a sharp blow of the whip upon his flank, the spirited creature darts forward, forgetful of the object of his former alarm. These leaders must be made to feel that their fear of disastrous results to their particular ecclesiastical organizations, should they prove true to themselves, to the oppressed victims of an outrageous tyranny, and

to God, is wholly groundless, or, at all events, far from the greatest misfortune that might befall the cause of truth and righteousness. Ministers must make up their minds that political preaching will be peculiarly distasteful to such hearers as Pierce Butler, whose moral and spiritual sensibilities were outraged, crashed through, and, in fact, crushed, by the political preaching of Dudley Tyng, while owning, working, whipping, selling, hundreds of human beings, created in the image of God, on the cotton and sugar plantations of Carolina and Georgia.

When the celebrated Robert Hall was reproached with meddling in politics, he replied, "The plain state of the case is, the writer is offended, not at my meddling with politics, but that I have meddled *on the wrong side!*"

Political preaching, in this land, technically means rebuking great national and political sins. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* This kind of preaching is not only legitimate, but the very kind which, in this age, when national iniquity is coming in like a flood, is especially demanded. Against unjust and aggressive wars, intemperance, sabbath violation, slavery, and kindred evils, let the artillery of God's Word be directed from the forty thousand pulpits of this land, and they will fall at once, like lightning from heaven; sink like lead beneath the tide of public scorn, and their place be found no more at all. Against these enormous evils the pulpit is bound to protest; and every one into whose hand is put the hammer of God's Word, must deal such blows upon them as the measure of his strength will admit: so corrupt, however, are all the political parties of the day, that no minister can advo-

cate the claims of any one of them, without being guilty of a monstrous perversion of his office; to descend into the arena of their strifes, is merely to soil our sacred garments, without a rational hope of effecting any beneficial result whatever.

4. Morals — morality and the gospel are yet more intimately connected: they are incapable of separation. The Scriptures contain the only true principles of morality, and the sanctions which alone can enforce them: their promises and threatenings are alone sufficient to allure men to the practice of virtue, and deter from indulgence in vice, — "the powers of the world to come." The inculcation of moral truths and personal duties is too often mistaken for preaching the gospel. There is a kind of unevangelized system of ethics which is nothing more than semi-infidelity. To put the speculations of writers upon "Moral Science" in the place of evangelical truth, is a perversion and a mistake, — one which, unfortunately, is but of too frequent occurrence. What is a modern fashionable sermon? A smooth, *perhaps* literary, disquisition upon some moral virtue, — honesty, truthfulness, kindness, benevolence, etc., — varying in length from ten to thirty minutes, read by one of those dainty and exquisite ministers that Cowper so graphically describes; one of those men who never meddle with politics, but are "*all minister*," from the most faultlessly neat of manuscripts or portfolios, the leaves all turned with the proper flourish, the sentences with the proper inflection, nothing to offend the most fastidious taste, or disturb the most sensitive of the congregation, "smooth as the marble, and much colder," a body without a soul, a sermon without a Christ or a Holy Spirit.

For twelve years that prince of modern preachers, Dr. Chalmers, an unconverted man, attempted, but without satisfaction to himself, or benefit to others, to enforce morality: not until he received the unction of the Holy One, and his eyes were opened to behold the transcendent glory of the cross, did he find "himself in possession of an instrument potent to touch, omnipotent to transform, the hearts of men." No one will ever scatter those "burning coals of juniper," which melt the stony hearts of sinners, or wield those weapons which are mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds, until he has discovered that the only true morality is love of Christ.

The secret of every great preacher's strength is in the doctrines of the gospel, the truths that cluster around Christ and him crucified. With a slender frame and a weak voice, but with logical precision and intense earnestness, Edwards bore down upon his hearers with these doctrines until he compelled them to grasp in terror the pillars of the Church; and in one instance, while preaching that awful sermon, "Sinners in the hands of an angry God," a minister at his side in the pulpit involuntarily exclaimed, "Mr. Edwards, is not God merciful as well as just?" Not to enumerate other examples, this is evidently that which gives its effectiveness to the preaching of that "burning and shining light," Spurgeon. May he never become a wandering star or a meteor of the night! These doctrines are to be preached according to the divine proportion and analogy of faith, giving to each one its due prominence, and sinking none beneath its real importance in the great system of doctrinal truth. In this our safest guides are the "Creeds"

and "Confessions of Faith," in which the Church has embodied, from age to age, her understanding of divine truth in scientific form. Of these we give the preference, of course, to the "Westminster Confession," as presenting the most complete, harmonious, and truthful system of doctrine that has yet been given to the world. Some one has recently thanked God for rash men. When I hear one of the most popular preachers of the day — and, I do not hesitate to add, one of the ablest and noblest men among us — saying, "All that there is to me of God is bound up in that name, Christ Jesus; a dim and shadowy effluence rises from Christ, and that I am taught to call the Father; a yet more tenuous and invisible film of thought arises, and that is the Holy Spirit," I cannot but thank God for Catechisms and Confessions to teach us that "There are three persons in the Godhead, — the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, — and these three are one God, the same in substance, *equal* in power and glory," and they preserve the Church from such wild presentations of her most precious doctrines. Men talk about dead creeds, but they are only dead in the sense that we fail to make the proper use of them. When, in company with a friend, I visited the Navy Yard in the city of Brooklyn, we saw the cannon all arranged in rows, the balls all piled in beautiful and mathematical precision and order. Those iron dogs of war slumbered, those winged messengers of destruction were all silent and still, because there was no alarm of danger to arouse the one, or errands upon which the other might speed with the message of death. The old power was in them: they showed us an enormous gun that had put a ball through fourteen thicknesses of sheet-

iron as easily, apparently, as a giant would thrust his hand through a sheet of paper. Thus, said I, we do with our doctrines: we put them away in beautiful order in our Confessions, Creeds, and Testimonies, but fail to employ them as we should. That great gun is the doctrine of "Justification by Faith," with which the reformers of the first Reformation riddled and bored the hull of the Papacy, until she has been leaking and floundering ever since, soon to sink, like a great millstone, in the seas of God's wrath: it is the doctrine of "Christ's Headship," the great truth of the second Reformation, destined to prove, not only the "reviving of Scotland," but of the world.

If these batteries are silenced, it can only be because those who man them are too cowardly to bring them to bear upon the enemy, or have turned back faint-hearted on the day of battle. The state of the Church is one of incessant warfare. No one of these great fundamental truths has fallen, or can fall, before the assaults of the enemy. It only requires more zeal and courage in the employment of them, to manifest that they are mighty through God to the pulling down of the strongholds of sin and Satan.

II. How we are to preach. Here we encounter opinions which, with tongue of brass and lips of iron, we would fail to enumerate. Almost every one has some standard of his own — whether true or false matters not to our present purpose; more likely, however, to be the latter — by which he measures ministerial excellence: a "Procrustean bed," which the preacher must fill precisely; if he comes short, or goes beyond, his fate is equally sealed.

One desires nothing more than the simple enunciation of gospel truth, in a plain, quiet, conversational style and manner, as he has heard a sainted father, perhaps, instruct his family around the fire on a sabbath evening, or one of those "Theological Professors" under whom the late Dr. M'Leod was accustomed to say that he had studied, discuss a "question" in the society meeting.

Another, whose intellectual powers are of a somewhat higher order, delights in argument; wishes to hear a truth clearly and forcibly enunciated, and then supported by a long array of convincing proof. It is not enough that an error be condemned: it must be put into the vice of a remorseless logic, and crushed to death. The speaker must rain upon it "chained thunder, and hail of iron globes," until it is overthrown and annihilated. Such an one would be delighted, though the discourse were as dry as "Aristotle's Ethics," or as destitute of ornament as "Butler's Analogy," or "Edwards upon the Will."

Another desires the splendors of a vivid imagination; the glory of superb diction; fervid and fiery declamation; sudden and brilliant flashes of thought, bursting and falling like rockets, in showers of pearls and diamonds, upon the astonished hearers; can only be satisfied when he discovers the play of those powers which are given only to the *born* orator and poet.

Feeling is the great point with some. The preacher is judged by his power to move the affections, and touch the heart. Enough for such hearers that they were made to feel: instruction is not much sought after or desired. The discourse would be measured by the height to which the waves of emotion have arisen in the heart.

The combination of all these excellencies would make the perfect preacher. To reach such a standard, however, is in the power of none; to approximate it, even, the attainment of few. What, then, is the course to pursue amid such diversity of taste — such a contrariety of opinion?

1. Let every man stir up the gift that is in him, and preach as God has given him ability — remembering that he is not to please men, but God; taking no man's opinion for his guide, no man's manner as his model. Minds are as different as features: the natural endowments and circumstances which have contributed to make one man, are wholly different from those which have formed every other. As well might you expect the Hudson and the Mississippi to exchange channels, or the earth and Jupiter orbits, as to suppose that one mind could take the place of another. The attempt to compel them does violence to all the laws of our mental constitution; is wholly impossible; and excites in all observers either pity, or, most probably, contempt. Let every man make the best use possible of those powers that God has bestowed upon him; employ to the best purpose the talent with which he has been intrusted; and endeavor to be himself, and nobody else. This is the only honest course; and, besides, it is the only one that will be ultimately successful. It stands opposed, on the one hand, to any attempt to be more than we are; on the other, to be less than we are. David could do best with his own sling, and smooth stones from the brook. The variety of tastes to which we have alluded, is not an indication of Providence that we must attempt to conform to them all, but that there

is room for the exercise of every variety of endowment. "Plain gospel truths for plain people," has passed into a kind of proverb in some quarters. Like all such phrases, it contains some truth, doubtless; but it is a monstrous fallacy in the way in which it is frequently employed and understood. If it mean that the style of the pulpit should be free from all affectation, from obscurity, from technical or scientific terms and phrases, we grant it. If it mean that Christian congregations will not be pleased and edified with massive thought, with cogent argument, with figurative language, with happy illustration, with classical perfection and grace in the style and manner, we must enter our decided protest. If, in order to make himself understood, the preacher descend to the level of commonplace thought and language; if he supposes that mere stale truisms or flat platitudes, uttered in a style imported into the pulpit from the farm, the counting-house, or the street, will either please or edify his hearers, he makes a most egregious blunder. Vulgarity in matter and manner is disgusting to the highest and the lowest alike: the affectation of the coxcomb is more endurable than this. The truth is, we do not stand so far above the level of our hearers as we sometimes imagine: they are not flattered by any attempt to let ourselves down to their capacity, — prefer that it should be taken for granted that they are something more than mere babes in knowledge. The eagerness with which the masses crowd to hear, and the appreciative interest with which they hang upon the lips of, the most polished orators, sufficiently demonstrate their capacity to be both delighted and instructed with the very highest style of cultivated eloquence.

Not by listening senates, not by the *élite* of metropolitan audiences, not by the refined and educated alone, but upon the hustings, in remote rural districts, by the common people, have the greatest orators of the pulpit, the platform, and the forum, been heard with admiration and delight. Whatever the manner, let it be genuine, let it have the ring of the true metal, and the preacher may indulge himself to the full bent of his power, assured that thus he will attain the highest degree of perfection, and accomplish the greatest amount of good which is for himself possible.

2. Earnestly — this is compatible with every style of matter and manner, and is essential to effectiveness in all. "Why is it," a minister is said to have asked Garrick, "that you actors produce so deep an impression with your falsehoods, we ministers so feeble an one with our truth?" — "Because," said the witty actor, "we speak our lies as though they were true: you speak your truths as though they were lies." The old canon of criticism, "If you wish me to weep, you must first weep yourself," applicable to all forms of speech, is eminently true of this. The man who manifests by look, tone, and gesture, that he is neither convinced nor impressed, need not expect that he will either convince or impress others. Without a genuine earnestness, all the graces of style and manner, all the tropes and figures that can be employed, all the fury of voice and gesture, are of no avail, worse than useless — the mere crackling of thorns under a pot — sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. On the other hand, though there may be crudeness of thought to a certain extent, rudeness of speech, and awkwardness of manner; if there is

evidence that the man really feels his theme, is impressed with the truth which he is attempting to inculcate; if heart and lips have been touched with fire from the altar, — he cannot fail to impress, and impart warmth to, his hearers, and gain admittance for the truth into the heart and conscience of those whom he addresses.

The man who is thoroughly in earnest may always be sure of a candid hearing, whatever the disadvantages with which he may have to contend. He who is not, whatever adventitious circumstances he may call to his aid, will assuredly meet with mortification and disappointment. Earnestness may not atone for a bad cause: the want of it cannot fail to damage a good one. A bad man may possess this quality, provided he be sufficiently ambitious: a good man will never be found destitute of it. We would not, with Carlyle, make it the object of *worship*, or its presence the measure of character; but in the gospel minister nothing can atone for its absence.

The man who clearly apprehends the great truths of the gospel; who believes them with a firm, unfaltering faith; and into whose heart they have entered as a principle of action, — cannot fail to manifest a deep concern in their reception by others. A profound conviction that interests of eternal moment are suspended upon the manner in which they are viewed by those to whom they are addressed, will impart to the mind a solemn and serious awe that cannot fail to be manifest in their delivery.

God has furnished us with an inexhaustible storehouse of living truth from which to draw our themes; truth which possesses an undying interest for the universal

human heart; truth, which, although always old, is ever new. He who draws from this fountain of living waters cannot fail to interest; while he who betakes himself to the broken cisterns of a heathen philosophy, or of modern speculation, can never be in earnest himself, or impart zeal to others. I need scarcely add that the earnestness of which I speak is not the mere excitement of animal nature, nor the mere fervor of intellectual activity, nor alone the impassioned glow of a natural emotion and sympathy, but a fire brought from the Throne, kindled at the altar, fanned into a flame by love to God and love to souls. If a profound conviction of the truth is essential to this quality in the preacher, the latitudinarian spirit which prevails at the present time, and which views all creeds alike, and all with equal indifference, must be fatal to its manifestation. The ancient giant was invincible while his feet were firmly planted upon his native soil: the preacher must stand firmly upon his own profession of the truth, and draw his vigor from the distinctive principles of his own Church. Lifted from that his strength fails, and he is easily overcome. This zeal for the cause of Christ can only be maintained by a close walk and communion with God in prayer. If we would learn the secret of the success of those who have been greatly instrumental in the conversion of souls, we will find it to lie in their intense earnestness; and the secret of their earnestness in this, — "They were men of prayer and of faith: they dwelt upon the mount of communion with God, from whence they came down, like Moses to the people, radiant with the glory on which they had been themselves intently gazing."

The labors of the feeble, the languid, indifferent, and lukewarm, never have been, and never will be, blessed by God. The man who finds this his prevalent tone and habit, should seek, by all the means that God has put in his power, for its correction, and, failing, retire from an office for which he is not adapted, and to which, manifestly, he has never been called. To be an earnest minister requires *exclusive* devotion to that work. No amount of natural talent whatever will suffice for failure in this respect: no man can give any considerable portion of the week to any secular pursuit, and come forth upon the sabbath fully fraught with the message of the gospel; *it is an utter impossibility.* The work is great enough for *all* the time and *all* the powers of the mightiest intellect that ever lived. Feebleness and crudeness in the pulpit is the penalty which every one pays for devotion to other pursuits. Where this is forced upon the minister through want of a competent support, — if this deficiency arises from positive inability on the part of his people, — it is, in most cases, an indication of Divine Providence that he is not called to labor in that field: if it arises from any other cause, it is still more emphatically a call to "Arise and depart." With a considerable acquaintance with the financial ability of the Church in this country, we assert most unhesitatingly that there is no absolute necessity for any minister within our bounds imitating Paul in this respect, however important that they should be like him in others. There is, we assert, no reason why *all* should not give themselves to prayer, and the ministry of the Word. To congregations we would say, expect to gather grapes of thorns, and figs of thistles, sow upon a rock, plough

there with oxen, and expect a harvest, but do not expect to profit by the ministry of a man whose mind is constantly distracted by worldly anxieties, and who is compelled to eke out a living for himself and his family by labor upon the farm or in the schoolroom. It is God's ordination that they who preach the gospel should live of the gospel. This law cannot be violated without serious harm and detriment to all concerned.

3. Fearlessly — "That I may open my mouth boldly." There is no class of men more admired in theory, none who meet with more opposition in practice, than fearless ministers. There is no sphere in which moral courage is more essential; none in which it is more difficult to manifest that virtue. To preserve the golden mean between timidity on the one hand, and rashness upon the other; to rebuke firmly the sins of those whom you address, and yet temper the admonition with the due measure of kindness and tenderness, — requires, as every one must see, no small measure of that wisdom which is profitable to direct. His business is to attack sin, and that, too, as it manifests itself in persons to whom he is bound by ties intimate and tender, persons whose feelings he would not unnecessarily wound, but who are very liable to attribute to personal dislike that which was intended for their highest welfare and their soul's good. It is difficult, sometimes, to expel the *demon*, and save the man — to cure the disease, and save the patient. Every minister, like every parent, must feel the extreme delicacy of the task, when he undertakes to attemper firmness with affection, and to denounce the sin, while attracting instead of repelling the sinner.

Again, every one must have observed how very few there are who admire that courage which confronts *themselves*. They enjoy it hugely while it is directed against others; the balls cannot fly too thick or fast, provided they strike another fortress; the weapon cannot be too keen that takes the head off another's sin, — but their note is quite changed when their own vices are the objects of attack. That which they admired before, now excites animosity and opposition. Moreover, there is no one so much exposed, perhaps, to undercurrents, to secret influences of which he has no knowledge, and over which, consequently, he has no control. In most cases, we venture to affirm, the true ground of opposition to the minister is concealed, while something more tangible is levied upon and pushed into the foreground: the influence of many a faithful minister has been destroyed by designing men, when, had the secret cause been known, they would only have met the scorn and contempt of their brethren and the world.

Notwithstanding these and a thousand other considerations that might be adduced, well known to the experienced, the ambassador of Christ must be destitute of the fear of men, which brings a snare. He is commanded, "Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, shew my people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins." "I do send thee unto them; and thou shalt say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God. And they, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear (for they are a rebellious house), yet shall know that there hath been a prophet among them."

No consideration of whatever kind will exonerate

the herald of the cross from a full, faithful, and uncompromising presentation of the truth upon all points that relate to life and godliness: he must declare the whole truth, and keep nothing back, remembering that he is responsible to God, and not to man. And while it will be the aim and the desire of every right-hearted man, to commend himself to every man's conscience in the sight of God, and to present the truth of the gospel in all the attraction of a sweet and persuasive loveliness, in order to win men to Christ, he will yet feel that necessity is laid upon him to preach the Word, not according to the will and inclination of men, but the command of God. I need not delay to expose the infernal Jesuitism of those who preach and publish a mutilated gospel, on the plea that men will have no other. For a whole gospel and a whole Christ, the noble band of confessors and martyrs of past ages took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, endured all tortures and all agonies, and witnessed a good confession before many witnesses. That demon that has taken possession of so large a portion of professing Christianity of the day, — viz., that we must give men so much of the truth as they will receive, — must be exorcised, or our religion will go down amid a night of darkness, worse than the thousand years that preceded the reformation of the sixteenth century.

The names which shine brightest upon the pages of the Church's history, and brightest in the roll and record on high, are the names of those who have done and dared and sacrificed all for Christ, who have "stood up for Jesus" in despite of all opposition, and, like

Luther, hurled their defiant No in the very face of the mightiest potentates of the earth.

Never was the necessity for such men greater than in the present, — men of the "lion heart and eagle eye," — to defend the cause of Christ from foes within and foes without, and to expose the complete corruption and heartlessness of much which passes under the name of religion. But, alas! their voice is not upon any shore, the sound of their footsteps is not upon any land.

True courage, it is unnecessary to say, does not consist in denouncing sin in the abstract, or evils which exist in other communities and other ecclesiastical organizations, but in meeting it face to face, and in carrying on the conflict with it as it exists in all forms of individual and organic wickedness around us.

We have enough who are the champions of battles long ago fought and won, who are bold and defiant so long as the opposition is an "airy nothing without a local habitation or a name," but who have no relish for a hand-to-hand encounter with those great organized systems of oppression and iniquity that are opposed to the kingdom of the Redeemer in the present, — in these cases prefer the *mild* and the *persuasive*, and consider it altogether better that Christianity should not come in contact with existing institutions.

Had the Church of past ages been of this mind, no martyr's blood would ever have been shed, the sacrifice of so many noble lives of apostles and their successors would have been avoided, and untold sufferings escaped. Pity that the Church has learned this wisdom so lately! If we are to accept such views now, we must reverse

our former opinions: the past and present admiration which the world entertains for the martyr spirit, is a pernicious sympathy for bigoted and misguided zeal; and those heroic deaths from which even unbelief does not withhold the tribute of its praise, but little better than suicide!

Men may plume themselves upon their superior wisdom in shunning all the great moral conflicts of the age; but whether they will have equal cause to congratulate themselves when they appear to receive the crown of a faithful and valiant soldier of the truth and cause of Christ, is a point upon which we may be permitted to entertain at least a doubt.

4. And finally — All must be done in entire dependence upon the Spirit: "Not by might, not by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." "Paul may plant, and Apollos water, God only can give the increase." Christ did not enter upon his work until the Holy Spirit had descended upon him like a dove. The apostles did not go forth to proclaim his gospel until they had received the unction of the Holy One. All our preaching will be in vain, unless accompanied by its power: its breath must breathe upon the slain in the valley of vision ere they can live. The blood of Christ avails to cleanse from all sin, only when applied by the Spirit. The Church is frequently in the Scripture compared to a field; but it is only fruitful when the Spirit descends upon it, like "rain upon the mown grass, as showers that water the earth." "The word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner

of the thoughts and intents of the heart" — this power is derived from the accompanying Spirit — "the sword of the Spirit which is the word of God."

That our labors are not greatly blessed in the conversion of sinners, is what we must all, however sorrowfully, admit. The seed is sown; but when we look for its springing up, it nowhere appears. God appears to have executed his ancient threatening, "And I will make your heaven as iron, and your earth as brass, and your strength shall be spent in vain." We have relied too much upon our own, and too little upon the Spirit's, strength. What we want, and what the Church wants, is the Holy Ghost.

When our prayers ascend like pillars of smoke to the throne for the outpouring of the Spirit from on high, then may we expect the windows of heaven to be opened, and a blessing poured out until there shall not be room to receive. In answer to fervent, united, and effectual prayer, the heavenly rain will descend, the wilderness and the solitary place be made glad, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

God will give his Holy Spirit to them who ask him.

OUR NATIONAL SINS.

"*Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision: for the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision.*" — JOEL iii. 14.

OF the prophet Joel we have little definite information. It is known that he was of the tribe of Judah, that he flourished seven or eight hundred years before Christ, and that his prophecies refer to that disastrous period, previous to the captivity, during which the land was rent with internal feuds, threatened with foreign invasion, and visited with desolating judgments.

His prophecy, however, is not exclusively confined to these times and events: from the mount of prophetic elevation his eye sweeps the future ages and distant lands, and discovers the conflicts which precede, and the triumphs which follow, the progress of the gospel. The third chapter manifestly describes the world's great and final battle, "the conflict of principles," "the war of ideas," in which the great questions of truth, justice, and liberty are to be ultimately and decisively settled.

The opposing hosts are represented as very numerous, multitudes, multitudes, — the friends of God and man upon the one side, and all their enemies upon the other. The battle-field is the valley of decision, or wherever an issue is made between the opposing forces of right and wrong, of truth and error; the great Arbiter of the

conflict, Jehovah Sabaoth, the Lord of hosts, the Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

No attentive student of Scripture, and careful observer of the times, can fail to see that we are entering upon the last great prophetical epoch, that we see at least the beginnings of the final struggle. We are evidently upon the eve of great events; the time of the world's final deliverance draweth nigh; the wheels are high and dreadful, but above them is one like the Son of man, and they are full of eyes.

The conflict upon which we as a nation have entered, is no solitary or isolated event: it is but a part of one stupendous whole. We are but a single division, although a most important one, of God's great army, and are but working and battling with other peoples and nationalities for the accomplishment of the one great end, the fulfilment of God's eternal purpose of beneficence and mercy to our fallen and sin-burdened race. Define that purpose as you may, and call it by whatsoever name you will, there is a God in history. Events are but the progressive unfolding of the divine plan. The ultimate issue is not doubtful; the battle is to be decided by One who will assuredly do right; and as the prophet represents it as taking place in the valley of decision, or, as it may be read, concision or threshing, we are assured that the end will be the triumph of right, and the utter overthrow and destruction of wrong.

It is unnecessary to enter into a minute statement of affairs as they at present exist in our country. We are all, alas! but too painfully familiar with them. A mutiny — for it does not deserve the name of revolution — of gigantic proportions has been attempted; one which, in

the utter absence of any plausible excuse, has no parallel in history, and which, in the atrocity of its designs, and the heartless ingratitude of its instigators and abettors, as well as the unscrupulous rascality of its conduct, is not surpassed by that of the late Sepoy Rebellion in India.

With this iniquitous insurrection we are at this moment in stern conflict. Our fathers, sons, and brothers are absent at the scene of strife; some have already fallen in battle; some not in honorable and open warfare, but by the hand of brutal assassins, "Thugs," which the barbarism of slavery has created, and which it does not scruple to employ in the accomplishment of its diabolical purposes. We assemble in this peaceful sanctuary to invoke the blessing and assistance of Almighty God upon a righteous cause, to give the weight of our moral support to those who are called to bear the burden of its heavy responsibilities, and to prepare ourselves, by careful and conscientious reflection, and prayer for the divine wisdom, for the duties to which the hour calls every Christian patriot. Let us beware, lest, in our confidence as to the justice of our cause in the present struggle, we lose sight of the great fact, that this has come upon us because of our transgressions of God's law, and is a manifest token of the divine displeasure. There is much lamentation over the horrors and calamities of civil strife in certain quarters at the present time. These come, for the most part, from those whose sympathies with the rebellion are scarcely concealed. Their design is to weaken the hands of those to whom the management of affairs is committed, and, if possible, bring about another disgraceful compromise with the iniquitous system upon which

our present difficulties are chargeable. This spirit is to be condemned. This is no time for tears, much less such crocodile tears as these. The war is upon us: its issues must be accepted, its burdens borne, its evils endured, with that courage, cheerfulness, and patience which become a great, free, enlightened, and magnanimous people. We accept its responsibilities, and will endeavor to discharge its duties, as we shall render an account to God. To affirm, however, as some, running to the opposite extreme, have done, that war is of itself a beneficent agent, and that the world owes more to war than to peace, is to betray a foolish fondness for extravagant paradox, and contradict the wisdom, both of God and man. Like the famine, the pestilence, the earthquake, or the storm, war may prove, under the guidance of the Almighty, the agent of great and beneficent results. This does not alter the truth, however, that war is of itself an evil, a curse, and a token of God's controversy with the land visited by this desolating scourge. It is the garment of vengeance with which Jehovah arrays himself when he comes out of his place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquities. Let us not forget that the curse does not come causeless, and that, if there is evil in a city or country, — that is, calamity or distress, — that the Lord hath done it. God has given us the rule of conduct under such circumstances: "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou are rebuked of him." Let stolid indifference and impiety be as far from us, upon the one hand, as pusillanimity and cowardice upon the other. Bear with me, then, while I briefly call your attention to some of those sins which

have justly incurred the divine displeasure, and which must be repented of and forsaken.

1. Attention has frequently been called of late, but not more frequently than the importance of the subject deserves, to our *national* atheism. God is not acknowledged in our Constitution of government. In the convention which framed that remarkable instrument, it has been asserted that Benjamin Franklin proposed that God should be recognized, and the name of the Supreme Being inserted in the national charter; but owing to the unfortunate views adopted at that time by many enlightened statesmen, upon the subject of religion in relation to the State, the proposition was not entertained. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that the name of God was expunged, by a vote of the convention, from the oath to be taken by the President; and that, when our chief magistrate takes the oath, he swears by nothing. They were doubtless influenced to this course from a consideration of the disastrous results which have always followed the unholy alliance of Church and State. They were doubtless conscientiously desirous to guard against those abuses which many of them had witnessed in the Old World; but, although their conduct admits of palliation, it does not of entire justification. They went too far. No organization of men, least of all, a nation, can afford to forget, or refuse to acknowledge, their dependence upon the Supreme Ruler of the universe. He who has declared, "By me kings rule, and princes decree justice," will not forget such disregard of his authority: he has not forgotten it. What is this thunder of battle which shakes the heavens and the earth, but the voice of God from the high imperial throne of

the universe, calling us to acknowledgment of his name, and submission to his authority? Let us hearken and obey. Surely we intend to come out of this conflict a better people than we entered in; and let us resolve that we will start forward upon that new, and, as I confidently believe, more glorious era of progress upon which we shall enter, with a Constitution, to use the expressive language of a distinguished professor and minister of a sister church, "all written over with the name of God."

2. But this is not sufficient. The Southern Confederacy has inserted the name of God into their constitution, thereby demonstrating how little mere words are worth when they do not stand for things. Those of us who trace our ecclesiastical parentage to the Scotch Presbyterians, have a doctrine which we call the "Headship of Christ." It means that civil power has no right to interfere in matters ecclesiastical, but it means more: it declares the great truth that Christianity should be the fundamental law of nations, — in other words, that the Scriptures should be, to use the immortal phrase of our great senator, "The higher law." Kossuth declared in the last speech which he ever made in this city, and has frequently repeated it since, — a fact no less mournful than true, — that there is not a Christian nation upon the face of the earth. There are nations composed, like our own, in great measure of Christian people, — nations in which Christianity is protected and respected, and which are in all respects largely influenced by its principle; but the world has yet to see a nation declare that the principles of Christianity are its fundamental law, and that the golden rule is the

standard by which its policy is to be directed. We have not only driven politics from religion, but religion from politics: we have banished the morality of the Bible from national affairs, and introduced in its place that system of diabolical ethics whose bitter fruits are the ingratitude, perjury, theft, and treason of this infamous rebellion. We have sowed to an earthly and temporary expediency, and we have reaped all manner of wickedness and corruption; we have planted the vine of Sodom, and the grapes are gall, and the clusters bitter; we have sowed the wind, are we not reaping the whirlwind? Men have earned among us the reputation of great statesmen, whatever that may mean, who appear never to have known that there are eternal principles of rectitude and righteousness by which nations as well as individuals are to be guided, and for the violation and disregard of which God will hold them to a rigid accountability. Our politicians have acted with reference to party interests, have been governed by the promptings of personal ambition, have shaped their policy in obedience to the demands of a worldly expediency; but, alas! how few of them have placed themselves upon the broad and safe platform of truth, justice, righteousness, and immutable morality! Is it not time that we should change all this? There are cheering evidences that the change has already commenced. I am much mistaken in my estimate of the men whom God has given us for this emergency, if they are not of a different type from those who have directed the policy of the nation during these past lean and evil years. Let me not be misunderstood: I am pleading for no national recognition of sect or creed, but that

we should set the world an example of a great nation conducting its affairs upon the highest principles of a recognized Christian morality. Who doubts that this course would be the safest, and in the end most profitable? Is it not time at least to make the attempt? God grant that we may come out of this furnace, heated seven times hotter than is wont, into which he has cast us, not only safe, but *purified.*

3. Our great national sin, the one on account of which God is now specially judging us, is — it requires no courage to declare it now — *slavery.* We have been slow to learn, but nevertheless we are learning. The scales are rapidly falling from our eyes: the character of the monster which now clutches the throat of the Republic will soon stand revealed in its true character, to the satisfaction of all. Some whose eyes have been too long sealed to admit the truth, even when placed full before them, continue to declare that slavery has nothing to do with the struggle, — objects of pity these men are, not of dislike or contempt, — while other some are determined only to see it in the background, and attempt to conceal the truth by giving it another name. The intuitive intelligence, however, of the masses, sees in the contest nothing else, and is sure that it would never have come but for slavery, — equally sure that it can only end with its destruction. There was published recently a frightful tale, which doubtless many of you have read. The story was of a young lady, who saw, while alone in her room at night, by the flickering light of a failing fire, a faintly discerned but hideous shape of terror enter by a door that had been left partly open. The creature, uttering a frightful moan that froze her blood with terror,

accompanied with a sound like the rattling of a chain, placed itself by her side, and laid upon her what appeared to be a hand. Every attempt to escape was accompanied with a heavier pressure of the hand, a repetition of the unearthly moans, and renewed clanking of the chain. When the morning broke upon the long hours of agony, she saw by her side the ghastly form of a maniac who had escaped from a neighboring asylum: from beneath the shaggy locks that overhung the brow, from which reason had been dethroned, gleamed upon her the fiery eyes of the devil-possessed, from whom, except by a desperate resolve and a superhuman exertion, all escape was hopeless. The effort was made, and was successful, but not until the springs of life were dried, the hair turned suddenly gray, and the bloom of youth was blasted forever, to be succeeded by the tokens of premature age. We have seen during these past years the outline of this dreadful shape that has tortured and oppressed us; we have heard the moans and the clanking chains; we have felt the pressure of the dreadful hand. Morning breaks — it is indeed no dream of the night: the eyes that gleam in the lightning's flash of the rifle and cannon, that are red with the fires of war, are those of the demon of slavery, "black as night, fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell." Is it not time to shake off our lethargy, seize the monster that has broken the limits which we have assigned it, not merely to thrust it back into the place from whence it came, but to destroy its hated life, and bury it so deep that it can never know a resurrection to torment either us or our children? What though our national resources are wasted; what though there be a great mourning, like that of Hadad-

rimmon in the valley of Megiddo, Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted, — is not all this better to suffer, than the longer continuance of this "fivefold barbarism," and its accompanying twin of profligacies and horrors? The mode which I propose as the one proper to express our repentance before God for this great national sin, is not to hold a convention to deliberate upon it, — the time for these is not now, — nor to appoint days of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, to pray, preach, and weep over it, however important these may once have been; but to rise as one man, acknowledge that we have been verily guilty in this matter, and demand, in a manner not to be mistaken, that it be now finally and forever extinguished by the proclamation of liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof. But while all these, and far more, as to our national sins, may be freely admitted, does this justify the unnatural rebellion that has been inaugurated? Assuredly not; for it is not to be forgotten that most of our errors, as a nation, have been made in the attempt to satisfy the insatiable power which has risen up for our destruction. The fact that a nation is chastised, and chastised justly in the providence of God, does not justify those by whom the punishment is inflicted. God employed the nations of antiquity in the punishment of the chosen people, but not upon this account were they held guiltless or adjudged innocent. We come now to consider the great questions which are in controversy, that are to be decided in the present struggle, and upon which we confidently invoke the decision of the great Judge of the universe.

1. It is to be decided whether or not we have a gov-

ernment, or whether our condition is one of hopeless anarchy, — a most important question, and one which cannot be decided too soon for the interests of our common Christianity, civilization, and civil liberty. The question is not one of change of administration, as heretofore, not whether this or that party shall control, not whether this or that man shall be President; but the point which has been forced upon us, and which is now being brought to the dread arbitrament of the sword, is whether we have a government at all. The pretended right of secession is preposterous, strikes at the heart of all social order, and would leave society at the mercy of every ambitious demagogue who was possessed of sufficient popularity — and what demagogue is not? — to draw after him a band of followers. No such right was guaranteed by the Constitution; the doctrine has never commended itself, even in times of peace, to any noticeable number of statesmen; it contradicts reason and common sense, and could only have been seized upon as a last resort by men whose desperate cause could find no ground of justification; it must be regarded as the thinnest of disguises for the most atrocious of crimes. Let it be distinctly borne in mind, however, that, fatal as would be the right of secession to the existence of government, the insurrectionists are not satisfied with it; that it is a mere pretence which they put forward to conceal deeper and more ulterior purposes. They are sagacious enough to know that Mason and Dixon's line is not an impassable gulf, like that between Dives and Lazarus; it cannot be transformed into a wall of adamant high as heaven: that there is no pretended grievance of which they com-

plain which would not be aggravated by a simple separation of the free and the slave States; hence they aim at the very destruction of the government, to strike a blow which would render the North powerless, and leave them at liberty to dictate such terms as they deem most desirable for themselves. There was a time when many said, if they desire to go, let them; if they are weary of the partnership, let it be dissolved; why attempt to detain them? They have only been a burden and a curse: we shall be stronger without them. A very short time, however, served to dispel the illusion, and show us the true character of the issue that was made. While they were in words pleading the right of secession, and declaiming against coercion, and asseverating that all they wished was to be let alone, they were improving the opportunity to rob the national treasury of millions of our money; to prepare, and drill, and equip with the weapons which they had stolen from us, an army to capture the capital, to seize and occupy the fortresses of the country; in fine, to mature one of the most cunning and infamous plots which the history of the world records. The present administration entered upon its duties under circumstances the most embarrassing conceivable, — the treasury emptied by successful robbery, surrounded by men acquainted with all the machinery of the government, but of doubtful fidelity; the army demoralized, the navy scattered to the four corners of the earth; and the waves of rebellion rising and swelling like an angry sea in the States surrounding the seat of government. He in whose hand is the hearts of men, and who turns them whithersoever He will, as the rivers of water are turned; who

stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumults of the people; who says to the raging passions of men, as to the angry billows, Hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed, — alone prevented the accomplishment of the treason, and the entire triumph of the diabolical plot. While we accord the due meed of praise to those who have so discreetly and wisely conducted affairs in this dangerous emergency, to God must we give the glory, and, bowing reverently before his throne, acknowledge that his hand has done all these things. Who but God himself, who first maddens those whom he designs to destroy, could have infused the frenzy that impelled the attack upon Sumter? Who can fail to recognize his hand, and bow before his gracious Providence in the wonderful effects of that first, to us happy, but to Secession fatal, success? The thunders of those cannon were heard in every American home, from the pine forests of Maine to the "continuous woods where rolls the Oregon:" the terrible instinct of self-preservation was aroused; every heart was fired with a single impulse; the nation arose, like a giant refreshed by wine, and has gone forth, like a lion from the swellings of Jordan, to avenge the insult, and to save the country from the curse of treason. "From the blood of the slain and the fat of the mighty, its bow shall not turn back, nor its sword return empty," until the flag of our country waves in triumph from every high place in the land, and every traitor who has risen in arms against a government that never did him wrong been made to bite the dust.

There is a magnificent plant which flowers once

every hundred years: our country has been growing, not slowly, but rapidly, for well-nigh a hundred years. This noble outburst of patriotism is the splendid flowering of the tree which was planted by our sires, and watered by the blood of patriots. Let us but wait patiently: the fruit will come by and by. Let it be understood this is no war of sections, or strife of parties: the question is, whether nineteen millions of the freest and most enlightened people on the face of the earth shall tamely submit to see that civil order which they have established, demolished at the will of two or three thousand men of discordant aims and principles. Whether one of the mightiest nations of the earth, occupying a foremost place in the splendid march of our modern civilization, that one in which more of the hopes of humanity are centred than in any other, shall resign its life, leave its high and proud position, sink to the level of Mexico and the South-American Republics at the command of Jefferson Davis and his infamous Confederates, this question is now to be decided. Would that it had never been forced upon us! but now that it has come, let it be fairly met, and may God speed the right! The treason has been checked, baffled, humbled, but not subdued. The declaration of Jefferson Davis, that they only want to be let alone, is as hypocritical as that of his father the Devil, from whom it is copied, to Christ in the days of his flesh; it meant then to retain power over all that he had already possessed, with the unrestrained privilege of possessing as many more as he desired; it means precisely the same now. Christ did not come to let Satan alone, but to cast him out, bind him with a great chain, and destroy his kingdom. The

same is our design now: waiving all reference to the modesty of the request, we simply say, *it cannot be granted.*

2. We are to decide our right of self-government. We have thought this question settled. With us of the North it has been settled. Had the South elected any of the three candidates nominated in opposition to the successful one, we should have acquiesced, not, perhaps, without criticism, not without the free expression of opinion, but with no word of revolution, much less of insurrection. The people, we would have said, have willed it: it is our duty to submit. But it so occurred that the candidate with Northern proclivities was successful: and the South has arisen, and declared that she would not submit; not the people of the South, it is true, — for their masters have not asked their opinion, — but the men who control her destiny, and shape her policy. The issue is fairly and distinctly made: the immediate cause of the rebellion was the election in legal form and Constitutional manner of a President of the United States. This no one attempts to deny: this is upon all hands admitted. The South said, "You have elected Abraham Lincoln: we will not submit." Attempts at conciliation have been scorned: they have laughed at proposed compromise, and said in plain terms, "We will not have this man to reign over us." Was there ever a fairer or plainer issue? Was there ever a more important one presented to any people? Shall the nineteen millions of freemen speaking through the ballot-box be obeyed? or the ambitious and disappointed aspirants of a rejected policy annul their decisions, and control the nation? Who shall yield,

Hercules, or the hydra? It is indeed passing strange that any one, near or remote, should infer from our present struggle that Republicanism is a hopeless experiment or a failure: the noble tree is but battling with the storm, and wrestling with the tempest; when the storm has passed, the world will see that it has but gathered strength from the conflict. Shooting its roots downward, and extending its boughs from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Northern Lakes to the Southern Gulf, it will again invite men of all colors and climes to repose under its shadow, and eat the fruits of liberty and peace. The storm is abroad in its wrath, and the waters are up in their might; but never did ship defy the tempest more proudly, or ride the billows more nobly, or laugh in the face of the hurricane more gleefully. Failure, indeed! Not a sail has been rent, not a mast carried away, not a wave has yet broken upon her deck. Wait until she goes down, or refuses to obey her helm, or becomes water-logged, before she is pronounced a failure.

Whether we shall maintain our right to self-government, is the very question now being tested. Five hundred thousand men stand ready, with strong arms and eager hearts, to defend it at the call of their country, at the point of the bayonet to make self-government a splendid success, or perish in the attempt. It cannot be possible that it shall fail; it has not failed; nineteen millions of men, determined to be free, and to have a country in which to live and establish liberty, cannot fail. With the blessing of God, the fears of friends and the hopes of enemies shall alike be disappointed.

This great question is to be decided for ourselves and

for the world, and, if we succeed, for all coming time, in the valley of decision to which the multitudes are gathering. What interests are depending upon this decision, no mortal tongue can tell. May God give us wisdom to comprehend our responsibilities, and strength to overcome all opposition, from whatever source it may come!

3. Another question to be decided, is whether slavery or freedom shall triumph. I have already spoken of slavery as our great national sin. The issue has not been made directly as to its abolition: nevertheless, refusal to submit longer to its insolent demands has brought things to the present condition. I delay not now to enter into any discussion of the Constitutional question. We are all, I think, prepared to admit that far too much has always been conceded to this tyrannical and unnatural system. It must be considered a sad misfortune that our fathers did not sternly adhere to the sublime principles of the Declaration of Independence, — their own majestic interpretation of the laws of the divine government, in the language of President Lincoln, — and at every hazard banish it from the new republic. Not satisfied, however, with a simple recognition, and with such privileges as were guaranteed to it by the Constitution, and such concessions as have been constantly made to its demands, it claims now equality with freedom, lifts its shameless horn, and claims the right, unchallenged by man, to go wherever Providence and nature may carry it. This issue at least has been fairly made. Shall slavery go into the Territories, and obtain everywhere a national recognition under the Constitution? Shall we change our barracks in the Park and on the

Battery into slave-pens like that Bastile that our soldiers have broken open and exposed to the gaze of the world, at Alexandria, where the Virginia trader may chain his human chattel until he is ready to ship him to the rice-swamps of Georgia and the Carolinas, or the sugar-plantations of Louisiana? Shall the splendid domain for which we have poured out our blood like water, and our treasure like dust, be accursed by the presence of a system which has already turned fat lands into barrenness, and which has proved the fruitful parent of unnumbered woes, not only to its myriad victims, but to our country? These important questions are involved, and are to be decided. Shall we decide them at the expense of our own blood and treasure, or by the destruction of the system itself? This latter, all will soon be compelled to admit, is the only wise and sure course to pursue. If this war should end, and leave the system of slavery intact, whatever else might be gained, the impartial verdict of history will be that it was undertaken to no purpose, and that all its sacrifices were endured, and all its expenses incurred, in vain. Is it not time that we cease to mince matters, and face the realities of the case? Who doubts that the war can be most speedily and safely terminated by dealing a blow directly at the system itself? And why, in the name of humanity, religion, and reason, should this not be done? Not satisfied with the wrongs that for two hundred years it has inflicted upon the African race; with making us a by-word and reproach among the nations of the earth; with paralyzing the industry, blighting the prosperity, and impoverishing the soil, of the most fertile and salubrious portions of the land, — it has seized

our forts, mints, arsenals; compelled us to spend millions already in a useless war, and muster armies to beat back its insolent encroachments. Is it not time that we aim a blow at the monster's heart, strike at its very vitals, and thereby put an end to this unnatural contest? Let the men in authority know that those upon whom they must rely are sick of these gratuitous offers, which are something more than military blunders, to put down slave insurrections; and that, if our men are to be turned into slave-catchers, the best and bravest of them will remain at home. Why this odious Caliban that has no right to exist should be treated with such consideration, such excess of politeness, and the lives of our fathers, sons, and brothers hazarded to save the blackest traitors that the world has ever seen from the results of their own wickedness, is a mystery beyond the ability of the present speaker to solve. By all means, let them be contraband of war; let them be turned to whatever purpose they can best subserve. If they are good enough to plough, plant, and hoe their masters' fields, they are good enough to fight them upon the field of battle. Let them, by all means, as fast as possible, be enrolled. Why we should be so complaisant to these traitors as to furnish our very best regiments as marks for them to shoot, game to kill as many of as possible, when thousands of those whom they have robbed and spoiled are eager for the fray, is more than I am able, I candidly confess, to discover. But the question occurs, What is to be done with the slaves of those who are loyal? My own opinion is, that loyal slaveholders are few and far between. If any such there be, they will be very easily dealt with, and be perfectly

satisfied that, in this the day of her trial, our country should pursue that course which will most effectually quell the rebellion, and save the national life. Parents at the North, trusting the national generosity to treat with them hereafter upon the principles of equity, are willing to give the last child, and expend the last dollar. Is the nation to be put to all this inconvenience, to this waste of blood and treasure, for the sake of the few slaveholders who yet profess loyalty, but who are not able to guard their own slaves, much less to resist successful treason in their midst, or to assist us? Away with such nonsense! But some one cries out, "Would you excite slave insurrections?" And all at once terrible scenes of butchery and slaughter rise before their minds, which fill them with horror. I answer, By no means; but, if the slaveholders incite their slaves to rise by their own madness and folly, I surely would not assist them to put them down, in order that they might be the sooner and the better prepared to murder and butcher us. Let that be their task, not ours. Perhaps what we heard upon this point is only talk: so it would prove, I have no doubt, in the trial. I do not believe that there is a regiment in the army that would obey orders to march against a slave insurrection, or that there is a general who would dare to put them to the test; but, if it be talk, it is very disagreeable. Let us have no more of it. If there are in the Southern States to-day eight hundred thousand able-bodied men who provide the rebels with food, do the heavy work of their armies, and whom they threaten to enroll, if need be, into regiments to fight against us, it seems to me not only a military blunder, but a desperate folly and wick-

edness, to leave them in the quiet possession of such an enormous advantage. I firmly believe that our rulers only want a hearty expression from the people, and that then they are ready to do their whole duty. We have heard the leader of the New-York Democracy, in that great meeting that was held in front of this church, declare that this was the course to be pursued, — and here I must say that when I read those words from Daniel S. Dickinson, uttered within hearing of this place, almost on the very spot on which the pastor had the honor of being burned in effigy, at the close of another meeting, which I do not now stop to characterize, held about eighteen months previously, — I thought of the magnificent expression of Guizot: "Providence moves through time as the horses of Homer through space. It makes but a step, and ages have rolled away;" of the more sublime thought of Holy Writ: "With the Lord one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day."

Our Secretary of War also hinted the same thought in no obscure terms in his address to our gallant and patriotic Seventh Regiment. Let these sentiments be seconded by a hearty response; let those in power know that there is but one desire in the hearts of the people, — namely, to see the rebellion crushed and the war ended, — and that if slavery goes down in the shock, like a great millstone cast into the sea, never to arise, our satisfaction will be the greater, and our rejoicings the louder; let the decree go forth, and there will go up from all corners of this broad land the apocalyptic shout of millions, as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunder-

ings, saying Amen, Alleluia. This is yet wanting to the highest enthusiasm of which we are capable. So far from injuring our cause, it would stir the heart of the nation like the blast of a trumpet; for down in the hearts of the people below this surface of compromise, is a deep and inextinguishable hatred of oppression — a profound desire that slavery should come to an end. Open the gates, and the floods of this sacred animosity will pour forth, to sweep it from the face of the earth. By all means let us contend for the Union; we have determined not to divide our magnificent domain; we cannot turn back the glorious floods of the Missouri, Ohio, and Mississippi to the Northern Sea, nor cleave the Alleghanies and Rocky Mountains from base to summit. The Lakes and the Gulf, the Atlantic and Pacific, have been united by an indissoluble bond; what God has united, man shall not dissever: but, if our blood must be shed like water to preserve the Union, have we not a right to say what sort of a Union it shall be? Or shall we waste our treasure by millions, and sacrifice the best and bravest of our sons in the strife, and be thrown back fifty years in the march of our progress, and then permit slavery to dictate the terms of union, again bind us with the withs which are now broken, and return to renew the stripes of these years under circumstances of deeper degradation and infamy than those from which we are now emerging? The Union which God will own and bless is the Union of States in one great, free, and powerful Empire, knowing no distinction of color or race, securing equal rights to all, and covering all with the broad ægis of its benign protection. Accursed forever be all unions between truth and falsehood, vir-

tue and vice, civilization and barbarism, freedom and oppression! for such a Union we are not prepared to fight; for such a one, whether we know it or not, we are not fighting. When the Union is restored, it will be a Union of States, presently or prospectively free. All this may be, perhaps some timid friend of freedom admits, but this is not the time to say it. Well, I believe it is the time: the sooner we understand what we are about, the better. The Southern Confederacy has taken its position upon slavery: it is time that we begin to know just where we are standing, and to fight and suffer for a reality, and not for an abstraction. Is any one so simple as to suppose that Union means now what it did two years ago? Then it meant plead, pray, preach, for slavery; fawn upon, flatter, get down upon your knees, roll in the dirt, sell independence, betray morality, religion, any thing to please slaveholders: now it means stand up like a man, gird on your armor, rush to the battle-field, and fight to the last man and the last drop of blood, in order to save the country from the sin and curse of that iniquity.

CHRIST IN HISTORY.[1]

"And one of the elders saith unto me, Weep not: behold, the Lion of the tribe of Juda, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seven seals thereof." — REV. v. 5.

WE are just now standing face to face with one of the most stupendous revelations of Divine Providence that modern times have witnessed.

Events that no one foresaw, whose immediate results no one can determine; events that we do not contemplate at a distance, but with which we are intimately connected, of which we form a part, — force themselves upon our attention, and demand our considerations

The storm is abroad in its wrath; the sea and its waves roaring; the floods have lifted up, O Lord! the floods have lifted up their voice, the floods lift up their waves. We do not contemplate this storm and these tumultuous waves from some high eminence of safety; we are in the midst of it, tempest-tossed like those around us; we are giving our money for the support of the war; our sisters and brothers are on the tented field; our brethren in other cities have been for many days in a state of alarm; we do not know how soon the danger may come near to us.

Surely, this is the time for the wise to regard the doings of the Lord, and to consider the operations of

[1] Outline of a sermon preached during the Rebellion.

his hands; for it is only as we see God in these events that we can understand them, have any quietness of mind with respect to them, or save ourselves from the despondency of unbelief and atheism.

The scene presented in the chapter is very magnificent. The apostle is carried up in vision into heaven. He sees an awful and exalted throne, surrounded by angels and saints and innumerable living and immortal beings, and he hears the music which comes from the harps of angels, mingling with the thunders that issue from the throne of God, and hears the very voice of the Almighty, as it were the voice of many waters.

Having surveyed the scene in admiring wonder and astonishment, his attention is called to a book, written within and on the back, and sealed with seven seals.

A strong angel is heard asking who is worthy to open the book, and to loose the seals thereof. No one in the universe is able for the task, and the prophet weeps over the weakness of creation.

In the midst of his despondency he hears the voice of one of the elders telling him of one able for the mighty work. "The Lion of the tribe of Juda, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seven seals thereof." And when he looks, instead of a Lion he beholds a Lamb; instead of some resplendent and majestic personage with a mien too severe to look upon, he sees a lamb slain

The book is the mystery of the divine Redeemer, sealed from mortal sight, but known to the one that is able to read it, and understood by others only so far as he reveals the contents. He who takes the book, and opens its seals, is the Lord Jesus Christ.

This Lion of the tribe of Judah is he who, for the suffering of death, has been crowned with glory, and who is made head over all things for the good of his body, which is the Church.

It is the truth of Ezekiel's vision, — the Son of man above the unsolved mystery of the wheels, and presented here under another aspect.

Christ, the God of Providence, is the theme of the text.

I. All events are to be ascribed to Christ as Mediator. This is the uniform teaching of Scripture. These outward and visible works and agencies, that in the old Testament are ascribed to Jehovah and Elohim, are to be ascribed to Christ in his official delegated character as Mediator. The great pervading, controlling thought of the Old-Testament Scriptures, is that of a Deliverer, who was to appear and set up, in process of time, a kingdom that should never be moved. And as this Deliverer was no other than the Son of God, we find constant allusion to him in the Scriptures: events are attributed to him, and are brought about by his interposition. He led his people by his power out of Egypt, conducted them in their march through the wilderness, controlled the nations that lay contiguous to their route, established his people in Canaan, and ordered all that related to their affairs. To attempt to quote the passages that teach this, would be altogether superfluous.

But more particularly we remark, —

1. Christ is the Author of all events: they take place by his power or permission.

This is true of all events; nothing occurs by chance; it is an axiom that there is a reason for every thing.

Events are all connected: they are the parts of one whole, all having a relation to one another and to the proposed end.

Every thing being under the control of Christ, and all being directed to the accomplishment of his purposes, it is a necessary conclusion that all events are dependent, even for their origination, upon his will.

This is true of such terrible events as those that are transpiring in our own land. "Is there evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?" Judgments as well as blessings come from his hand. He that saith, "Come, ye blessed of my Father," says also, "Depart from me, ye cursed." "I am come," he says, "to send fire upon the earth; and what will I, if it be already kindled?" Providence is a mingled revelation, mingled of truth and of mercy. In Ezekiel's vision, the man in linen is commanded to take coals of fire from between the cherubim, and scatter them over the city. In the second Psalm, Christ is promised the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession; and it is declared of his rule, "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron, thou shalt dash them in pieces as a potter's vessel." Isaiah represents Christ as coming from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, with the mien of a conqueror; his garments red as one that hath trodden the purple grapes of the wine-press. From these scriptures, with many others, it is evident that the judgment of the world is committed to Christ, and that he is the Author of all events.

2. He controls them. Satan is undoubtedly a subordinate agent, in exciting men to deeds of wickedness and bloodshed: but, whatever may be his agency, he

does not control events; they control him: he often defeats his own purpose. Men also are subordinate agents; they are not sovereigns, but subjects; they are overmastered by events that are too great for them, are driven before them like chaff by the storm. It might be laid down as a universal rule, I think, that wars never turn out as those who originate them, either design or anticipate. No conqueror ever ends where he expected. Napoleon appeared to direct the storm for a time in his day, but it was but a short time: he was very soon overpowered, and of all the wrecks of that time his was the most complete. In the present page, which a Divine Providence is unfolding before our eyes, how utterly insignificant do men appear. I would not unduly depreciate human instrumentality; there is abundant room for the display of human wisdom and sagacity: this is no apology for imbecility and cowardice, either in the cabinet or the camp; nevertheless, is there any one so blind as not to see that on both sides these events control man, and not men events? What is the explanation of all this? The great plan is God's, men are his subordinates. His counsel shall stand, and he will do all his pleasure. "There is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel." The success of men is dependent upon their plans falling in with the divine will. That Christ overrules all, is the clear teaching of Scripture: the overthrow of the Egyptian host is ascribed by Moses to the Lord. "I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea. . . . Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power: thy right hand . . . hath dashed in pieces the enemy."

To him David ascribes throughout the Psalms his deliverance: his control of such events as are passing under our own observation, is specially declared in innumerable passages. This is the idea of the second Psalm, of the ninety-third, and similar ones. He shakes the heavens and the earth, that the things which can be shaken may be removed, and that those which cannot may remain.

Christ works all things according to the counsel of his own will, and overrules and directs every thing with his sovereign power. He selects his own instruments; he uses them as he sees best: and above all the petty ambitions and revengeful purposes of men is his own overruling and overmastering will and purpose.

3. He limits all events. "Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee; the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain." To the waves he says, "Hitherto thou shalt come, and no farther." Go down to the shore of the sea, and you will observe that every rolling, threatening wave only curves a certain distance, then breaks, falls, and dies away at your feet. The barrier that confines it seems to be a very feeble one, only a circle of sand: nevertheless, the proudest wave is impotent to pass the limits. So it is with the raging waves of human pride and passion: they roll back and break at the command of him who has appointed their limit; they come so far, and there they cease. Sennacherib was permitted to come a certain distance, but no farther. Hezekiah prayed to the Lord. The angel of death received his commission, and one hundred and eighty-five thousand perished in a single night. "So Sennacherib king of Assyria departed, and went and returned, and dwelt

at Nineveh." Illustrations from history are abundant. How far God designs to permit this rebellion to roll its waves, I do not pretend to determine, but it has its limit: there is a point, unseen to mortal eye, but known to God, that it can no more pass than a wall of adamant; and when it reaches that point, it must die.

The result is dependent, to be sure, on the generals and soldiers of the armies in their subordinate position, but far more upon whether our cup of iniquity is full, and God means to destroy us, or whether he has as yet mercy in store for us as a nation.

II. I remark that all events are controlled by the Mediator with reference to the plan of redemption. This, I think, is altogether manifest from the context, and from the whole tenor of the Book of Revelation. This personage who opens the book, is the Lamb slain: each new unfolding of the mighty plan which the book discloses has reference to the establishment of that kingdom that is to be righteousness and peace.

1. Christ is himself the key to all history. The whole providential scheme has special reference to him; he stands in the centre, where the two ages meet; with him the old terminates, and the new begins.

Read the history of those old empires, and you will find this one thought pervading their history: their controlling idea was universal dominion. Rome at length achieved it, and gave peace to the world. Then Christ came; the temple of Janus, the god of war, was closed; and, in the language of Milton's magnificent hymn, —

> "No war, or battle's sound,
> Was heard the world around:
> The idle spear and shield were high up hung;

The hookèd chariot stood,
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng,
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began."

This thought of universal dominion has not pervaded the kingdoms since: even Napoleon did not aim to accomplish it. "But when the fulness of time was come, God sent forth his Son;" and this has reference, not only to the decree of God, but to the preparation that was made in the nations among men. The time of his appearance had some particular relation to his appearance. So have the future ages been unrolling from this period toward that which is the goal of all history, the final consummation, the universal triumph of Christianity.

2. Christianity is the destructive power. The most astonishing doctrines have been put forth and accepted upon this head, — doctrines that are contradicted by every page of apostolic history, and of the early Church. These views have been put forth in this country with a positiveness of assertion proportioned to the baselessness of their foundation, — views that, as a matter of fact, are being contradicted by the present terrible conflict; viz., that the religion of Christ must not come in conflict with society or its institutions as they exist. That is not the key to the history of the Acts of the Apostles nor of the early Church. Christ was revealed to destroy the works of the Devil. Christianity allies itself, as its profound historian Neander asserts, with all

that is purely human. It came into contact with all the ungodly nature of mankind, with whatever issued from it, or was connected with it: it announced itself as a power aiming at the renovation of the world, and the world sought to maintain itself in its old unrighteous character. While Christ came not to destroy, but to fulfil, so, too, he came, not to send peace on the earth, but a sword. The question, however, we are told, is, What is the manner of this conflict? How is the gospel to win? by a steady and determined opposition to the world, or by a ready and easy accommodation? There is a peace party in religion as well as in politics. The same profound historian, speaking of the conflict of Christianity with paganism, remarks, "This conflict might in many cases, at least, have been avoided, if the early Church, like that of later times, had been inclined to accommodate itself to the world more than the holiness of Christianity allowed, and to secularize itself in order to gain the world as a whole." But with the primitive Christians this was not the case: they were much more inclined to a stern repulsion of every thing that pertained to paganism, even of that which had but a seeming connection with it, than to any sort of lax accommodation. And assuredly it was at that period far more wholesome, and better adapted to preserve the purity of Christian doctrine and of the Christian life, to go to an extreme in the first of these ways than in the last.

The manner of the conflict may have changed, but the principle is the same yet. The Church, in her zeal to increase her numbers and her influence, has become secularized, and thus, in our own country, proved powerless to grapple with the giant evils of the day.

The so-called Church, however, and Christianity, are not identical. The religion of Christ works its victorious way independent of external forms, and is mighty through God to the pulling down of the strongholds of sin and Satan.

What is to be observed here, and carefully noted, is that the wars of the modern ages have been all connected with religion and great moral questions, and that the general result has been a gain, more or less, for Christianity. The tumultuous glory and mystery of the Apocalypse is a revelation of the manner in which, as the Lion of the tribe of Judah opens the seals, some new step is gained for his glory and kingdom.

I shall not affirm that every event which takes place is of this character. For the time it may prove adverse. Such appears, for example, the present aspect of the French conflict with the historic Republic of Mexico. Nevertheless, in the long-run, this is the case; and in the end these backward steps will be found to be parts of the general system of advance, although not always in a way immediately discernible by us. This is the general law of Christianity, to overturn and overturn and overturn. War is a dreadful scourge and judgment; yet it is under the control of the Mediator, and those who will not bow to his sceptre must be broken.

3. I made a third remark. These judgments have not only an important bearing on the final results, but they prepare the way for the present spread of the gospel. How many countries have been opened up to the truth in our own day, and in almost every instance by war! — a large part of India, Turkey, Italy, China. Wherever God has people, there the prison-gates must

be broken down, and the prisoners go forth. This war in our own country has already to a great extent freed the South. There is some evidence that God is going to take away the disgrace of our American Church. I hope to see the day when there will be a free Bible throughout the whole American continent. The triumph will then be near; for, when Christ is heard, he so speaks to the heart that men will not only hear, but obey.

III. My third general remark is, That all events are tending to the final establishment of Christ's kingdom throughout the earth.

1. This is the uniform declaration of Scripture: "And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed: and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever." "Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." "And the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him." These are the true words of a God who cannot lie; and they give us the undoubted assurance that Christ will take to himself his great power, and reign throughout all the earth.

The certainty of it is revealed: the time is not so clearly made known.

This is the end of dim revelation, the overthrow of all iniquity, and the establishment of the benign reign

of the Prince of peace. Let us not be over-anxious about the time: the day of glory will come. Messiah is on his march, his chariot-wheels will not delay; and the last confirmation of the truth of the inspired Word will be given. "The kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."

2. The past is an earnest of the future in this respect. Admitted that Christianity has been long in the world, and that its triumph has been long delayed; what then? Is not this very tenacity of life an evidence of its divinity? What human system has lived as long? Is there any nation that has survived the shock of two thousand years? Not one. Is there any system of belief? Not one. Is there any religion that exists in the form in which it did in the days of Christ? None. But then, it has gained, and more within the last three hundred years than in all time previous. It has proved itself the strongest power that was ever introduced among men. Its defeat has been a thousand times proclaimed; but it still lives with a strong and vigorous life, going forward from conquest to victory.

3. Every thing in the present condition of nations indicates the establishment of Christ's kingdom. I am not determining prophetic times. I have often explained to you the reason. I do not depreciate prophetical studies. I hope to take up the subject with more diligence and care than I have ever been able to bestow upon it, some time in the future. The best interpreters think we are under the opening of the last seal; although, even according to this calculation, the

millennium cannot commence until about the year 1946. Let that pass. The present indicates that the truth will conquer, and that "the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it."

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